10.27.21.

LIBRARY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PRINCETON, N. J.

PRESENTED BY

John R. Mott.

Division D639

Section Y7F69

V. 2

TRICTLY PRIVATE—NOT TO BE PRINTED

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 27 1921
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

FOR THE MILLIONS OF MEN NOW UNDER ARMS

NUMBER NINE

FOREWORD

Since the last private pamphlet was issued, giving extracts from letters from all parts of the war area, it has been my privilege to visit all of the principal countries engaged in the present life and death grapple of the nations. My time was spent chiefly in Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia. The object of my journey was to study how the practical Christlike ministry on behalf of the multitudes of men and boys in the armies and prisoner-of-war camps might be more widely extended.

At the time of my first visit to the war zone, in the first stage of the struggle, this campaign of helpfulness had been inaugurated in but one or two of the many countries arrayed against each other. Now virtually every one of these lands is open to such unselfish effort, and the work is actually organized in every important field and is accomplishing results which are nothing less than marvelous. The opportunity has become vastly wider. Then there were only 700,000 military prisoners; now there are fully 5,500,000. Then the number of men summoned to the colors in all the belligerent countries numbered possibly 17,000,000; now more than twice that many are under arms. This time I found fully 5,000,000 men in military hospitals.

Never in the history of the world have there been massed together such vast bodies of men. These men are the very flower of the nations. They are accessible. They are keenly responsive to kindness. They stand in desperate need of the ministries of the Young Men's Christian Association to body, mind and spirit. The

additional installment of letters given in this pamphlet constitute typical stories from life, and on every page present an irresistible appeal.

We are entering upon the most terrible winter of mental and physical strain and suffering that men have ever known. That the readers of these lines will rise up and afford needed relief I have no question.

JOHN R. MOTT,
124 East 28th Street,
New York City.

November 1, 1916.

GREAT BRITAIN

FOR SOLDIERS

The Streets of London

In the midnight patrol work, as you perhaps know, we spend all night picking up from the streets of London soldiers and "loose ends" over the city, and see them safely housed in Association Huts. We also meet men back from leave and *en route* to the trenches, who arrive in London on very early trains, before the 'buses or tubes are running. We steer them to the huts, where they get everything the hut has to offer. Often there are as many as 140 to one hut. Then we mobilise the patrol cars about 5 A. M. and transport the men across the City to the station of departure.

ROBERT STUART.

A Father's Appreciation

The immense amount of good done by the Young Men's Christian Association is, of course, well known and acknowledged by everybody. When this awful war is over, the Association will certainly occupy a much greater part in the thought and heart of the people than in former years. My son, Second Lieut. R. A. Bogue, was wounded in the fight of July 1. He suffers from gunshot wounds in the body, while his left foot, being partly blown off, had to be amputated. I was sent for by the War Office, but owing to circumstances into which I need not enter I could not go to France. My daughter went. She writes: "From Glasgow to Etaples I found everyone most kind. The Association is splendid. Nothing is too much trouble for anyone, and when they leave you it is 'Cheer oh! I'm sure you'll get good news!' I feel I shall never be able to do enough in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association, and this is the thought of most visitors." You will be pleased to know my son is "Doing well." He was second in command of his company, and was wounded while making the attack—alas! all the other officers were killed!

JOHN BOGUE, GLASGOW.

A Soldier's Letter

DEAR SIR,

I take great pleasure in writing this little note to thank you for the great kindness you have done for me in getting the photograph of my wife taken. I am sure you must have had great diffi-

culty in locating my wife's whereabouts. The picture came as a great surprise to me as I never thought when I filled out that little card at the building close to where I was stationed that your Association would have taken so much trouble for our interests, but it seems that nothing is too much for them to do. It is these little acts of kindness that prove to us the wonderful work of your society in this country and also abroad. I will now conclude wishing you every success and thanking you for past favors, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

FRANK GANNON.

G. S. Eddy's Evangelistic Tour

NOTE: So great is the opportunity for evangelism among the British and Colonial troops that Mr. Eddy cabled for his brother Brewer Eddy to join him. The "War Roll" to which reference is made is a roll of soldiers who sign up for Christian living as they have enlisted for war.

Sunday evening in one of the big huts where the meeting is about to begin, hundreds of men are seated at the tables and getting their tea and coffee or supper, as no evening meal is served to them from the army rations. Many others are writing to the old folks at home, away in Australia or New Zealand. Captain "Peg," of Canada, who is with us to lead the singing, steps on the platform and announces a hymn. Immediately several hundred men flock to the seats and begin singing the Christian hymns they knew at home. Eyes light up and faces are aglow as they sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Fight the Good Fight." Gradually the numbers increase until a thousand men are singing. Then we begin the address. Here are men far from home and fiercely tempted, open-hearted, warm-blooded boys who have gone down in the obscene streets of Cairo and Port Said and who will have to face the temptations of the big base camps. We begin on moral themes, the temptations of drink, gambling, and impurity. Within half an hour it seems as if the better nature of every man is with us. The Christian ideals of home, the Sunday school, the Church, and of their own best selves, surge up again, until we have seated and standing a whole battalion of twelve hundred men who are ready to make the fight for purity with the help of Jesus Christ. I shall never forget that closing hymn as the men rose to sing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." I saw tear stained faces before me as the whole twelve hundred joined in the song "Tell Mother I'll Be There." Heaven itself seemed to bend down over the meeting that night.

At the close of the meeting one boy stepped up and handed me a letter, as he said: "I thank you for that message tonight, sir. I will be true to the little girl I left at home. Here is a letter I had just written to a bad woman in London. God helping me I will not go. I have signed the War Roll tonight and I am going to keep true to it." Hundreds of men filed past and shook

our hands in gratitude. One humble private, who had been a pilot out at sea, handed me a poem which he had written. The last lines of the poem read:

"And if I fall, Lord, take an erring mortal
Into those realms of peace and joy above;
And, bye-and-bye, at Thy fair mansion's portal,
Let me find there the little girl I love."

The next night we go to another one of the forty Young Men's Christian Association huts in this district. It is evident from the start that we are going to have to fight for the crowd. The men seem restless. Some are tired after a long route march, others have come in wet and cold after drilling all day in soaking rain and mud, in from wet tents and the half shelter of a single damp blanket. They will go to bed wet and get up to put on wet clothes and go out to drill in the soaked plain, but they are doggedly cheerful. Now we gather the crowd and begin singing the old choruses, "Pack up your troubles in Your own Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "The Long, Long Trail," "Tennessee," "My Old Kentucky Home," "John Brown's Body," and the camp songs that they love. Soon we have them singing the Christian hymns and now about five hundred men are listening to the Christian message and many decide for Christ. So we go on night by night with these warm-hearted Australian boys, fearless, open as the sunshine, but fiercely tempted.

I have just come in from a great meeting with two thousand of the sailor boys crowded in a big theater. The concert was going on when we arrived and the jeers and yells of the crowd drown some of the voices of the performers and it is evident that we are going to have a fight on. Captain "Peg" steps to the stage and soon has them singing, "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall." Roars of applause follow and they clamor for more. Out in the glare of the footlights and looking into that sea of faces, we begin to fight for that audience. Here are two thousand tempted men whom we shall never see again. God give us victory tonight! In five minutes the whole theater is hushed; you can hear a pin drop. After half an hour the meeting is interrupted by the noise of the band outside. Surely the men will bolt now and leave the meeting. I said to them: "Boys, there is the band. Let everybody go now who wants to go: I am going on. Every man that wants to make the fight for character, the fight for purity with the help of Jesus Christ, stay right here." There was a yell from the audience and not a man left the theater. The band thundered on, but the crowd was with us now and the hopes of two thousand hearts for the things that are eternal surged to the surface. Some five hundred men signed the War Roll, pledging their allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ. One sailor boy comes up to thank us, saying

that he had all but fallen the week before; simply for lack of sixpence he had been saved from sin. With God's help he will now live for Christ. Another comes up who had been drinking heavily and has quarrelled with his wife. He did not have the price of a postage stamp to write to her. He has signed the War Roll and wants to know how he can be saved from drink. A captain of the navy follows and then others. Oh, it is the opportunity of a lifetime. Pray for us as we go from camp to camp, to face these warm-hearted and fiercely tempted men who must soon face death in the trenches or on the battle ships. Pray that there may be great revival of religion in the armies now at war.

G. S. Eddy.

P. S.—The drunkard has just come back, bringing two other men whom he has won for Christ and with whom he has started a little prayer group.

A Tribute to a Heaven-Sent Organization

Written by a Tommy

I am just a "Tommy," and therefore as any one of the many hundreds of thousands of soldiers who have thronged the Association Huts, I know my experience is identical to theirs, and in voicing my appreciation I am voicing theirs, for don't I live amongst them, and I have both heard and seen. Picture, if you like, a soldier who, after enduring the most awful nerve-racking torture that before the war I think most of us would have thought beyond human endurance, either through wounds or sickness, has been sent down to the base hospital, and thence to the various base camps, until he arrives at a camp which is much the same as all other camps, "dull as ditchwater." One is weary and "fed up" with the everlasting red tape, and bored with the monotony of routine, which seems all the worse because one's nerves are all on edge. Oh, I remember with what joy a comrade said to me in this certain base camp, "Come up with me to the Association Hut." "Do you mean to say they are out here?" I replied. You see it was my first time away from the firing-line, and I did not know. "Yes, indeed, and mighty glad we are of them," he replied. I assure you I heartily endorsed his opinion when a few minutes later I entered this hut. I was greeted with that glad smile of welcome, which I shall always associate with the Young Men's Christian Association now, by real ladies, the first I had seen for over seven months. I only wish to God that I could adequately describe my feelings, and I know mine were the same as thousands of my brothers-in-arms. It seemed to me, but, oh, I cannot describe it, that amidst all the turmoil and din of this awful war, with the horrors of the retreat and the first battle for

Ypres imperishably photographed on my memory, I had found a haven of rest with a most soothing and homelike atmosphere. Perhaps this may seem an exaggeration, but just let any doubter go through the same horrors, and suddenly find himself, as I did, wafted into such a place, and without a shadow of a doubt he will agree with me. Yes, indeed a haven of rest, where one could read every kind of paper provided and play those splendid old indoor games so dear to an Englishman's heart. Also, if you choose, you can sit down and write to those who are waiting and watching at home, all necessaries being provided gratis. That is why I felt that this place verily saved my reason, as it has done thousands more of my comrades, and the very least I can do surely is to endeavor to write this expression of my feelings.

I am sure it must be most gratifying to those indefatigable ladies and gentlemen to know that they have given relaxation and cast a ray of sunshine across the path of many a poor soul who has passed out through their portals for the last time into the shadows of the night, to find a hero's grave somewhere amidst those shell-torn trenches. We know what Christ said of those who labored for the good of their fellow-men, and what would be their ultimate reward; this reward I hope, as so many of my comrades-in-arms hope, will be meted out to those who work in this cause, they who are part and parcel of that "God-sent organization, the Young Men's Christian Association." May God bless their efforts, and may the three great principles embodied in their tri-sided emblem be a living and glorious reality to the souls of the men of the British Army is ever the wish of one of his Majesty's "Tommies."

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

The way in which Shrewsbury is opening up is gratifying. During the first three weeks after its erection, our Hut was used by 5,450 prisoners—largely men taking part in the class work just begun. That means an average of 1,820 a week, and is a very good total when you consider that the Hut is only 32 by 32. It has seen right good service. At the beginning of each period, a member of the committee standing in the doorway of the Hut rings the bell, a bell improvised from a piece of old iron hanging on a rope and struck by a small wooden mallet. Then the members of the class come scurrying together into the two little rooms to be in time for the marking of attendance. Down they sit on their hard benches at the long narrow tables, and great husky bearded men become school children once more.

Along other lines, too, these men in Shrewsbury needed encouragement from outside their world of barbed wire. For instance, any positive or aggressive religious work had been unknown before. Now, in addition to the regular bi-weekly visit

of a German pastor, we have organized a Bible class held twice weekly, for those who feel a hunger for spiritual food. Besides, we are arranging an athletic meet—the first these men will have held. It is intended to awaken new interest in sports and games, and get the prisoners to hard physical work.

At Leigh too, we have arranged for a meet in July and the prisoners are busy with training. In the games and competitions alone 340 men have been enrolled, and elimination matches of football, hockey, fist-ball, etc., are held daily. To encourage originality in handicrafts, we have a camp exhibition in view, not so much to find markets, as to show the whole camp what some men have accomplished through ingenuity and application. Just by way of an example, some mechanically gifted prisoners have built an electric clock in Leigh and intend to install a similar chronometer in each compound.

At Handforth our work has gone on encouragingly. Periodically I make the trip to the camp, bowed down with the weight of many parcels. You know how cool an English summer is ordinarily, but one afternoon I actually wilted my collar in my role of porter *pro tem.*—which refreshing experience has a wondrous home-like touch. Recently I procured a lithographic apparatus, at least the stone, for the rest was built in the camp, and on it we had the diplomas printed which were used for the Athletic Meet. This event kept the men busy for two solid days. I have no detailed reports handy as yet, but I know casualties included at least one broken nose.

K. G. Hamilton.

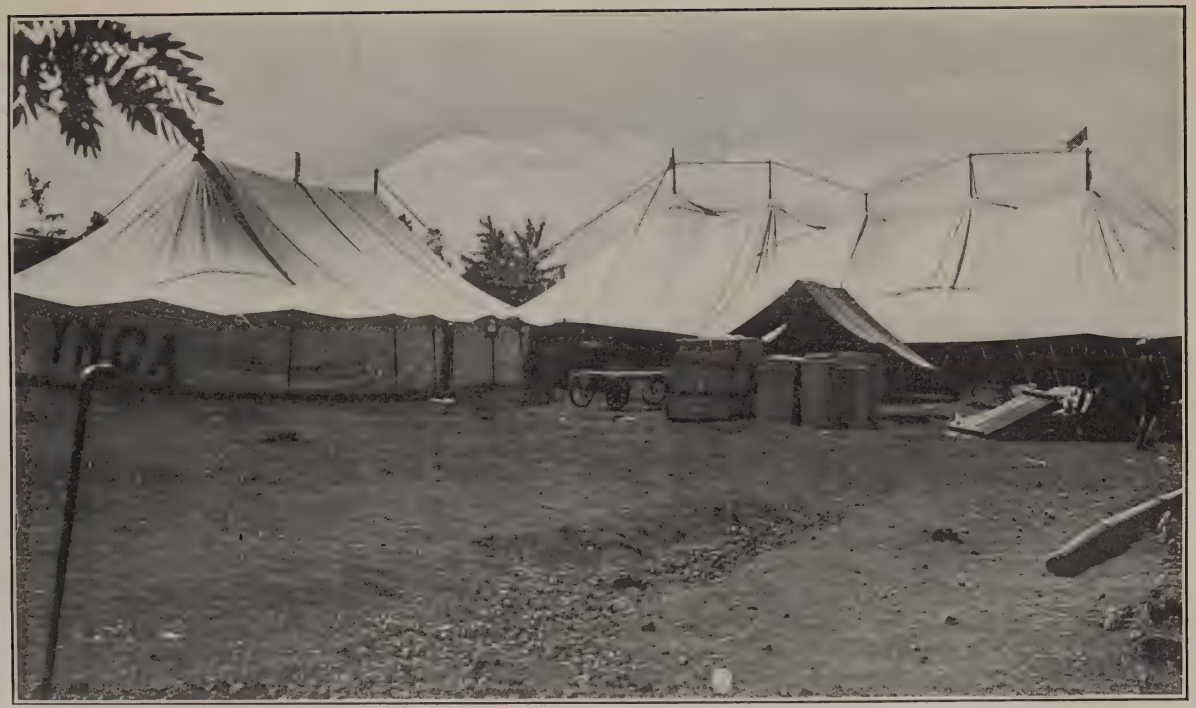
EGYPT

Where it Really is Warm

My word, it's warm out here, and no mistake! The great thing is to find the men something cool to drink. I have just purchased 700 cases lemons, 300 lemons to a case. That won't last us long. Got a supply of ice to some of the camps. That's a real luxury for the men with a temperature of 110 to 115°.

A Secretary.

Dear Sir: Will you and your Association kindly accept my thanks and appreciation (and it is the sentiment of thousands of others) of the kindness and labor of the ladies and of your own staff in doing so much for us here in Egypt? Everything possible is done for our comfort and enjoyment. What we should do without your Association I do not know, and a cup of real English tea is a great luxury. Tea in Cairo at the majority of places is not



Association Tents at the Foot of Kilamanjaro, East Africa

On the Banks of the Tigris
The Post of the Association Four Miles from the Turkish Line

Mat Huts at the British Army Base in Mesopotamia
One of These is Used by the Association

worth drinking, and many a time instead of a cup of tea I have gone and had beer in preference, very often in doubtful company, but with your Association anywhere in the vicinity dozens besides myself have had our refreshments in good Christian companionship, and so temptation has been at arm's length instead of in the midst.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S SOLDIERS IN EGYPT.

The Impressions of a New Secretary

The work is most fascinating, and, to use a little slang, keeps a fellow going. At Port Said is a typical mat hut built on the sand, with all the discomforts of desert life, heat, insects, etc. At Ismailia the hut is very advantageously constructed of boards, with a wooden floor.

At Cairo, Esbekiah Gardens were very complete and most inviting. The men at the hospital worship Downes almost. He has a tremendous hold on their hearts, and the officers won't hear of his leaving.

Alexandria has several huts, as you know, at Mustafa, Sidi Bishr, Ras-el-tin, and last but best, Central. The work begins at 7:30 A. M. and we generally manage to get in bed by twelve. The rush comes from four in the afternoon till ten, when we close. The canteen is open from ten A. M. to ten P. M. The biggest day's returns since I have been here were Pounds Thirty-five, not bad when most of the things sell for a half piastre apiece.

The days are full of good honest work, and the more a fellow can stand, the more he can find to do. Seven days a week we are at it. In the Association there are no vacations.

RALPH WHITE.

The Association "At Homes"

I have reorganized a Sunday afternoon social tea. My aim is to make it as home-like and at the same time as helpful as possible. The small tables are arranged in the main hall with white table cloths on, a small vase of flowers, "home-made" cakes, etc., and the tea is served just as it is at home. Eleven or twelve men sit around each table at which a married woman presides. These ladies are specially chosen, and each seeks to turn the conversation at her table to things that count for most. While tea is being served, a soloist sings two or three sacred songs. After the tea an informal sing-song is held, at which time a short message, or three or four testimonies, are given. Last Sunday I gave a little talk on the Association. I found out that among the sixty or seventy who stayed, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Channel Islands, America, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, Africa were represented. Men from three of these countries told us of Asso-

ciation work being carried on in their own towns and nearly all said they were going to join the Association when they returned home. Men on leaving Alexandria have come in and thanked me for these teas. One man said, "I have been in the army now for fifteen months, and this is the first time I have sat down to a table with a cloth and flowers since I left home; more than that I am going away inland to ——— tomorrow, and so I do not expect to have this pleasure again for perhaps that same time."

Some of the Australian troops have been leaving Egypt. A couple of local missionaries, who have been helping us very considerably in our work, and myself have sailed out to the transports and given the men a little farewell message. They gather round the side of the boat in large numbers, and at our request let down a rope. We send up Testaments, tracts, writing pads and chocolate, and then speak to them very briefly. This is a wonderful opportunity and most impressive, and I feel sure that God honors our efforts. These men have seen the horrors of this war and know to what they are going. They consider the words of exhortation.

Our Garden Court is appreciated more and more each day. Our week-ends are very busy helping hundreds of men, and keeping others off the streets. On a Saturday we have the Garden Court full and men standing all round, three French classes, a concert in the hall, men reading and writing, and the refreshment bar "going strong." A large rest camp is being made in Alexandria. Men who have been up country for some months and need a vacation are being sent to this camp for one week. We are opening up a large center there, and the American missionaries are going to manage it.

S. J. L. Crouch.

INDIA AND MESOPOTAMIA

His Excellency the Viceroy, in speaking at Simla, said: "I am extremely glad to be here and to be able to lend my support to the Young Men's Christian Association. I am confident that not one word too much has been said of its work. I have known the Association in Queensland, New South Wales, and in London. For many years it was regarded as the home of good young men who were not as other men and had not much stuff in them, but this war has exploded that idea, as it has many other ideas, and from the western front in Europe to our cantonment possessions in Egypt there are men who are thanking their good fortune that they have been brought into touch with the Young Men's Christian Association. No organization in this war has come in for such unstinted and unqualified praise as the Association. When General Bingley and Sir William Vincent came back from Meso-

potamia the other day they told me that the work in that region was invaluable and they have put on record their appreciation of the fine work of the Association. On that I wrote to Sir Percy Lake and he told me he was ready to receive as many units as could be sent and could be accommodated. His words might be quoted: 'I have an extremely high opinion of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association with the troops. It is almost beyond praise.'"

A Scene on the Tigris

One scene on the Tigris comes to my mind. Three boats on the river are filled to overflowing with wounded soldiers. There are Highlanders from Scotland and Highlanders from the Himalayas; there are Christians, Hindus, and Mohammedans. But all have this in common, that they are wounded; and on those three boats there is space for great suffering, yet room for little comfort. When the three boats reached Kut-El-Amara, there came on board two men from the Young Men's Christian Association depot. I can not tell of all the change they wrought among those three hundred wounded soldiers—of the food distributed, the shelters they contrived against the rain (for all the three boats were exposed to wind and rain), the quilts and mattresses they laid under the wounded on the decks that were swimming with water. I can tell you this—that whoever gives in money or in kind toward the Young Men's Christian Association in Mesopotamia (and there is much need of extension and development of their work there) may give in the sure knowledge that he is doing something to lessen the sufferings of the soldiers who are fighting there now, and who will be fighting throughout this next hot weather, under conditions of hardship and difficulty without parallel in my experience in any other theater of war.

COLONEL WAUCHOPE OF THE BLACK WATCH.

The Report of a Secretary

We have established work right away forward in the rest camps just behind the trenches. At Amara there are now six centers, with a total staff of seven secretaries. The "Huts" are the centers of life for the Sepoys as well as for the Tommies. Such is the popularity of the work that the commanding officer of an Indian battalion stationed at a lonely outpost some miles out in the desert has twice come in person to ask our secretary whether he could not possibly do something for his men also.

Of our two "Huts" at the Advance Base, one is located just within range of the enemy's guns. Indeed, it is so close that our secretary has recently had a very narrow escape from shell fire.

If ever the Young Men's Christian Association sought to help men in their need it is doing so at ———. The heat is not the only nor the greatest difficulty with which the troops are faced. Yet I do not think the people at home have any idea what the heat is like. It was about midday when we arrived at the camp where our "Hut" is, and the sun and wind were fairly scorching our faces. Our man in charge told us that the day before the thermometer in his tent had registered 126°, and yet the air there was cool when compared with the heat of the sun and the desert blasts outside. After seeing what the conditions really are I can now better appreciate what Major General ——— meant when he said to us the other day in Busra, "Do any —— thing you can for those men up there. Excuse my language, but those poor wretches are dying."

Our "Hut" here consists of a big marquee sent out to us by the military authorities at Bombay. It has little or nothing in the way of furniture, and the floor is carpeted with six inches of dust like all the rest of the desert outside. And yet this place is crowded daily. The men are only too glad to come and sit in the dust and play games or read, so long as they can get out of the sun into comparative cool and forget their surroundings. We have managed to get a piano and a gramophone and these in themselves have worked wonders in helping to raise the men's spirits. I was told of one man who came several miles to get some supplies from our canteen. On his arrival he found that the canteen—as is too often the case—was sold out. "Never mind," he said, "it's worth coming this distance to see a place like this."

One of our Indian secretaries had a hospital patient come to him the other day and ask to be told more about the religion of Christ. He said that he had watched our man from day to day as he worked in the hospital and had noted his cheery disposition, his labor of love, and his ready sympathy. He had decided that if the presence of Christ was the explanation of his actions he wanted to know how he too might have that presence.

In a certain British camp, the secretary started a weekly Bible class. After the second week the attendance at this was so large that a second had to be formed. This in turn has also grown to a point where division will soon be necessary. At the request of the men of these classes a daily prayer group has been started and is being well attended. This experience has been repeated exactly in another "Hut" not far off, and illustrates the tendency and opportunity of our whole work.

We already have a staff of thirty-five men at work in nineteen centers, but they are not going to be nearly enough. Please pray that the extension which this need demands may not be hampered for lack of money or men.

LEONARD DIXON.

CANADA

PRISONERS OF WAR

A New Building at Amherst

I am happy to announce that the building is practically completed. In external appearance it is a well-proportioned and attractive structure, whether viewed from within the compound or from the outside. The dark grey of the heavy roofing paper which covers the building is relieved by vertical strips of window-blind green, a coat of which was put on the wooden strips which hold the paper in place on the outside walls and gables. The simple portico with the platform underneath is just right; and the architect's idea of avoiding a plain hiproof by four-foot gables was an inspiration. The men wanted to place three "spitze" (turned pieces of wood) at either gable and over the portico. This gave a homelike touch.

Entering the building, one is in the social room, with the offices of administration and the stairway at the right, the library with double swinging doors in front, and two class-rooms at the left. On two sides of the social room there are built-in settles.

Going upstairs one finds oneself in a light airy hall, which on week days will be divided into five rooms by movable partitions, but which on Sundays will be used as a single auditorium. The general impression is one of spaciousness and freedom. The eye is carried up from the neutral tints of the walls to the natural wood of the beams, rafters, and sheathing, an upward sweep of over twenty feet to the peak.

The floor of the hall, as of the building throughout, is of hardwood—red beech, and is beautiful. It was made from short sticks, laid by the prisoners.

The view from the western windows is one of the finest to be had in the neighborhood, across the Tantramar Marshes, where a thread of the Bay of Fundy may be seen at high tide, with the blue mass of Shepody Mountain in the background.

Now that we have our Association Hall I hope and expect to conduct divine service each Sunday with "sermon" in German, as well as an English-German Bible class and a poetry reading in English. There will also be a poetry reading in German and a "Sacred Concert."

I meet and talk with new men every day, as many as possible. They are very approachable; a casual word leads to conversation, and as a result the circle of acquaintance, and perhaps of influence, is extended. It is interesting to note how men with whom I have talked in this way brighten up to my "Guten Morgen" or "Mahlzeit" when I pass them in the house or in the compound. Naturally in a place like this there are many grades and groups and cliques. I have made it a point to get in touch with them all.

As soon as authorization was received from Toronto I called a meeting of the committee on manufactures, told them of products which, according to information obtained in New York, are most in demand, and showed them samples and photographs. The men are eager to begin; they appreciate the help of the Association in thus bringing them in touch with the outside world. As many of the men have already made articles which they would be glad to sell, I have suggested that a typewritten descriptive catalog, with drawings and photographs, be prepared. Some of this work is very fine; notably a full-rigged vessel made of finely polished mahogany, with every mast, spar, and stay in place, which will be sent to New York. This branch of the work will stimulate the somewhat flagging energies of the prisoners, by giving them definite occupation with hope of reward. *Amherst Sparrow* is the camp paper which is issued fortnightly and which represents a serious and successful attempt both to express and to stimulate the life of the camp.

The opening celebration occurred on the 20th. I only wish that some of those to whose generosity the building is due could have enjoyed the notable occasion in person. It was joyously participated in by the camp as a whole, and by every organization therein, from the drum and fife corps that heralded the day's beginning, at half past five in the morning, to the "Bavarians" who gave a musical and dramatic entertainment in the evening. The two Maennerchoere, "Hindenburg" in the morning and "Frohsinn" in the afternoon, sang splendidly; the orchestra played in the hall both morning and afternoon; the turnverein and the wrestlers gave exhibitions; the faustball and schlagball teams played match games.

On the farther side of the neat reading desk were fresh spruce branches, which the "farm party" had been thoughtful enough to bring in from the woods the night before. Above the door was a well painted sign in red and black, to indicate that this was a building of the Young Men's Christian Association; and above the sign, a "Willkommen" in red and black, surrounded, as was also the sign, with greens from the woods.

The exercises began with a spirited piece by the glee club. Herr Bruederle, chairman of the committee of management, followed with an address, expressing all gratitude for what had been done. Then came the address of the temporary secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, followed by the order of service for the "Feldgottesdienst" or "Drumhead-Service."

The service ended with the delivery of the key by the master-builder to the Association secretary, the opening of the door, the handing of the key to the chairman of the committee of management and the words: "Peace be to this House, and to all who enter therein."

Then, to the stirring strains of the Wartburg music from "Tannhaeuser" played by the orchestra, the congregation, includ-

ing the officer commanding and his staff, entered, and viewed the building.

On Saturday, the 24th of August, your representative had the distinguished honor of welcoming in the name of the Association H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and his staff, together with the officer commanding and his staff, and conducting them through the completed building.

On Monday school work began in every class. A list of the classes follows: English (9 classes), French, Spanish, German, Turkish, Bible, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Typewriting, Machine Construction, Boiler Construction, Motor Engineering, Electrical Engineering, First Aid to the Injured, Navigation.

Following is a list of the furniture in the building, which has been made by the men themselves: 25 mess tables, 12 tables, 10 benches, 3 bookcases (built in), 2 settles, 3 small desks, 3 blackboards, 1 set of closet shelves.

A word about the organization of the work. There is a committee on management of ten members, elected by their fellow "party" members, one from each "party," and one from the "Deckoffizieren." This Committee has a chairman and a secretary, who acts as General Manager; also a Treasurer, a Librarian, and Committee on Care of Building, Care of Tools, and Manufactures; other committees will be added as needed.

I wish once more to express my gratitude to all those who have made this work possible, and to express my conviction that it is wonderfully worth while.

W. L. Hervey.

RUSSIA

Imperial Headquarters.

To Mr. A. C. Harte.

Dear Sir:

Accept my deepest thanks for distributing the antimins to our priests who are prisoners of war. In doing this you have made it possible for our priests who are languishing in captivity, to conduct divine service and to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

For rendering this great service of love may God richly reward you with abundant blessing.

With deep respect and devotion, I have the honor of being your obedient servant.

George Shavelaky.

Chief Military Priest of the Army and Navy Clergy.

From Tashkent in Turkestan

Our building plans are well under way. I have not secured a general secretary for the work at Troitzkee, but as soon as I do I am going on to another camp.

If you have an over-supply of new Americans please send me one as a helper, as I could use a hundred. I feel all the time as if America ought to help so much more. If only I could take my friends through these camps.

At the request of the military staff here I have changed my plan of action. They want me to take a trip to all the main camps in Turkestan immediately and then make a request as to what I want to do in all of them. I preferred to go to one at a time and establish the work thoroughly in one camp and then go on to another, but Capt. Kultchitzky advises me to go to all, see what is needed, and then go from one camp to another slowly. There are about 60,000 prisoners in Turkestan. The ones in Tashkent are the best off of any, for they have the privilege of walking about the town occasionally, attending church service, etc.

I should like to be able when I return from a trip of inspection to say in my official report to the staff here that we should like to have a barrack or whatever is needed in each one. Then we will start work first in one, then go to another, but in the meanwhile we should like to have permission for the barracks, etc.

I should also think it wise to ship a hundred study books for each of these camps now from Petrograd, as it will be from two to four months before I will get them.

I am certainly enjoying the work, and I am more than ever convinced that the Russian officials are trying their best to do all possible for the prisoners.

J. D. Davis.

A Secretary's Work in a Great Receiving Camp

For a solid six weeks I have had my hands and heart full with this absorbing soul-satisfying work of ministering to the needs of the war prisoners as they arrive from the front, usually bereft of everything, weary to exhaustion in body and spirit. Pathetic it was to observe the forlorn expressions of two grey-haired Austrian Colonels as they waited their turn for transportation to the permanent camps farther East. Their financial embarrassment as well as that of other officials was soon relieved by the Russian pay-master, who doled out to all officers their stipulated rouble and a half per day. How to relieve the mental and moral depression of these two Colonels was the problem. One of them was helped by listening to the comforting words of the pastor at the Sunday vesper service. The other's face was wreathed in smiles and the cloud of broodings and despair vanished when he

received a dictionary, a Russian grammar, and Shakespeare's Hamlet (in German).

I witnessed at the close of the Lutheran service at the Darnitza prison-camp a fortnight ago, two rugged German captains, with eyes brimming with tears, grip the pastor's hand in gratitude for his message of comfort and for the singing of the church hymns so dear to their memories. Again in the same room (the Association Barrack), three days later, one felt the fervor of a French-Catholic service arranged especially for the two hundred and more Alsatian prisoners, who requested the privilege of having the sermon and hymns in French. To watch during a concert given by the prisoners' orchestra of a Sunday evening, the radiant faces of the eager crowded audience lose for the time-being their usual forlorn, homesick, dejected expressions—is to find one's heart welling up with gratitude to God that He had made such ministrations possible and to offer the fervent prayer that He will continue to pour out His blessing upon us.

Many and many a time I have had occasion to be grateful for your generous gift for emergency use, which you left in my hands at Petrograd. At the camp during an unusually crowded season several prisoners, too weak to force their way to the place where the food was distributed, were kept alive till the rush was over by the kind services of one of the prisoner guards, who used part of your money to buy them bread and meat. Part of it was given to some barefooted one-year-volunteers who were already on the train ready to pull out for Siberia. Part of it went to the poor Alsatians, who otherwise would have gone destitute, as my other funds did not cover their case. A father and son, Germans, lay side by side in the Kiev Military Hospital. They had come all the way from Verdun only to be wounded and captured on the Russian front. Your fund supplied them with a copy of "Oliver Twist" and a Russian grammar which they were going to read and study together. In the same ward I found a young Berlin professor, who had done research work in the British Museum. Oh, how bitter were his thoughts against England and Russia and over his own fate! A gift of Dickens's "A Christmas Carol" and a Russian grammar did wonders toward sweetening his thoughts. A warm blanket fresh from the store was bought at his request to take out to Siberia. This too was advanced temporarily from your fund, as my other funds were at that time depleted. Another wounded man was nearly blind for lack of a pair of glasses. Needless to say his sight was soon restored.

Another prisoner, a young Austrian officer, whom we called the American boy, because he had served as clerk two years in Marshall Field's in Chicago, was enriched with 10 roubles from your money. He has relatives in Chicago whom we have informed regarding his capture. Another Austrian officer, an Oxford graduate, was given a copy of Shakespeare's Macbeth and two roubles and we sent a telegram home to his parents for him,

stating that he was captured and well. An old Austrian peasant had an American dollar greenback which he wished to get rid of. In exchange we gave him a Russian three rouble greenback.

But the gift I took most pleasure in presenting from your fund, was one made day before yesterday to a young Austrian Catholic priest, a "feldcurat." I gave him thirty roubles, with which to buy a gown suitable for conducting a Catholic Church service when he reaches his permanent camp in Siberia. He took a dozen New Testaments for the men, and promised to make every effort to serve the spiritual needs of his comrades in the Camp farther East.

Such are a few of the many incidents which occur daily in our work.

GEORGE M. DAY.

P. S. The work is so great at times here that I am well nigh overwhelmed. But I would rather be right here doing this particular service than be anywhere else. One is compelled to pray for strength and grace and wisdom for the work's sake.

A Voice from the Camps

Korotojak

My dear Sir,

I beg your very pardon, that I speak a badly english language and also, that I adress this lettre to you.

I am imprisoned more than a year and have learn in this times (among other things) also the English language. The books what I have by my hand are very imperfect and I would read a reading which is full of the lively language.

I beg your, are you kind and stand you by me with advice!

I cannot send money for to order English newspapers or journals—the Kommander says, that it is possible to receive English reading only when a person send it to me—second manner is for prisoner of war prohibit!

For that reason I beg your to answered me, if is not anywhere in Russia (Englishman or American) which would have the goodness to send me old newspapers or journals. I am a protestant and it is possible that a English or American protestant family would send me these things which in the house-keeping are worthless but for the prisoner are there by a capital worth! Is not in Petersburg a protestant colony—or the Salvation Army (I am a member by it from the year 1912 when I have been in Zürich, Switzerland)—says please to it, that *I would after the war all the expenses which should cost all the troubles and things pays which pleasure*—at home I are riche but there I am a outlawed, powerless prisoner!

I make attentive that all sendings for prisoners of war are *postpaid!*

A very large pleasure would I have when I could maintain also a little reading for *sport.* I was the secretary of the Bohemian Athl. and Football Association and have allways interesting myself for the American and English Sportsmens which stand on the top by all nations. When I could maintain a book for "Olympic plays at Stockholm"!! Are not American Sportsmens in Petersburg.

In Moscou was a "American Komity of Red Cross" the Madams of it have me give stockings in the railway carriage. This was good womans.

I beg your once again pardon but when you do know how heavy is the life for a young man, which must sit in a little room nearly 16 months, without habit work (I am a engineer for machine) you will me understand.

Thank you very much!

Sincerely yours,

Ing. Berty Zenaty

Leutnant.

A Typical Prison Camp Association

Through the courtesy of the Chief of the Military Staff at Irkutsk, General Korneef, I was permitted to begin a sample organization at the nearby camp of Voenny Gorodok. Starting here on a modest plan in one half of a large wooden barrack, with an equipment consisting of three rooms separated by wooden partitions, three black boards, a small supply of paper and pencils, and 15 text books, we began what later developed into a thriving school with somewhat more than 1700 scholars, 35 teachers, and 27 different courses of study. Soon after this church services were begun in the same barrack, the Roman Catholic priest and the local Lutheran pastor being permitted to hold regular services. In connection with the church services the men organized among themselves a choir of eighty voices; soon afterwards I was able to secure musical instruments for an orchestra of fourteen players, all professional musicians, and since then they have had regular concerts in the school barrack. A workshop was inaugurated for shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, bookbinders, and wood carvers. They have since done valuable services for their comrades. The carpenters have recently completed the construction of an ambulance for the hospital and the tailors have made the mattresses, sheets, pillows, shirts, etc., for two hospitals in other camps.

As soon as this organization was under way, I invited the chief of staff to visit and inspect. He did so and was good enough to give the work his hearty approval. Instructions were

sent out to every camp in the district introducing me and permitting the establishment of barracks. Since then I have organized in the other local camp at Irkutsk, as well as at Kansk, Krasnojarsk, Nishny, Udinsk, and Beresovka. The Associations at Voenny Gorodok and 716th Drushina in Irkutsk and the one at Kansk are well established and have been in successful operation for several months. Those in the other camps are still in their infancy.

H. I. H., The Grand Duke George Michaelovitch, who honored us by a visit, critically examined the Association work in the Irkutsk camps and gave it his outspoken approval. His visit and the good words he said for us have been of the greatest possible value to our work throughout the district.

In several camps canteens and small restaurants have been opened. They are always well patronized and are particularly useful to those who are weak or recovering from an illness, in providing a source of extra nourishment. I hope that they may be continued and enlarged. They offer also for those who have funds of their own, a welcome change from the inevitable monotony of war-prison diet.

Using the excellent post office and bank organization at Beresovka as a model, every camp in the district is establishing a post office to be operated by the war prisoners themselves under the control and supervision of the military authorities. In this way an enormous amount of routine work can be done by the war prisoners, thus giving many men an occupation and greatly lightening the heavy burden of the government postal service.

MARSHALL M. BARTHOLOMEW.

Helping the Men to Help Themselves

We have an active organization in twelve of the sixteen camps in the Irkutsk District. In most of the twelve we have a complete Young Men's Christian Association with at least six of the seven departments in active operation. In all, the religious services, athletics, music, and some sort of welfare work are being carried on. In most of them also we have a school, garden, and library. To date, so far as I know, we have also five kitchens actively running, where special meals are served to convalescents, and in which those who have money can get a wholesome meal for from four to six cents.

These latter are especially worth while as the most effective and economical way of preventing sickness. I hope before the end of the summer and the return of the men from the work in the harvest fields to see at least one such kitchen in operation in every camp. General Perfieler on the recent tour of inspection was particularly complimentary in regard to our kitchens, and I hope that this may facilitate the establishment of others.

I am particularly happy over my visit today to the camp at

Werchni-Udinsk Park, in which I had previously spent but two days. On the first visit I did not plan to organize, for I felt I had not the time and strength as yet to take it on. But I found the men so discouraged and unhappy that I had to make the effort. Today I found a complete organization, functioning in all departments, except that school had not actually begun, though teachers are chosen and some seventeen courses announced and signed up for.

Immediately after my visit of a month ago, over three thousand men set to work to get the barracks into shape, including invalids, under-officers, and students. At that time, all of the men were living in railway warehouses, not well adapted to the purpose. In the pine woods near by were four deserted log barracks and some log cottages that looked to me impossible to rehabilitate. The Commandant gave permission to use one of these for a chapel and two for the "Intelligentes," while the cottages were given to the musicians, teachers, etc. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw them today, completely disinfected, whitewashed, and remodeled. Some of the men have already moved in, while the remaining buildings will be ready next week.

The kitchen was in operation eight days after our organization, and I sampled a very good meal served there today for fifteen kopeks. About one hundred men are receiving meal tickets daily through the regimental physicians, aside from those who can pay for their own. To show the care with which funds are used, when a meal costs, say, 13-½ kopeks, the cost each day is carefully reckoned, those who pay are charged fourteen kopeks, and the extra half kopek is put into a special fund now amounting to eleven roubles, to give meals to those who have no kopeks—that is seventy-five meals from the half kopek fund in three weeks.

H. A. Moran.

The Executive Committee of the
Young Men's Christian Association of Prisoners of War in the Camp at X———,

Hugh A. Moran, Secretary.

To your Well Born Highness:

"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

—William Shakespeare.

While from all fronts come reports that the war continues with undiminished severity, Your Well Born Highness brings us the news that a World's Association of Christian Young Men has set itself to the task of softening the lot of the Prisoners of War. We soldiers who all, without distinction of Nation or Citizenship, have fought for a better future, thank with all our hearts this united Youth so ready to help. We pray to the Almighty for an early Peace and for his blessing upon a new epoch of Good Will

in which the hearts of all Nations upon this earth may be knit together, in order that they may work out their common salvation, according to the example of this Christian Young Men's Association.

With particular heartiness do we thank the representative of the American people, as the bringer of this Embassage, and we ask Your Well Born Highness to say to your People that, even before the expression of the final thanks of the Governments of all the Warring Nations for this widely effective assistance of the Americans, Gratitude has imprinted itself upon the hearts of the Soldiers. The memory of these good deeds will continue to live in us, whether we return to the stirring activity of World Cities, or remain surrounded by the Clouds, in our Mountain Cabins.

For the Executive Committee of The Young Men's Christian Association Welfare Work at ———

(Signed ————)

(Signed ————)

En route to Dauria, Eastern Siberia

On arriving at Chabarowsk, the farthest east of the places on our program of service, we were met at the railway station by Captain Muravieff, of the General Staff for Eastern Siberia, with headquarters at Chabarowsk. The sleighing in the moonlight over the white snow through the cold, crisp air to the hotel was delightful. Our escort took us to the Hotel Esplanade, where we found clean rooms, hot water, and good cooking. We had a light supper, arranged our plans for the next day, bathed, and retired. In the morning we called, by appointment, on General Nischenkoff, at the staff headquarters. The general had invited all of the commandants of the war prisons in Chabarowsk and Krasnaje-Rjetschka to be present at the interview. We were questioned considerably with reference to our plans and purposes, and tried to make it clear that we were not inspecting war prisons, that we were not prejudiced for or against those in authority or those under authority, and that we wanted to help both—just as we served both the government and the workers in the Panama Canal Zone, and just as we serve those in authority and those under authority in the universities and great industrial centers.

We arranged to begin our work at the officers' prison at Krasnaje-Rjetschka in the afternoon, and to leave the hotel in sleds at 1:30. We returned to the hotel, dined in somewhat undue haste, clothed ourselves in big felt boots or felt overshoes, fur coats, fur caps, mufflers, and heavy mittens or gloves, and in four sleds started for Krasnaje-Rjetschka. We had two horse sleds, one horse between the shafts and the other hitched on the left side. The horse between the shafts trotted, and the outside horse galloped, or loped. The outside horses had considerable spirit,

and turned their necks to the earth and away from the shafts in almost quarter circles. We had a very short drive through the city, down the hill to the river, and a long drive on the river. The first part of the river drive was very rough, due to the fact that a strong current broke off the ice which was forming in the farther north, and brought it in floating islands southward until they were so numerous that they touched one another and froze together. As we rode over it, it seemed as though a merciful providence had planned it to keep livers from getting torpid in a country in which the peasants live inactive in-door lives in the winter. One might imagine, as one looked out over these masses of piled-up ice and snow, that there had been a great wind, and the river had been lashed into waves and whitecaps, and the command had been given to cease, and the waters obeyed. The heavy snow had softened much of the roughness, but the wind again revealed some of it. The color effect was charming, brilliant white, with here and there the ultramarine of ragged edges of ice above the snow, and the whole diamond sprinkled. Again there were miles of smooth ice, over which we glided noiselessly. Then again, there were low rolling hills, as though there were frozen tidal waves.

On arriving at Krasnaje-Rjetschka a little after three o'clock we gave the commandant a list of the officers we had been asked to see—for some of whom we had moneys given by their relatives, and to whom we had already posted letters and cards. We met these officers in small groups, and spoke to them one by one giving them the messages which were sent from their homes and the moneys, and asking them concerning their wishes. The officers almost without exception had healthy countenances, were neatly clothed, and seemed to have many interests. This was evidenced especially in their requests for books, on language study, law, and general works of science. There was not a single request for fiction. There were no complaints concerning the food. Requests were made with reference to increased facilities for sport and exercise and improvement in the facilities for receiving letters, parcels, and moneys from their friends and relatives. We also had conferences with the senior officers of both the Austrians and Germans, and as a result arranged small loans of twenty or twenty-five roubles for a number of officers who had not received gifts from their relatives—to be repaid by their relatives to our accounts in the banks of the capital cities of their countries. We found among the officers a Lutheran clergyman, and gave him a small supply of German, Hungarian, and Czech New Testaments. It would have been well if we had had both Evangelical and Roman Catholic prayer books and other devotional literature. We had not noted the rapid passing of the hours, and the moon had arisen before we started on the return journey to Chabarowsk.

We next visited the various barracks, in each of which we had a conference with the senior non-commissioned officers. Without exception we found the barracks in what one who had

had considerable experience in war prisons and prison camps would call good order, comfortably warm, and—as elsewhere—uncomfortably close. In this past year in many war prisons in various lands I have often felt as I understand Mark Twain felt in the streets of old Jerusalem. He was glad that they were no bigger than they were; for if they were bigger, and smelled badly in proportion, it would be impossible to endure them. We had complaints concerning the heat in one war prison only.

We arranged with the senior non-commissioned officers, small committees on social service, it being understood that they would investigate the requests of their comrades and help them as far as possible, and that we would arrange to have small sums of money put at their disposal to be used for the welfare of their comrades. In the kitchen we tasted the noon-day soup, kasha, and the bread, going to the repair shop, in which we found ten sewing machines, and several boot and shoe repairing outfits. They were making rather exceptional boots, with heavy soles, out of well worn and rather thin shoes. There was also a department in which they were painting sheet iron or tin tablets for marking the graves of those who had died. We were much interested in an orchestra, which played good music on home made instruments, and in a small group playing football.

There is far too little sport for the real physical welfare of the men during the winter. In the restaurant and canteen carried on by the war prisoners themselves, we drank the best cup of coffee we received in Primorskaya, and had some very good doughnuts or crullers. The following items from the restaurant menu might be of interest: Noodles, 10 kopeks; Omelette, 20 kopeks; Wiener Schnitzel, 15 kopeks; Black Coffee, 3 kopeks; Coffee with milk, 4 kopeks. The book-binding department gave interesting employment to a little company, and also a bit of pocket-money. Here a little group of war prisoners who were students from gymnasiums and universities had been given a room together which they kept fairly neat, and in which they helped one another with studies.

We concluded the day with a visit to the hospital, where we found the doctors grateful for any opportunities that made extra attentions possible. My experience in different countries forces me to the conclusion that the doctors and nurses strive to do their duty alike to all, whether they are the ill and wounded of their own armies, or the ill and wounded among their war prisoners. Some one ought some day to write a novel which would bring to the attention of the world the nobility of character and broad sympathy of the doctors and nurses in the war prisons during this war. The hospital was pleasing because there were no large wards, but small sunshiny rooms. None of the men with whom we conversed complained, either of their medical treatment or of their food. The requests were for money and for more frequent letters and postcards from their relatives.

H. E. Sir and Lady Henry McMahon, High Commissioner for Egypt, Accompanied by Lord Radstock Visiting Association Hut in Egypt

Parade Service in the Desert
Soldiers' Tents Massed in the Background

French Soldiers Playing Volley Ball in a Rest Camp

French Soldiers Listening to an Association Concert

PARCELS FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

H. R. H. The Crown Princess of Sweden Has Set Aside Rooms in the Palace Where Parcels for Prisoners are Handled Under Her Personal Supervision

INTERIOR OF A NEW ASSOCIATION BUILDING IN A FRENCH BASE CAMP

Association Shops

German and Austrian Prisoners of War at Work in the Shops Organized by the Association at Irkutsk

In each of the barracks we visited during the day we presented a mouth organ, or concertina. These musical instruments had been given by a friend through the American Embassy in Berlin.

In our conversation with the Turkish officers at Schkotovo we found that the Turks were receiving almost no word from their relatives, and that much of their depression was due to this fact. We also found among them a desire that their country should send them money and parcels, as they understood were being sent to other war prisoners in Russia and to the war prisoners in other countries. We took lists of names of those who had no word from home, and will do the best we can to help them to get to their relatives information that they are safe and well, and from their relatives information concerning their families and their homes.

We find in our hearts and minds a desire so intense that it is painful, to bring to the war prisons in these provinces, and in other lands, the ministry which has grown out of the experience of our organization, and which has proved itself among all classes, under all circumstances, adaptable and efficient. The men needing our ministry are in the millions, and the governments in charge of them, with a magnanimity that is beautiful, have agreed to welcome our cooperation. It remains, therefore, for us to secure at once men of dignity, energy, experience, sympathy, and tact, and funds adequate to make the ministry of our organization and our men in a measure at least as large and far-reaching as the need and opportunity.

The land is a land with a great future before it. The two chief cities—Vladivostock and Habarowsk—are finely situated, and are well planned—the one on the ocean and majestically surrounded by hills, the other on two hills, by a great river and open plain with the distant mountains—both strategically located with reference to trade. In both of them we found a desire for more intimate business relations with our country. We wondered that the land was not filled with winter tourists for sports on the ice, for sleighing over the hills, for fishing through ice holes, and for hunting, for game of all sorts abounds, from the very savory reabchick to the white bear and the man-eating tiger.

To our little party it will always be a land clothed in sparkling white, with snow-covered hills—rosy hued in the morning, white at noon, and veiled in soft violet toward evening, with little villages huddled together on the river bank, or nestling in a protected nook of the hills, with roofs snow-covered, and diamond sprinkled. While we did not find it a land of milk and honey we found it whiter than milk, and the honey deliciously flavored and cheap. The Primorskaya is an ocean-bound and bay-indented land of swift running rivers, great stretching plains, and violet-veiled hills. Surely it is a land of great promise.

A. C. Harte.

FRANCE

FOR SOLDIERS

In one letter I received application for four Foyers for the use of about 18,000 men mobilized at a single point. These Foyers are in a base camp. It is my intention to ask the War Office for a general permission to use American secretaries in such base camps not in the zone of the armies. It is impossible to find enough French secretaries.

At one of the Foyers at the front the service has been extended by the addition of a canteen which is besieged from morning till evening by the soldiers, who find there, at cost price, the drinks and provisions they need. For this Foyer we have the free use of the whole of a two-story building, and it is not exaggerating to say that our director is at work there from six o'clock in the morning to eleven o'clock at night. On my last visit the general commanding the division asked me to install a new Foyer in another cantonment of the same section.

We have up to the present held back from establishing these canteens, the provisioning of which presents serious difficulties; but because of the great service which they can render and the way in which they draw the men, who thereby become quite naturally regular visitors at the Foyer, we are more and more entering upon this line of action, in spite of the increase of work, if not of expense, which this organization occasions.

A regular frequenter of the Foyer at R—— said to our director: "All our wives will subscribe, we have written to them about all the good which the Foyer does us."

At F—— an order prescribes that all men on furlough who are going to the rear and have to stay several hours before the departure of the train, should spend their time at the Foyer.

Foyers at the rear. The success of our Foyers in the region of Lyons has led us to organize a new Foyer in a large agglomeration of factories near Lyons where several thousands of soldiers are occupied as workmen. There, as elsewhere, the military authorities encouraged such organization to the best of their power and accorded us all the facilities desired. Mention should be made also of the financial assistance given by two factories in the neighborhood, which have promised us an important grant.

Our Foyer at the camp at S——, near Bordeaux, is carrying on its work in two large huts, each thirty metres long, lent by the War Ministry. We have arranged a spacious playground between the two. From the beginning our premises have been crowded by soldiers, chiefly of the young class. On the first evening 2,000 sheets of writing paper were distributed. The inauguration festival was the occasion of touching manifestations of sympathy with our work. The colonel commanding the neighboring camp delegated one of his officers to be present, who urgently requested

us to go and establish a Foyer in the camp in question. This Foyer is being organized.

The work at Lyons has greatly increased. We have just opened in the suburbs of the town a new Foyer for the large numbers of soldiers working in ammunition factories. The inauguration was a great success. A representative of the General commanding the district was there and was deeply moved.

At La Valbonne we are erecting a second hut, the first one being no more sufficient, for the mass of soldiers coming every night. At S—— near Bordeaux the work is going on also as well as possible, and I was happy to see Perry so thoroughly engaged in it and well appreciated by officers and soldiers.

At the front also new Foyers have been opened, and if the war is to last next winter we plan to open many more in new armies. Every facility is given for that. My only anxiety is to find enough proper men. God will provide.

EM. SAUTTER.

PRISONERS OF WAR

We have asked you to make an appropriation to cover the expense of dentist outfits for use by prisoners of war. Two cases have been brought to us by delegates of the American Embassy, and I myself have discovered two cases, where by supplying dental outfits, all the prisoners in the depot could be served. The commandants have agreed to send the camp dentists to the working parties which belong to their several depots. I believe we can render a very special service by the investment of a few hundred francs for this purpose.

Since our conference with the authorities in Paris I have received permission to fit up rooms or barracks for study, recreation, etc., in two camps and to erect a barrack in a new camp now being established near Marseilles. You may recall that the commandant of the two ships there asked us to provide this barrack. Since our talk the authorities here in Paris have seemed more cordial than ever. The general, whom we saw, has given me the first general permission for visitation of camps throughout the country, which I have received. I have just visited thirty-five camps and attachments. As a consequence of the fact that the German government has recently forbidden the Spanish delegates to talk freely with French prisoners in Germany, I am not now permitted to speak with the prisoners, except in the presence of an officer. As a matter of fact, except for the moral effect of being watched, this restriction makes very little difference in our work. I can now state confidently that our opportunities in France are greater than ever before.

Mr. Johnston will have charge of the office and correspondence, as well as have supervision of the work of erecting the new barracks. We are organizing an office in Paris to handle the growing work among the prisoners of war.

D. A. DAVIS.

ITALY

FOR SOLDIERS

From Dr. Luzzi

Recently I sent a copy of our new edition of the Gospels to H. M. the King and received from him through the Minister of the Royal House a most sympathetic reply. Eight thousand copies of this new edition have gone to the front. Three thousand in a special binding have been sent to the officers. The whole edition is finished. The elegant appearance of the book and the name of the Fides et Amor society editing it, the popular and intelligible translation, the notes, Christian and serene in spirit, have made the book dear to thousands of people. My heart aches on being obliged to put aside all letters from the front, from hospitals, from officers, from priests and friars, asking for more books, while I find myself unable to supply them. I beg of you with all my strength and heart do what you can to help us. The opportunities are marvelous. Providence is preparing great things, especially in our Latin countries.

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

Two secretaries have visited about eight-ninths of all the Austrian prisoners in Italy, including the prisoners taken by Servia. All depots, including the few not visited, have been supplied with footballs, *bocce,* sometimes gymnastic apparatus, books, tools for wood-carving, and, in the camps where the prisoners could not make or buy their own musical instruments, the Association has supplied enough instruments for beginning an orchestra. After granting the request of the Association to permit the prisoners in all depots to use tools for wood-carving, stringed musical instruments and to receive books printed in the various languages which the prisoners speak, the War Ministry very kindly sent notice of these permissions to all depots and asked that complete lists of things desired be sent to the War Ministry. These lists as they come in are turned over to the Young Men's Christian Association, which immediately supplies the demands. The question of supplying the necessary books, other than German books, has been a difficult one. Thanks to the cooperation of the Italian and Austrian Red Cross societies, the necessary books are now beginning to arrive.

The commandants of the depots take a just pride in the schools which have been established for teaching illiterates to read and write their own language and for teaching modern languages. Wherever necessary we have aided by furnishing books and equipment. In not a few cases we have been able to arrange for religious services in camps where these did not exist. We have also

been able to supply many requests for Catholic prayer books and religious literature and for New Testaments.

Everywhere I found the camps neat, the men well fed and lodged, and the commandants going beyond what could be expected of them in looking after the welfare of their men.

One of the most interesting visits was to the camp where the prisoners taken by Servia are located. The general commanding has a keen interest not only in establishing a model camp, but in all kinds of human ingenuity. He encourages sculpture, painting, educational work, carving, and pottery making, and he even asked on behalf of the prisoners that we send fire bricks, in order that a small glass factory might be made in the camp. We have also sent hundreds of pencils, pens, note-books, etc., besides blackboards, music and musical instruments. Wherever possible, we supply the material and let the prisoners make their own games and instruments.

A fine orchestra has been organized and is supplied with instruments in the camp. In one section of the camp a great amphitheatre seating several thousand is now being arranged for open air theatricals. The location of the camp is happily chosen in order to insure a uniform temperature throughout the year. The fine appearance of the prisoners and the fact that there is at present no epidemic of any kind is evidence of the sufficient amount of good food which the prisoners receive and of the sanitary conditions of the camps. Three chapels have been built for religious services, and nine priests, several of whom are themselves prisoners, minister to the spiritual needs of the prisoners.

D. A. Davis.

MINISTRY OF WAR

Commission for Prisoners of War

Rome, July 6th, 1916.

Sir:

I have read with the keenest interest your report of your visit to the camps of Austrian prisoners in Italy, which you have had the courtesy to send me in your letter of June 28th.

I have no objection to your communicating it to your secretary in Austria, in accordance with the desire which you have expressed to me.

In the Ancona Army Corps a large prison camp is about to be increased to the number of 10,000 prisoners. I shall have no objection to your society's constructing there a barrack for carrying on your work and organizing a society which you will be able to establish by common consent.

Likewise I shall have no difficulty when the barrack has been constructed and put into commission, in agreeing to the authoriza-

tion of one of your secretaries to visit the camp from time to time to organize the work of your society there.

The camp at Asinara will soon be abandoned, so that your proposition concerning it will be automatically nullified.

Accept, my dear sir, my most distinguished consideration.

(Signed) E. SPINGARDI.

Monsieur Darius Alton Davis,
Comite Universel,
3, Rue General Dufour, Geneva.

What the Prisoners of War Wish

We have sent in all 5,437 German books to fifty-three posts, forming libraries of various sizes, according to the number of German speaking prisoners in each post. It was General Spingardi's suggestion that the libraries should all be different, so that they might later be interchanged. They were chiefly from Reclam's Universum, Engelhorn, Gesamt- Literature and Meyers. Not included in the accompanying financial account are 175 Italian books which at Mr. Davis' order I am sending Asinara, and 550 secular and 150 religious books, which I am sending at M. Phildius' order to the Italian prisoners at Mauthausen. The religious books in this group are those which I was requested to get (Bibles, Gospels, and Life of Jesus). In the secular library there are no duplicates and they are all bound. A large proportion are books for study: science, history, manuals of particular trades, and school books of various grades. Such, I found, are the books the prisoners here in Italy most wanted, so that their days here might not be altogether wasted, and I presume the Italian prisoners will have the same wants.

Having been told to buy carving tools, I was fortunate in finding here a stock of gauges which were exactly appropriate and which sufficed for almost all of the posts.

For Asinara, at Mr. Davis' order, I bought 500 copy books, 500 sheets of foolscap, 250 pencils, 250 penholders, and 15 boxes of pens.

I bought and distributed among all the posts the following games: 150 foot balls, 20 *palle vibrate,* 60 Italian games of bowls, 50 inflators for balls, 23 sets of dominoes, 3 punching balls, 11 baseballs, and 2 bats.

A Ministry of Good Will

I have traveled very nearly six thousand miles on this mission of the Young Men's Christian Association in behalf of prisoners of war in Italy. I visited twenty-nine prison posts and inspected each with the utmost care, learning the special needs and desires of the prisoners, conferring with as many of them as I had time to deal with, and conferring at as much length with the com-

mandants. Five of the posts visited were divided into two sections, so that there were practically thirty-four posts that I visited —from the farthest south of Sicily as far north as Bologna. Mr. Davis and I have visited about two thirds of the posts in Italy. In order to know what to provide for the posts not visited, I asked the Ministry of War to write and ask what games were wanted, and I got also from the Ministry a list of the races in each post, in accordance with which I ordered books in several languages. Those books (Italian and German) which I could get in Italy were long ago distributed among all the posts.

Ostensibly the sole object of my visits to the prisoners of war was to provide them with books and tools and musical instruments and games, but that was not after all the principal thing accomplished—not even the principal material benefit accomplished by my visits. I have since had many testimonies from the prisoners as to the cheer such visits brought them. Here is one such letter from a Tyrolese Lieutenant (in peace a Doctor of Philosophy). "For a long while I have wished to write to you, but I was always hoping that you would drop in again upon us unexpectedly. Let me, I pray you, thank you with a full heart for all you have done for us, for the books and for all your attention and thoughtfulness. That sort of thing no man can forget. I need hardly tell your reverence what a pleasure it would be to us if we might be surprised by another visit of yours. You may be assured that you will hear from us again later when we return to our fatherland. In the hope that your reverence will remember us, I subscribe myself, etc."

No one had been before us in such ministrations to the prisoners. The fact that these prisoners were so well cared for in every physical respect by the Italian Government served to throw the more into relief their destitution of means of recreation or mental improvement. It is astonishing how few packages they received from home. I got the impression that their families in Austria were too poor to succor their kinsmen in this way. There were no Austrian societies sending anything, whereas the comparatively few Bavarian prisoners in Italy were well supplied by the Red Cross in Munich. The prisoners who came from the Balkan provinces of Austria could get nothing from home, rarely even a letter, and the Poles were hardly better off. I fancy, therefore, that the Association has not worked in any other field where its gifts were more needed.

German and Italian books I could promptly supply. I bought for this purpose almost all the suitable German books that could be found in Italy. Some of the prisoners wanted also French and English books, which were donated in sufficient quantity. I also got at once a great quantity of tools—wood-carving tools principally. The games (principally bowls and foot-balls) were most of them sent me betimes. All of these things were ordered soon after I began my visits. I promptly got information from the

Ministry of War which enabled me to reckon in advance what would be needed for all the prison posts in Italy.

As soon as this question was decided I ordered all the musical instruments that could be afforded. The supply of such instruments had run low in Italy, and the price had run up.

These gifts have been a great boon to the prisoners, and the personal visit to the posts, which gave the prisoners an opportunity to talk with a sympathetic person from the outside neutral world meant almost as much to them in their dull lives.

It was no part of our request to the Italian Government that we be allowed to inspect generally the physical condition of the prison posts or their management. It was not even stipulated that we should be free to talk to all the prisoners and hear their requests or complaints. But I was always given the utmost liberty to see everything and speak to everybody with whom I could communicate in Italian or German or through an interpreter. Often the prisoners were called upon by the commandant to come to me and make any complaints they had on their minds. It is the more significant therefore that there were rarely any complaints made.

Commonly the corps and divisional commanders asked me for a report of my visits and I always gave a report in writing to General Spingardi, making such recommendations as I thought fit. It was possible for me to do this without offense because I was not representing any foreign power, but acting in accordance with the request of the Italian government. Much was accomplished in this way, and much was brought about in the first instance by talking over matters with the post commanders, who were generally ready to do anything that lay within their power, and were glad to have me ask for explicit authorizations from the higher authorities.

I have no doubt that my insistence and my arguments had much to do with the late decision to permit musical instruments. The fact that the Commission for Prisoners welcomed our gift of carving tools carried with it permission to use sharp instruments in general, and all the knives which had been confiscated were restored to the prisoners. It was possible to assure to the prisoners in many posts more liberty for walks than they had hitherto enjoyed, and for the officers better accommodations and more liberty—things which were expressly provided for by the Commission, but not always understood by the commanders of the posts. In one post only was there any complaint made about the food, and there the fault was quickly remedied. There were several cases where bathing facilities were lacking or bad (in spite of the express orders of the Commission) and in every case the defect was remedied by the installation of shower-baths.

It was inevitable that there should be such minor abuses calling for remedy. I should have found nothing to criticize, even in the poorest posts, if I were not judging by the very high standard set by the rest.

The best proof of the good physical conditions in which they were living was the astonishingly low percentage of sickness. This record is the more astonishing when one reflects that many of these prisoners came with contagious diseases and full of vermin. When I visited the posts the men as they lined up showed their health. The infirmary was often empty. I reckoned roughly that the cases of sickness in all the posts I visited amounted to something like one third of one per cent. No such low percentage of illness is to be found even among the most privileged classes living under the most favorable conditions, as in our American colleges.

The prisoners were not always at peace among themselves, for commonly in the same post there are five or more different races, separated only in the dormitories. But in almost every case they were on excellent terms with their guards. In no case did I find the Italians feeling or acting towards their prisoners as enemies. This spirit of good will which prevailed was to me a lesson in tolerance. Amidst all the blackness of this war the treatment of prisoners as I have seen it is one of the bright spots. It is the first great war in which prisoners have been so treated.

WALTER LOWRIE.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

For Prisoners of War

A committee has been formed for Austria and a similar committee for Hungary. We are happy to be able to report that his Imperial and Royal Highness, Archduke Franz Salvator, has undertaken the honorary presidency. We expect particularly in our service for prisoners of war great support from our committee members.

Recently when Ambassador Penfield visited the Italian prisoners of war at the camp at Mauthausen he was much pleased to see that the Association was erecting a building for the use of the 20,000 Italians in that camp. Later when he visited the camp at Katzenau, where forty or fifty thousand Italian civilians are interned, he urged on us the desirability of making a similar arrangement for them. Application has been made to the War Office to authorize the erection of this building at Katzenau and to place a secretary there.

Three of the four new secretaries have arrived in the camps assigned to them, and at the beginning of next week we hope to receive the fourth man at Kenyermezzo, which is one of the largest camps for Russian war prisoners. Within the past few days I returned from Eger, where Donaldson was placed. That camp has a wonderful location in the vicinity of this historical old city.

The situation is beautiful and very healthful. Although we arrived in Eger late in the evening, we were greeted at the station by the commandant, together with a colonel and the adjutant, who offered to help us in every way to the best of their ability in our work. Sunday we visited the camp, and found a genuine interest in the welfare of the prisoners. We dined with the officers and Monday officially installed Donaldson in his new work.

In an earlier journey we visited Munger in Nagymegyer (Hungary), a camp for Servian war prisoners. This is one of the first of the prison camps to be installed. The commandant awaited us at the station and showed us every courtesy. The newly adapted barracks were ready for the work and the prisoners hoped that Munger might begin at once. The world seemed small to us, when we found a Servian soldier who had studied two years in Iowa. His face showed his pleasure when he heard that a secretary had come to the camp, for he was familiar with the work of the Association. He immediately asked for character-forming books, for he said that many of the intelligent men were losing their interest in life.

Reitzel is in Zalaegerszeg (Hungary), a Russian camp. The situation of this camp is ideal from the standpoint of health, with a magnificent outlook, fresh air, and splendid water. The camp is situated on a hill and has remarkably good sanitary equipment. Here too, we were most cordially received and Reitzel will, in every branch of his work, be most heartily supported by the officers. The religious work he conducts in common with the Field Curate.

The sympathetic and humane spirit which the commanding officers have shown has made a deep impression upon us. At one camp, by means of special permission it is allowed the prisoners to go daily without a guard to the fields or to the factories where they can learn a trade. In another camp near a city, the Catholics and the Protestants are permitted to attend their respective churches for the Sunday services.

A high officer, distinguished by the Iron Cross of the first class, said to us regarding the prisoners: "As long as they are fighting, they are our enemies, but when they are wounded or captured, then they are our brothers, and must be treated by us with the Christian love which is shown to one's neighbors."

Four Red Cross Sisters from Russia were here and were interested in everything which the War Prisoners' Aid is doing to alleviate the lot of the men of their nation.

We are exceedingly busy in the office. Mr. Penningroth has a heavy load to carry, for the secretaries need much and the time which has been saved through the central office has already more than demonstrated the value of that institution. We need for the office an efficient man to help us in our numerous daily duties. We cannot too urgently request that further helpers be sent to our field of work. Secretaries are needed for the camps which

the War Ministry has indicated to us. We daily await the arrival of these men.

I can assure the friends in all lands who are generously giving money and support to this particular work that their gifts are fully appreciated by the officials and the prisoners.

EDGAR MACNAUGHTEN.

Wieselburg and Harth, Austria

There was much excitement in Wieselburg during the first days of August. Announcement was made that the Russian-Danish visiting party would soon come to the camp. On my suggestion our Welfare Committee gathered representatives from all barracks to draw up resolutions and select spokesmen who were to tell of the woes and sorrows of their prison life. Many of their requests centered round our Young Men's Christian Association work.

The Committee which arrived consisted of a Russian Sister, Mrs. Anna Parrasevitcz, Baron Millins, a Dane, His Excellency Baron Slatin Pasha, representing the Austrian Red Cross (he is also president of our Committee) and His Excellency Lieutenant General Lynhard, the commander of the Vienna district. This party with the Camp Commandant and his staff and myself were visiting for three days the prisoners and the various camp institutions. During this time the Sister and her companions learned from the mouths of the prisoners as well as by observation the importance of our work, and expressed their thanks to the Association and its secretaries. The Sister, in addressing the men, exhorted them to affiliate themselves with every institution we are organizing in the camp, and also told them that in all personal affairs they may apply to me as the secretary of the Association. She left some funds which she asked the members of our Welfare Committee to administer.

I believe our work in Wieselburg will become widely known in Russia through the report of this visiting Russian Sister. In my last report I appealed for aid for the newly established Consumptive Hospital of Wieselburg. Now I am glad to report that this appeal has been in part met by a friend of our work, a well-to-do Austrian reserve officer, who deposited K.3,000 with our Welfare Committee at Wieselburg. This gift of course is not sufficient to meet all the needs of our consumptives, but it does meet the present emergency, till our American friends will add to it from their abundance.

Another matter of importance in Wieselburg is the recent decision of the War Ministry to make this camp the center for Russian boy prisoners. The boys up to the age of sixteen will be gathered in from all Austrian prison camps and bound in barracks especially equipped for that purpose. These will contain sleeping apartments, school and dining rooms, gymnasium and workshops.

Runaway boys from some of the best families of Russia followed the army through all its perils and are some of the bravest and brightest little chaps that Russia has. After conferring with the Commandant and his staff we agreed that our secretary shall be the acknowledged and sole superior of the Boys' Department, having the right to conduct their education and life without interference from the guarding officer, except the Commandant, who is to be informed of every activity and has the veto power. Our Association, having initiated the plan of segregating the boys, has, of course, to bear the expense of the equipment of the school, etc. I trust that this truly humane piece of work which we began will find its friends in America who will help us to support it.

Harth. August will remain also a memorable time for the prisoners of camp Harth by Amstedten. In this camp where there was at first little response from the side of the administration to our plan of organization and work, we have succeeded fully in establishing the Association. Since there was no social and educational work done at this camp before we got there, we enjoy the advantage of having it all our own way.

At Harth we adapted a large barrack, thirty-five by one hundred and fifty feet, and have it equipped about as well as any in all of Austria. We also have a special barrack in the hospital. Both of these were made ready at a cost of K.6,000, and are now the pride of the administration, as well as of the prisoners.

We organized every phase of work at this camp with the ablest men from the prisoners as leaders. The Commandant, Colonel von Babich, a fine puritan type of man, has been thoroughly converted to our work and is now its most enthusiastic supporter, entering into every detail of the organization and devoting much time to it.

When on August 15th, in the best of weather, we made our "grand opening" (dedication) our visitors from the Red Cross and the Staff Officers were greatly surprised by the fine program which was rendered. The choir sang a hymn after which speeches were made by the Commandant, the visiting general, Mr. Edgar MacNaughten, a war prisoner, and myself. I shall never forget the closing paragraph of this intelligent war-prisoner's speech. Moved to the depth of his soul he cried out: "Many of us have been behind these barbed-wire fences already for two years. We have suffered much, we were dying slowly the death of physical and spiritual attrition. We were revengefully disposed towards our guards and captors and we forged and vainly tried plans of escape. When life seemed darkest within these enclosures, appeared like an heavenly messenger the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. As he rallied us round himself and organized this work we took courage. Only since then have we lived. We forgot our sorrows, and the bitterness in our hearts against our guards and captors is disappearing. Thus a bridge has been built which will lead to mutual appreciation and we

trust finally to friendship. Now we wish to thank our Commandant that he has permitted this day of joy. We wish to thank the Secretary who worked here against great odds, and more than anything else, we wish to thank our unknown friends and members of the Association in America who thought of us in our loneliness, who came to us and by their gifts made this work possible." Everybody cheered. For the time these men were not prisoners and not guards, but were human beings, who felt how much alike they were in spite of the fact that the tragedy of history has made them enemies.

After these speeches, which were held in the open air, we entered the hall while the band played briskly. A musical and literary program was rendered and surprised everybody present, showing how much latent talent there was cooped up in those dismal looking prisoners' barracks.

The work at Harth is in my estimate as promising as one may wish it. Harth had to wait a long time till we got started, nevertheless it benefits by our experience at Wieselburg.

My departure from Harth and Wieselburg showed in how short a time one can become an integral part of the souls of strong men. As I started off, promising them to return soon, there were tears and cheers. The men presented me with little gifts, which I could not refuse though the givers were very poor. I left, realizing that perhaps in all my work past I was unable to do even a fraction of that which I was able to accomplish in a few months at the prison camps. The ideals and policies of our Association have been demonstrated to many who will be leaders of Russia's civil and public life. Above all, Christ, in whose name we work, has been glorified.

A remarkable testimony was uttered by a Jewish prisoner who is one of the most respected men in camp, and who was chosen as one of the speakers at a farewell meeting which the men had arranged for me at my departure. He said, "In the work of the Association the spirit of Christ finds actual expression. It has made us, Jew and Gentile, work together for the common welfare, it has made us more tolerant, it has to a large degree realized the dream of brotherhood."

And I may close this report by saying that there is no greater opportunity at present for glorifying God than serving the men in these prison camps of this poor war ravaged world of ours.

JULIUS F. HECKER.

War Prisoners' Camp at Boldogasszony (Hungary)

During the month of July I have continued the work among the Servian prisoners of war in Boldogasszony. Our three elementary schools are making progress and the teachers and pupils are enjoying their studies. Our newest school is estab-

lished in the Moving Picture Building, in a large hall which is used for the Servians also as a lecture hall, library, etc.

Both lecture rooms, the one for soldiers and the other for the prisoners, are very popular. The soldiers' library has been completed by the gift of about forty Hungarian books, which a lieutenant colonel of the guard battalion has most kindly contributed. For the prisoners, I succeeded in collecting a Servian library of about one hundred volumes. The different games which we have in our two reading rooms are abundantly used.

Next month, in addition to my work in this camp, I shall also devote my time to the Russian prisoners in Sopronyek.

JEAN SCHOOP.

Spratzern

Some time ago I bought an ordinary football for the use of the men in the hospital. One day shortly after this I passed and saw those who were sick and crippled but who were able to be outside, gathered together and laughing; evidently having the time of their lives. Upon investigation I found that those who were well enough were kicking the ball around, and of course missing it more times than they struck it. When this happened, the audience, which had enlarged itself to several hundred, would shout and laugh with joy. For a time at least they forgot their aches and pains, and so little a thing as a football did the trick. One of the officers then told me that never since their imprisonment had these men had so much fun and enjoyed such an afternoon together as this.

Could you come with me on a rainy day you would see one of the Russians with the gramophone go from barrack to barrack in the hospital and play for the men who are unable to go out, and in this way help while away the time. At present we are arranging classes for instruction in wood carving, geography, book binding, and also in reading and writing, as many of the prisoners are illiterate. We have supplied each group with a playground equipment with simple apparatus and games, such as Russian bowling, croquette, horseshoe, etc. Many other things are under way and will develop with the work.

THEODORE SCHROEDER.

GERMANY

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

The following letter from His Excellency Count Johann von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to America, is the more remarkable in view of the striking way in which it supplements

the letter from an equally prominent diplomat charged with the interests of the Allied prisoners in Germany printed in a previous report:

Kaiserlich Deutsche Botschaft,
Rye, N. Y., September 27, 1916.
German Embassy, Washington, D. C.

My dear Dr. Mott:

The Young Men's Christian Associations have since the beginning of the present war excelled in a most wonderful way with regard to the relief work for German prisoners of war. They are equally active in all parts of the world, where German soldiers, in innumerable cases unable to communicate with their families, and living under deplorable conditions, are kept prisoners for months and years. The Young Men's Christian Associations bring consolation and help as well as hope to these unfortunates, undertake to furnish them with reading matter, and have recently begun to create an organization extending all over Russia for the transfer of money to the prisoners' camps.

By building special assembly barracks in many prison camps, the Young Men's Christian Associations have created real havens of refuge for the sorrow-stricken inmates of these camps, giving them opportunity to hold courses, pursue handicraft of a high order, and to generally organize in a manner most useful to overcome the depressing influence of camp life.

Full of admiration for the splendid organization of the relief work of the Associations and for their brave members who, without shrinking from hardships, untiringly serve the great work of humanity, I desire to express to you as the General Secretary of the International Committee my warmest personal thanks, assuring you that I fully appreciate the international scope of the Association's work in the interest of humanity during this time of national animosities and enmities.

I am, my dear Dr. Mott,

Yours very sincerely,

J. Bernstorff.

Darmstadt Dedication

Address of Prof. Thomas C. Hall

The Association, which I have the honor to represent here, stands on the ground that true Christianity must reveal itself in life and action.

This building, it may be hoped, will prove in many ways useful, and may perhaps form a center for the entire life of the camp;

Note: Dr. Thomas C. Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, is remaining in Germany this year to aid the work of the Association among prisoners of war.

and just so far as it does prove itself in any way useful, will it stand as a fulfilment of the aims of our Association.

Here we hope all may find an opportunity to come together for harmless recreation as well as for serious intellectual inspiration, and here we may hope it will be possible to carry on public worship, as well as to find in this place a steady support of the social life of the camp. Nor do we forget the needs of the body, and to those also may the building minister.

Thus the building is dedicated to the entire life of the camp, and that without any distinction. Naturally the building is subject to the rules and regulations of those in charge of the camp, but we turn with thankful confidence to them, as they thus permit us to share with them in the care of those entrusted to their charge.

It is a matter for gratitude that ever in the midst of this terrible world-war human love and fellowship are not wholly forgotten on any side. More terrible than the devastation of town and country would be a lasting hate sown among the fighting nations. Peace must come some time, and it is to be hoped that this building may do something to further mutual understandings between the warring nations, so that when peace comes it may have a firm foundation of mutual respect. We are all human beings and must live together somehow, nor is it impossible even in the bitterest warfare to remember to be chivalrous and to cultivate nobility of mind.

Our endeavor is to help all those, who by the circumstances of war are shut off from their ordinary work and daily calling, to use the time at their disposal in a healthful and useful way. Here will be, we hope, reading matter and opportunity for study and mental improvement. We are so constituted that we cannot well simply stand still. Either we go forward or we go back. We either gain mentally and morally or we lose ground and degenerate. It would be a most terrible tragedy were the contending lands to witness, in such camps as these, a worse devastation than that even of war's destruction of town and country, namely, mental and moral devastation. I know I speak the mind of those who have control here when I say that the earnest wish of everyone is that when peace comes, all who have shared this special fortune of war in the various contending lands may go back to the arts of peace as little injured in body, soul, and mind as the sad circumstances of war will permit.

May this building prove a helpful and pleasant memory when in the future, restored to home and country, we shall all remember the war as an historic event.

May men here find new life and vigor in work and play, and may the building make the whole life of the camp brighter and more social. In that case our endeavor will be richly rewarded and our best hopes fulfilled.

And now, honored commander, may I present to you the keys of the building in the name of the German Young Men's

Russian Prisoners of War Taking Their First Meal in the German Prison Camp

German Prisoners of War in England Erecting Their Own Association Building

Choir and Greek Priest Holding Service According to the Rites of the Greek Church in an Association Building

A Prisoner-of-War Library in a German Prison Camp

Christian Association and Students' Union and of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, with our most hearty thanks for all your kind and constant aid and your sympathetic assurances for the future.

The Association Is the Channel for Much Relief Work

NOTE: Countess Pourtales, who wrote the following letter, is the personal representative of the Crown Princess in all enterprises on behalf of German prisoners of war.

Berlin, Aug. 3, 1916.

A. C. Harte,
International Secretary Prisoners of War Aid,
Stockholm, Sweden.

Sir:

Your speedy departure prevented me from sending you a letter or telegram before you sailed. I wanted to let you know that my request on behalf of your work has been granted and that M150,000 have been put at your disposal. The gentlemen I spoke to proved to be most eager to secure your further help and are deeply grateful for the splendid work you have already done. They are especially interested in your plans of establishing shops in the camps, but they leave it to you to decide what other help you can give the prisoners. I trust it will be possible to get more when more is wanted. The whole correspondence will be at your disposal on your return to Europe. I particularly want to assure you over and over again of our utmost readiness to give whatever assistance you might require. I hope that you will let us know whenever there is anything we can do for you. We shall be most happy to do anything in our power to show how grateful we are.

Yours sincerely,

COUNTESS F. POURTALES.

Enlarged Opportunities for Service

Her Excellency Countess Pourtales, the wife of the recent Ambassador in Petrograd, has conferred with the "Unterkunftsabteilung" of the Ministry of War, relative to her action as President of the "Frauendienst der deutschen Kriegsgefangenen-Hilfe" to assist you in your work on behalf of the German prisoners of war in Russia. It is understood that you are also to purchase warm clothing for the prisoners in Russia. This, of course, would take effect only in the case of those prisoners of war camps in which it can be determined that they would not profit by the proposed large distribution of winter supplies, to be made by the American Embassy.

The Ministry of War states that it would be most grateful to you if you would undertake the work of erecting canteens in the prisoner of war camps in Russia, and for this purpose now

places Marks 150,000 at your disposal. In the interest of a uniform rendering of accounts, the Ministry of War states that it will be grateful to you for a statement concerning the expenditures of the above amount. The cost for the establishment of canteens will no doubt be largely recovered through the sale of the supplies, and this money will then be available to you for further relief purposes.

CONRAD HOFFMANN.

Gratitude Not Always a Lively Sense of Favors to Come

The following note was attached to a parcel of welcome supplies, which was received recently by Mrs. Conrad Hoffmann from certain prisoners of war.

Dear Mr. Sheldon:

Having come to my notice that Mr. Hoffmann is not doing as well as he might (in the outer world), as regards the foods which perish, I should esteem it a great favor, if you would kindly hand this small parcel of provisions over to him, when next he visits this camp. For the sake of Him who tells us to "feed my flock."

Very sincerely,

(Signed) A BROTHER IN CHRIST.

From the Letters of Some Secretaries

The Russian trusties of Worms, twenty-five in number, helped me tie up 600 parcels of articles that were purchased for their fellow-prisoners at the suggestion of the commander of the camp. The parcels contained handkerchiefs, socks, toothbrushes, drinking glasses, etc.

The 600 men had been lined up outside the barrack by companies, as their names appeared on the lists in the hands of the trusties. As they entered the barrack in file each turned over a signed card as his name was called and received a parcel. As they passed me they saluted and smiled a "thank you." I wish you would pass it on to the givers. Their gratitude was touching. The last company was composed mostly of cripples. As they hobbled by on their canes, the sadness of this tragedy and the joy of being permitted to render so small yet so telling a service made a deep impression. Then through an interpreter the trusties formally thanked me for all the men. This week we expect to distribute 350 parcels of the same kind to the others at Worms, who have no means of providing themselves with the articles.

At Darmstadt our Young Men's Christian Association barrack is one of the most attractive and at the same time most practical prison-camp barracks.

At Friedberg, as at all other officers' camps, the prisoners gen-

erally have no need of parcels, for they get an abundance of them from home. At this camp I have been able to be of special comfort to the Englishmen, making use of the musical talent that has been given me.

CARL MICHEL.

"Jack the sailor" was taken with a severe case of pneumonia and was not expected to pull through; however he did, when pleuritis set in and water gathered on his left side, so that he had to be tapped. Through this open wound and severe illness he lost the use of his right lung and was very weak. The left lung seemed affected also.

One day he told me he would like a piece of fried bacon. I scoured the whole town till I found a piece, and it made him happy. Then one day I asked him, if he would like anything else; he said, he'd like to have some well boiled oat-meal. A professor's wife, whose brother had fallen at the west front, gladly responded when I brought a package of oat-meal to her, and faithfully sent her maid every other morning early to the hospital, where the poor fellow lay in his bed. A part of this he would eat warm for breakfast, and in the afternoon, covering it with milk, he made another meal of it. This went on for three weeks, when to my amazement, he was able to get up and walk round and gained strength so rapidly, that when the next bunch of Englishmen was ready to be sent to Switzerland, his name was put down among them.

CLAUS OLANDT.

At Schütt hospital more than two thousand wounded and invalid Russian soldiers have been detained. An invalid school has been organized by the Association. Reading, writing, weaving of baskets, weaving of straw braid for straw hats, weaving of horse hair for watch chains, and the carving of wood are among the subjects taught.

Having observed that there were many boys among the men in the various camps, I made a recommendation to the Ministry of War suggesting that these boys be gathered together in one place and separated from the men. Favorable action was taken and the boys are now all at Hammerstein. On request of the Commandant and the Russian physician, I assisted in organizing a school for these boys. Many of them had run away from home and joined the army in order to avoid going to school. Naturally these did not take kindly to school as a feature of prison camp life. Four managed to escape from prison but were recaptured. Since the school has been under way not another boy has attempted to escape. The Germans would be glad to send these boys back to Russia if that were possible. Since it is not possible they welcome every agency that promises to help in solving the difficult problem of their care.

Yesterday I made my last visit to a number of crippled Russian soldiers who were about to be exchanged. This morning as the train pulled out and I looked for the last time into their thankful faces, it seemed to me I caught some echo of the rejoicing of the angels in Heaven in the shouts of farewell and thankfulness as the train left the station.

WM. H. LAWALL.

Letters of Thanks

So many thanks for the books you sent us in my name. We all feel so much indebted to the Young Men's Christian Association, which is always ready to help us. It was just what was needed.

Hoping I shall have the pleasure of thanking you one day personally for this and other kindnesses.

With renewed thanks,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) CAPT. CONRAD F. FRENCH, THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT.

I have to-day received the music and I find it a splendid selection. I trust we shall be able to give a worthy musical hour by the time of your visit, which I hope will be in the near future, that we may have the opportunity to thank you in person for your great kindness.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) C. J. WILLIS.

Sergt. C. J. Willis,
Gefangenenlager
Schneidemühl.

Allow me on behalf of the prisoners of war interned in this camp to thank you most heartily for the excellent musical instruments and appurtenances that you so kindly sent us. The cornet and flute are in daily use, and I can assure you that the orchestra has improved immensely through the addition of these instruments.

Now I wish to appeal to that wonderful organization of which you have the honor of being a busy secretary (and a most tireless worker). I am continually being asked by a Russian prisoner who I am told is a good horn player, and he certainly seems very keen, to try and procure a French horn for him. I may mention that I am in urgent need of strings for a violoncello, and if I am not asking too much, I would like a pair of castanets and a tambourine, measurement about 30 cm.

Will you help me in my effort? I feel so confident that my appeal will not be in vain. I assure you that the great work being

done for the prisoners of war at Döberitz by the Young Men's Christian Association will never be forgotten. Hoping you, not forgetting your good wife and child, are all fit and well and full of exuberance of good health.

Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) C. WILLIAMS.

From Company Sergt. Major C. Williams,
Musical Director,
Prisoner's International Orchestra.
Gef. Lager, Döberitz.

I am in receipt of your letters and am pleased to inform you that the instruments have arrived.

The wishes expressed in your letter shall be carried out and every encouragement given to promote religious services. The whole of the troops in this camp beg me to tender their thanks for your kindness to them and are looking forward to another visit from you.

I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) M. GOBLE, R.S.M.

You will be pleased to hear that the drums arrived. They are very good articles and will be a splendid addition to the band.

You will be pleased also to hear that we held a Church Service on Sunday and will do so every Sunday in future. The Service was very well attended and Bandmaster Lang is very keenly interested. We held a second concert, which was also a great success.

Again thanking you for all you have done for us and assuring you we shall do our best to improve the men's lot both religiously and educationally, I am, Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) A. H. DOWLING,
Sergeant Major.

SWITZERLAND

During recent months large numbers of crippled and invalid soldiers have been sent from the various belligerent nations to Switzerland, where they are interned for the period of the war, but where they enjoy a considerable measure of freedom and are cared for at the expense of their own governments. Among the men who make up this sad wreckage of the war are many

students. The following cabled appeal has come within a few days from Miss Rouse and Mr. de Rougemont, secretaries of the World's Student Christian Federation. It is hoped that we may be able to help these students to utilize their time of convalescence in Switzerland profitably.

> "Crisis thousands interned students Swiss Universities Secretaries imperative Cooperation arranged Worlds Association Expect raise much here but can you guarantee six hundred pounds"

The letter which follows was written by one of the invalid German prisoners of war formerly in England. It is interesting as showing something of the psychology of prisoners of war and the attitude toward America of prisoners from the Central Powers.

Most Honorable and Dear Mr. Israel:

It was for all of us a severe blow and caused deep sorrow that it was impossible for you to be with us upon the completion of our Soldatenheim and attend the beautiful dedication ceremonies, and that it was impossible for you to enjoy with us the completion of your good and beautiful labor of love. For you personally it must have been of much regret, for when we knew you it was just at the completion of the erection of the building, where you really were to begin your labor of Christian welfare and development among us. Perhaps further concern was caused on your part from the fact that Mr. Ewing, your American associate, who subsequently followed you, met considerable opposition from us on his initial visit. We could not rid ourselves of the impression that this money was in the nature of conscience money, a sop from the great profits accruing from the trade in American munition, which had wrought such havoc among us and our comrades. Of course you realize yourself how sensitive we were in the beginning against such money expenditures as reached us from America. In contrast to this, we noticed at the very beginning that you were sincere and genuine in your desire to render us Christian service, that your efforts tended to the understanding of our need in imprisonment and bondage and to save us from the worst, i. e., desperation, despondency, and mental and moral deterioration. If you therefore in those early days discovered any dislike to your associate in your contact with us and you are bearing within you this concern, let me now hasten to assure you for your own peace that we were convinced by his address made at the dedication of the building how erroneously and falsely we judged him, and found that he also understood our needs and desired sincerely to help us out of the depths of our despair. It was not the cold expenditure of money but genuine warm Chris-

tian love. This revelation was a most kindly comfort in our sorrow upon your departure to America.

In the beginning there existed decided apathy and much misunderstanding and opposition against our Christian Association in the Camp. This unfavorable consciousness or coldness toward the Young Men's Christian Association unfortunately was carried over in the beginning to the operations of the erection of the building, which many looked upon with suspicion and misapprehension. It is however with great joy that I can testify, particularly out of my experiences in the last few days of my imprisonment in Dorchester, that these prejudices more and more vanished and a real atmosphere of appreciation was created and established. Many had suspected that we wanted to achieve as the result of the building unscrupulous advantages and favors; and others labelled our effort as a superficial but astute attempt at the institutionalizing of religious conversions, etc. After the building was formally opened and every one could convince himself of the spirit which pervaded the situation, the Soldatenheim became more beloved among the men as the attendance increased from day to day. That we are accomplishing with all our attractive and useful equipment more than any one sees on the surface every one will admit.

The word "Soldatenheim" already expresses to a German soldier something indescribable. This was emphasized very acceptably at the dedication service. This furthermore expresses itself in its finest terms at our daily evening meditations at the close of all our activities in the building. These evening meditations, as well as the regular services for worship, have received significant impetus and excellent attendance in recent days. Unfortunately the circle of active workers has been at a disadvantage up to the time of my departure, because the committee room of the Association was still being used as a cabinet maker's shop for the finishing up of minor details, etc. Now, however, this room has been cleared up and completed and we are hoping and praying that the quiet period for reading and the Bible study periods will be improved by our comrades to their great blessing. The numberless educational classes and lectures are all well attended. The electric light equipment was completed just a few days before my departure, and furthermore the electric current has been placed at our disposal gratis by the gracious dispensation of the Commandant.

With sincere thanks for all your loyal love and devotion, which you have given us prisoners so freely, there greets you out of new freedom in beautiful Switzerland

Yours

(Signed) Robert Bach.

STRICTLY PRIVATE—NOT TO BE PRINTED

FOR THE MILLIONS OF MEN NOW UNDER ARMS

NUMBER TEN

FOREWORD

This instalment of letters from workers and others interested in the prisoner-of-war camps and in the work on behalf of the armies throughout the warring countries rivals, if not surpasses, in interest the communications issued in the previous numbers of this series of private pamphlets. It is impossible to read, without being moved, these informal records of the experiences and impressions of the earnest men who are face to face with the realities in the lives of multitudes of soldiers and military prisoners, in the midst of their strain and loneliness. The demands for the expansion of this work on every hand continue to multiply. It is wonderfully inspiring to see how men and women of discernment and good-will are, through generosity and sacrifice, making possible a true response to these appeals. While many opportunites for helpfulness will be with us year after year, this one will not be. Anything which can be done during the present year to augment this most helpful ministry should at all costs be done.

JOHN R. MOTT,
124 East 28th Street,
New York City.

February 1, 1917.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Right Honorable Mr. H. H. Asquith says of the Association, "It is the finest thing in Europe."

FOR SOLDIERS

With the British Expeditionary Force.

Our Association units, roughly speaking, take up three positions. There are the men in the front line and support trenches, the men in reserve, a short distance back, and the balance in rest billets farther back still. Now the "rest" billets are such in name only, unless one would call a change a rest. I have seen men march out of the trenches, after having done six days, a distance of five miles, and after a few hours' rest return over the five miles of muddy road with the rain falling in torrents, to do several hours' work with a pick or shovel, and then return in the dead of night, cold and wet and tired enough to sleep the clock around, if they had the chance. Nine times out of ten those men go out singing and cheerful, but there isn't much song left by the time they get back.

When these men return, cold and hungry, they can come into the Young Men's Christian Association before turning in, and get a hot cup of coffee and some light refreshments, free, because you have provided the wherewithal. Now I don't, as a rule, believe in giving anything free or pauperizing men, but these occasions are exceptional and I hope you will agree with me that this is a wise disposition of the money so kindly provided by you. At the present time I have a large hut, well back in a "safety first" position, a dug-out in the reserve, and a cellar in a wrecked village, within reach of the machine-guns. We send our supplies in with the ration wagons at night and, though we can do little beyond catering to the inner man, in the forward positions, we are able to carry on a full program in the rear areas. Last night I took a concert party, piano and all, up to the wrecked village and there, in the ruins of a "Brasserie," with the windows and the doors locked up, a stage was set, with candles for footlights, and the men were treated to an entertainment, well within the shell zone.

You might be interested in a little graveyard I found, back of some of the ruined buildings. It was a German military cemetery but had grown wild and at one time showed only the tops of the crosses above the vegetation. But a territorial unit had been quartered in that town after the British had taken that

section over from the French and a little sign, stating that the —th Batt. had cleared the cemetery and restored it to good condition and calling on others to keep it so, is to be found at one corner of the cemetery. Not far from this sign and next to the grave of a German named Schwartz is the grave of a British soldier and the inscription on the board at the head of his grave is: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Will you add to your gift your prayers that every man out here on service for Jesus Christ may be a big enough man for his job?

W. T. Tait.

Sketches from British Young Men's Christian Association in France

Our worker lives underground in a cellar, and the approach to this cellar leads you through ruined houses until you come to an army blanket hung across an old doorway. Push this aside and you find yourself in the cellar of what was once a large house. The roof is supported by beams of wood, and you find our worker —who happens to be a young Doctor of Literature—sitting in his office, which is at once his bedroom and living room. A passage broken through a wall leads to the counter in another cellar. It is lined inside with corrugated steel and outside with layers of sand-bags. In the inner part our worker sleeps, and the outer part serves as a little canteen and a place for the distribution of notepaper, etc. In the adjoining dug-out, free, hot cocoa is dispensed to men passing up to the trenches and to working parties.

You will be amazed when I tell you that the record for three of these forward dug-outs for one week has been over 26,000 cups of cocoa thus distributed free.

Outside is mud and rain, rain and mud, and always mud. Mud-splashed and splashing horses by the thousand, it seems, endless motors squirting streams of it, boys from the trenches caked over with it. Shall we ever be clean again? The ground round the hut is a quagmire, and the path up to the hut a problem, a slough of despond for the leader and the battle-ground of many a fatigue party. Cleaning the hut has become an agricultural operation, done with the hoe, not a broom. The hut leaks badly in parts. Still, the men are glad of its light and shelter. They come in with a shout when it is opened: "Good old Y. M. C. A.!"

Father Bampton at Farm-street

An unusual if not unprecedented address was that given by the Rev. Father Bampton at the Farm-street Roman Catholic

Church. The following summary will be interesting to all our readers:

The hut movement began with the Young Men's Christian Association. None of us (however much we disagree with their religious views) need be ashamed to learn from their example of true Christian character and most effective social efforts.

At the outbreak of the war the Young Men's Christian Association was the organization which threw itself into the task immediately. Until its advent our fighting men divided their time between the trenches and cold, comfortless dark billets. People of England had no idea of the suffering, not of the wounded or sick, who had always been well cared for, but of the well and able-bodied men. The Young Men's Christian Association hut provided food, warmth, friendship, and, above all things, the opportunity of writing letters home; after their bitter experience in the trenches the Association helped to make them men again.

The activities of the Association extended still further, and included the provision of lectures, debates, high-class music and theatrical entertainments, and those popular sing-songs which were the delight of the soldiers' heart. Libraries were sent right up to the trenches, and through the Snapshots from Home League soldiers in the trenches could get photographs of their home people.

The Association huts have been gladly placed at the disposal of different denominations for their official parades and there are many places in France where the Association hut is the only place where Roman Catholic chaplains have been able to say mass.

Of the work which was done for the men in London, including the London huts, with their ever-open doors, and the fleet of motor-cars picking men up in different parts of the city at every hour of the night, it would be impossible to speak too highly.

We should be narrow and bigoted indeed if we hesitated to acknowledge that this is a noble work, or to honor the men who are carrying it on. I make no apologies for drawing the attention of my Catholic friends to it at such length.

The work of the Young Men's Christian Association shows us what we ought to do, and shows us how to do it.

Association Huts Given by Jews

The Jewish community have contributed funds sufficient for the purpose of providing two Association huts for the troops in France. In forwarding £500 for this purpose from the members of the Jewish faith in Leeds, the Rev. J. F. Stern stated that the gift was made in appreciation of the generous assistance rendered by the Young Men's Christian Association to the Jewish chaplains, and of the unfailing hospitality extended to the Jewish

soldiers by all the workers of the Association at home and abroad.

A Man Who Overstayed His Leave

Private William Clarke, better known as "Nobby," had been home on a week-end pass granted by his commanding officer, from Friday after duty until Sunday midnight. Circumstances had arisen that prevented Nobby from getting back to his regiment at the allotted time. He was rewarded by being confined to barracks for three days as punishment.

* * * * * *

"How d'yer git on this mornin, Nobby?" "Got three days, C. B." "Serves yer right, Nobby; yer shouldn't git drunk," remarked Brownson. "War's thur marrer with'ee? I day get drunk." "What yer do, then?" "I went ta tha sign of the Red Triangle." "There y'are, mates. What did I jest say? He went to the sign of the Red Hoss, and then he sees he don't git drunk." "I day; I said I went to that sign of tha Red Triangle." "It's a jolly fine refreshment hut in London; there are a lot of them up there," interpolated Baldock, the company barber. "Well, never mind what it is, let old Nobby carry-on with his tale." "It ay no tale, I tell 'ee; its tha truth. Well, it war like this, yur see. I got into London 'bout harf-past two, an', yur know like, I thought I 'ud be a bit of a change to me like. Well, somehow, I dunno how, I forgot what time I'd got ta ketch tha train ta come back. I knowed there wars one somewheres 'bout nine. So I gus down to that stashun, and the train 'ud gone. Well, I wur struck all in a heap. I day know what I 'ud do next. So I sees a fine, great, big Scottie on the stashun, so I goos up to him an' tells him like. So he up an' ses, 'Come with me, old man, I'll soon put yur right.' So he tak's me with him like, an' he ses its what they call the sign of the Red Triangle wur weem gooin' to." "There y'are, Brownson," chimed in Blades. "He went an' got drunk at the Red Hoss, the dirty dog." "War's thur mathur with'ee sawbones? Think I'm like you—spends all me money on beer? I know what I'm sayin' on. It ha'e any pub at all. It wur a big bungalow, yer know like, and Scottie ses, 'Wait by the door a minute,' an' I did. He gus in, an' a gentleman comes out and he ses, very kindly like, 'Come in,' an' he ses to a lady dressed in something like a draftboard, 'Give him a ticket, will you, please?' So, he turns ta me an' ses, 'You'll be our guest fur to-night.' The lady—she wur a pictur', I can tell yer—ses, 'Would yur like some supper?' an' afore I could look round she 'ud placed some bread-an' butter an' a cup of cocoa on a table afore me, an' tells me to make meself at 'ome like. An' I did. Then they 'ad a concert, an' the Scottie sang, an' I 'put all me troubles in me old kit-bag,' as the song ses, and' I enjoyed meself down to tha ground. After that concert wur over, the gentleman showed me to

a bunk—it wur some bunk, I can tell 'ee—an' told me it wur my bed fur tha night. So I up an' ses ta him, I ses, 'But I ha'e no money.' So he up an' ses, 'That's alright, we'll see yur quite alright.' Well, I climbs up inta the toppest bunk of tha two, one above tha tother, an' I lay there as cosy an' as comfortable as could be—fact, I thought I wur on board ship gooin' to the Dardanelles. It wur jest like bein' at 'ome. Well, in the mornin' a feller in kharki comes an' wakes me up, an' I wondered war I wur. I I thought I wur dreamin'. An' when I 'ud dressed me, he shows me wur I could get a wash, an' he waits fur me, an' he tak's me inta tha room war I wur the night afore, an' then I sees the gentleman I saw afore, when I come first, an' he speaks to one of the draftboard ladies—there wur three on 'um there this time —an' they bring me a big plate of bacon and eggs. An' I tell 'ee. An' two on 'um come an' sat down by me an' talked ta me as tho' I war their brother, yur know like. An' when I 'ud finished me plate, they asked me if I 'ud like any more—mind yur that! Then tha gentleman he comes an' tak's me ta tha stashun. An' afore I goo, tha two ladies shake 'ands with me an' ses good-bye.

"An' I am gooin' ta see 'um agen when I goos up ta London, don't yur fret. I sed I 'ud, and I 'ull. An' I got tha address of one of their places in D—— in me pockut now—one of the Red Triangle bungalows, I meen; an' I'm gooin' thur on Saturday. I can write all me letters thur if I wants ta, all free of charge, paper, envelopes, an' all. An' if any of you chaps wants to come, yur know like, I'll tak' yur."

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

As the work of the Association becomes better known, the distrust with which prisoners of war first regarded our secretaries is succeeded by a warm hearted appreciation, such as inspired this letter.

Stobs, Dec. 19th, 1916.

Dear Mr. Ewing:

Let me thank you most heartily for the token of good feeling you were so kind as to send me, and offer you and your family my very sincere wishes of the season.

Whatsoever may become of the peace proposals which are now before the nations, you may be sure that the work you and your Association are doing for our prisoners of war must bear fruit. The chief work—it is true—still lies before us, i. e. to clear away the debris of hatred and ill-feeling this war will leave behind it, but there the work you have done and are still doing in such a kind way will help us. I am glad to be able to join

hands with you in it and you may rely on me that I shall do my utmost to carry out your good intentions as best I can.

Believe me, dear Mr. Ewing,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) T. SOMMERLATT.

Christmas in a Jersey Camp

The committee had abandoned the idea of a Christmas tree. The tree that the florist had sent resembled a desert palm after a sandstorm rather than a Christmas tree. Furthermore, the decorations that had been ordered, had not arrived.

Although it was one o'clock and the celebration was at five; and while the nearest shop was ten miles distant, and probably no one would be there on Christmas Eve and Sunday, nevertheless, I pedaled back to town, hurried to a telephone, and called all the greeneries in the phone book. The list comprised four. The first was sorry but he had not a single tree left. The second (an elderly lady with a Scotch accent) spent most of the call in lecturing me for trying to purchase a tree on the Sabbath. Number three had no trees, but recommended that I try four. This I did, finding that the manager of the shop, who had no phone and who lived four miles back on the very road I had just come, had the key to the shop. I boarded a train for his home. On arrival, I was informed that he had just taken the train from which I had alighted, and was going to town for his mail. Luckily I found a taxi and rushed to the station. I had the man, he had the key, and the shop held two splendid trees which we soon tied on the top of the taxi.

I persuaded another shopkeeper to furnish me with a huge assortment of tinsel, paper bells, golden stars, trinkets, and festoons, so that I resembled Father Christmas. While wrapping my parcels the shopkeeper remarked, "Ain't you disgusted with these Americans and their peace talk?" I dared not argue for fear of losing my treasures.

At four-fifteen I re-arrived at the Hut and the way the men swarmed about me and the cheer that they gave me at the sight of the tree, made me happy that I had been so fortunate. Two carpenters at once boxed the tree. The hour of celebration was made five-thirty to give time for the decoration, and the Association books of Christmas carols were distributed, one to every man in the camp.

The excitement of these changes spread contagiously among the men. At five-thirty, they began to stream into the hut, laughing and eager. Half of the number in the camp were there; while the other half, who were to have their celebration the following night, were nevertheless crowded about the windows. The hut, which the architect had planned for five hundred with a maximum

capacity of six hundred, was holding seven hundred and twenty. For the first time since the opening, the electric lights were turned on as a Christmas gift from the engineering force. On the right side of the stage was the Christmas tree; with candles and ornaments. Among these, stars made by the men from cardboard covered with tinfoil from packets of chocolate, stood out conspicuously.

The camp captain arose to speak. He mentioned first the loved ones whom all were missing, the Christmases of the past, and then the sadness of the present day: then he contrasted the Christmas that they were then enjoying with the one of the preceding year when they had had no tree, no carols, and no hut. He spoke of the new spirit of optimism in the camp since the erection of the hut; and he expressed the hope that the plans which the committee had for activities for the coming year would be the means of making a new camp. He then turned to me and, on behalf of himself and the fourteen hundred men under him, thanked all who were interested in providing the hut for them. And finally, he closed with an exhortation to the men to grip themselves in such hard times, and to take advantage of every activity that the hut might afford; to trust in God, for He was strong and they were weak: and to cultivate good will towards all, for that was the condition of peace which the angels promised.

The performer on the double bass violin had made his instrument from a three string into a four string by whittling a new peg, using a hydrant handle to tighten the new string. The choir of one hundred and twenty took their places on our ten by fifteen stage and sang as one voice. They were so wedged and packed that none could take a deep breath without the permission of the others. The music showed well the result of days spent in conscientious practice. Reverence and peace came over me when the whole camp united in singing "Silent Night, Holy Night" while the waves were beating reverently on the shore near by and the stars were shining down upon our little valley in the midst of which was the Association hut, the light streaming from the windows out into the night.

After all was done, the men came out, not boisterously, but quietly and thoughtfully. Each felt as he had seldom before "Glory to God in the Highest" and whispered the prayer to the angels, "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men."

I had missed the last train to town, but somehow I was glad to walk back over the winding road that led across the hills into the darkness, and to see above me the myriads of stars any one of which held a lesson great enough to lead me in humble worship to kneel at the cradle of my Saviour.

L. W. Faucett.

The Association undertook as its distinctive Christmas contribution the supplying of a souvenir book of Christmas hymns. This little booklet was prepared with a special cover designed by one of the prisoners to be a memento of the occasion. It contained about a dozen Christmas hymns together with a poem, a scriptural account of Christmas, and a place for memoranda concerning the observance of the day. Sixty thousand of these were distributed in the various camps.

There is no time like the Christmas season to feel what this war has brought in its wake. The lot of prisoners of war never so appealed to me before. In our long wooden hut at Leigh the prisoners had gathered in front of the little Christmas tree which we had supplied. The tree had caused those who planned the festivities a great deal of worry. In the first place we were uncertain as to whether any trees could be obtained this year, and when they did arrive the transportation to the camp proved a problem. However, it reached there in time and the prisoners spent hours in making little paper flowers and chains to decorate its deep green branches. Little colored electric bulbs gave it a Christmas glow.

And as the well-known Christmas hymns rang out in the hut, you could feel the longing for home and kin. Seldom has any occasion found hearts so open to the message from on high, so ready to give glory to God, nor so longing for peace on earth.

That evening in the dormitory each company gathered around its Christmas tree and tried to celebrate the day in the way in which they had grown up. These trees were part of the generous gift of Her Majesty the Empress of Germany to Leigh Camp. As you will have heard, Mr. Harte had been instrumental in presenting a specimen of the camp industry to the Empress, and she in appreciation transmitted this token to the camp. Besides these Christmas decorations, the money was used to provide the poorest of the prisoners with a small present each and the remainder to give all a little extra Christmas cheer.

As the candles were flickering out on the Christmas tree, I went to the hospital and there we had another little service together. No songs could be sung, for a member of the guard was lying near to death in a neighboring ward, and a recent death in this hospital itself had left its measure of seriousness upon the minds of all, but we had a wonderful meeting. I shall not soon forget the way in which all who could move came together around the table in the center of the ward, wearing the bandages that served as a reminder of the days they had passed through. And on their beds in the dusk on either side of the glowing Christmas tree the severe cases raised themselves up to take part in our gathering. In a very simple way the Christmas message was read. Later some little gifts were distributed among the

sick, for in all hospitals we remembered the suffering men in this way.

After these various services the men in Handforth came together in special groups for their various "Weihnachtsbescherungen." Men who during the year worked together in any particular way now met for common celebrations and the evening was spent in music and songs, recitations, humorous speeches. A wonderful collection of pastries and cakes, the handiwork of the camp baker, lent a touch of Christmas that might not be missing. And so everyone did his best to contribute to the cheer of the holiday and to put out of sight the real yearning for home and loved ones that grew well-nigh overpowering.

K. G. Hamilton.

Christmas at a Camp in Scotland

On entering the camp late Sunday afternoon, accompanied by a sentry, the first words I heard were "Merry Christmas," and frequently this familiar Christmas greeting was exchanged with the heartiest goodwill between the sentry and the prisoners, as we walked up to the Association hut in the C and D Compound.

Here I was met by several members of the Young Men's Christian Association committee, and we entered the hut, packed to overflowing, for the Christmas Eve service. The candles on two prettily decorated Christmas trees were just being lighted as we entered. The whole interior of the hut was beautifully decorated with greens and various ornaments and streamers made chiefly by the men themselves. On the platform stood a plain altar on which were placed a Bible and three large candles. To the left of the platform was a space reserved for the camp choir, which entered soon after the candles had been lighted on the two trees at either side of the platform, and the other lights had been lowered.

The service then opened with prayer by Herr Kaltenpuhlt, after which followed the familiar German Christmas carol "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," the entire audience standing. It was a strangely impressive sight: the dimly lighted hall crowded with German prisoners, each dressed in the military or naval uniform of his own regiment or ship, singing, as I have never heard it sung before, this Christmas carol, so familiar in almost every Christian land. There was no hate here. The spirit of that carol and hatred could not exist in the same heart at the same time. Whatever the beliefs of men may be, the Christmas story cannot be told nor can the Christmas carols be sung with any kind of enthusiasm while bitterness and hatred are uppermost in men's hearts. For the moment at least the tenderer passions have their way, and the faces of all in that audience were proof of this, for the carols were sung with a wonderful

enthusiasm and depth of feeling. The spirit of the entire service was the vindication of the power of Christ for love in men's hearts. The earnestness and enthusiasm of the singing, the spirit of the prayers and address, and the reverence of the men were evidence of this.

Following this service in the C and D Compound came tea with some of the committee in one of the huts in which the men lived, after which I was taken to the hospital compound for the Christmas service there, which was also arranged with the help of the Association. Great pains had been taken in the decoration of the room for the service, and the fifty or sixty men who were confined to the infirmary were given a real Christmas, with a tree, and a package sent by the Red Cross Society for each man. The choir, which had been of great help in the previous service, gave several beautiful selections here, and the German love of music was again shown in the pleasure felt by all in the selections of the choir and the singing of the carols.

The preparations for the Christmas season, as well as the actual festivities themselves, furnished a most welcome break in the monotony of the prison camp life; but the chief impression left upon me was the spirit of Christmas itself, which brought a new atmosphere into the camp. As one of the sentries remarked, it was more like Christmas inside the barbed wire than out last evening; because the men had prepared for it, made little gifts for each other in many cases, and, perhaps unconsciously, got into a spirit different from what is possible when men's energies are given so entirely to other things. However much the Christmas season may be turned into a mere festival, the cause of it, and that which it commemorates, are not easily forgotten. Perhaps this is particularly true when men are in circumstances such as at Stobs.

EVAN THOMAS.

Recreation Chests for Scattered Working Camps

Recently in England the authorities in charge of prisoners of war have organized fifteen or twenty working camps, each employing from 100 to 700 German prisoners of war. These camps are widely scattered often in inaccessible places. Agencies working for prisoners of war have as yet done little for the 4,000 men in these scattered camps. The Association is therefore setting aside Mr. K. G. Hamilton, who has worked among prisoners of war in England for one and one-half years, to devote his whole time to this class of work. The war office has approved this arrangement and will grant Mr. Hamilton the necessary permits.

Already "Recreation Chests" have been provided. As Davis has been sending out circulating libraries to the prisoners of war in France, so we have extended that idea by including in the

chests not only a library of some thirty volumes, but also a gramophone with twenty-four records, a football, six sets of dominoes, six sets of checkers, three sets of drafts, seventy-five hymn books and an altar cloth which may be used to cover the chest, making it an altar for religious service. Each chest is fitted with a strong lock, handles and iron bindings. Nothing we have done has been so generally acceptable as the provision of these chests to the men in the working camps.

R. L. EWING.

EGYPT

FOR SOLDIERS

There are no fewer than 52 centers in the land of the Pharaohs; 18 of these are in and around Cairo, and 8 in the neighborhood of Alexandria; others at Port Said, Suez, and along the banks of the Canal.

General Murray, Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force Gives His Estimate of the Association

General Headquarters,
Egyptian Expeditionary Force.

Dear Mr. Jessop:

I, and the troops under my command, owe a debt to your Association which we can never repay. The name of Lord Radstock has been very favorably mentioned to me for excellent work in inspecting the various institutes, and I feel I should be doing less than my duty were I not to quote, and cordially agree with the following paragraph contained in the report of Lieutenant-General E. A. Altham, my Inspector-General of Communications:

"I feel bound to add my personal gratitude to the Secretary of the Egyptian Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Jessop, for the yeoman service he has rendered to the Army during the last two years, and especially for the quickness of his response to any personal appeals made to him for special help during the last year in Egypt. The debt which is due to him from the whole Egyptian Expeditionary Force is a very great one."

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) A. J. MURRAY, *General,*
Commander-in-Chief,
Egyptian Expeditionary Force.

Lord Radstock Writes of the Association in Egypt

My dear Mr. Jessop:

As you are aware I have recently visited our Young Men's Christian Association Stations, including huts and marquees, in the Suez Canal Zone—extending from the Peninsula of Sinai to the Mediterranean. I had the pleasure of seeing twenty-one out of twenty-five of these in the Canal Zone. I have returned with a twofold conviction.

Firstly, the immense need and importance of such work. To appreciate it one must personally see for oneself on the spot. It was at the height of midsummer, with an absolutely scorching heat, the thermometer registered up to 115 degrees shade at one place, and it is quite possible that a higher temperature has existed in other parts of the desert, certainly in the tents, I should imagine. Then there is the loneliness and monotony of desert life, under the most trying and exacting conditions, calculated to test the man very severely. To have seen the men as I did in the huts and marquees resting in the comparative shade, reading and writing or else lining up to wait their turn for cool, healthy drinks, parched with thirst, drenched through and through with perspiration and exhausted, was a sight I shall not easily forget and one for which I thank God. When in addition to their bodily needs one knew that their spiritual needs were being provided for, I need hardly say that it added immensely to the value of one's impressions. The recent fighting with the Turks in the Canal Zone with its lists of our men killed and wounded further emphasized the great importance of this work.

Secondly, I came away with the conviction that none but the best type of men could occupy such posts as a camp secretary in the desert, often single handed, overworked, not too well nourished, very long hours, amidst intense heat, sand, dirt and flies. It is a matter for great thankfulness that such men have been found for these posts—from Great Britain and the United States and the Dominions. If only the supporters of this work could see what I have seen they would rejoice at the privilege of helping it forward.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) RADSTOCK.

Australian Imperial Force, Egypt

Cairo, Oct. 4th, 1916.

W. Jessop, Esq.,
General Secretary,
Young Men's Christian Association,
Cairo.

Dear Sir:

I desire to express to you my sincere thanks and appreciation

of the splendid work done by the Young Men's Christian Association for the troops under my command in Egypt and Sinai.

You have been the means of providing them with healthy recreation, and of keeping them together, thereby saving them from the pitfalls and dangers that beset the young man in a country far from his own home.

In the desert, where my division has been fighting and has spent some months, your Association has helped to while away the tedious hours, and has put new heart into many a man.

I do not know what we should do without institutions such as yours, and when the war is over, amongst those who have done their duty, there will be none more worthy of praise than the noble army of workers that you represent.

Yours truly,

(Signed) A. G. CHAUVEL, *Major General,*
Administering Australian Force in Egypt.

One of the Outstations

I have been shifted to Mersa Metruh on the western frontier of Egypt, and have been here four days. I am in sole charge of the Young Men's Christian Association in this camp and feel sure that I shall like the opportunity. Mersa Metruh is on the seacoast, 180 miles from Alexandria, and is surrounded on three sides by desert. It *is* desert.

The Association Building is like others in Egypt, a mat hut with sand floor, wooden tables and benches, a canteen, library and a platform at one end. At home it wouldn't pass for a cow barn. Here it is pointed out with pride, and thronged with men off duty. At Alexandria I learned volumes on the business side of the Young Men's Christian Association work, but little of the personal. Here the business end will be small (we average only thirty-five dollars per day in sales) but the personal side will be all important. Also it will be the real testing time for me. Business I like very well. Whether I can make good in the more vital problem of personal work remains to be seen.

RALPH WHITE.

Alexandria

I mentioned in my last report a rest camp here in Alexandria for the men stationed along the canal and the upper parts of Egypt. The men in this camp, being on rest leave, have been allowed to come into Alexandria at earlier hours than have those men on duty in their camps. In consequence they have kept us busy. Men who have their centers on the canal and at other outposts, naturally come to the Association when they reach Alexandria.

There is a fine large concert hall here, but to ask the men to come indoors for anything is impossible. Only on Saturday nights do we try to bring them inside, but I do not know what we would have done had we not had our Garden Court. It is the only thing of its kind in Alexandria and has been the means of entertainment for many thousands of troops.

Open-air services have not been carried on in Alexandria for seventeen years. When on account of the heat, we took our meetings outside, the numbers were more than double. Furthermore, the open-air meetings were a splendid testimony for the Master. All classes of people of many nationalities gathered around the fence, listening and looking on. The native people were obviously astounded at the sight of 250 or 300 soldiers, bowed in prayer with helmets removed or at hearing them singing gospel songs and listening to the Word of God. They had never seen this side of a soldier's life before.

The latest thing in our work is baseball matches between the Canadians and men from the cruiser "Des Moines."

Immorality and intemperance are the two greatest evils that threaten any army today. Unfortunately, a red-light district has been allowed to develop quite near to our building. We draw a large number of men to our building, then if they desire to go into the town, they have to pass right through this district. I am seeking to do all I can to minimize the danger. I go up into these places at night and get just inside the door and speak to the men as they go in. Then I present them with an attractive pamphlet we have had printed on this subject, which approaches the evil from the point of view of the man's own welfare and his influence on others. This serves to make a point of contact with the men, and then the conversation leads on to the power of Christ to save and keep. Dozens of men turn and leave the place; no small number of men accept Testaments with the promise that they will read them daily; some have come to my Bible class through invitations given here, and a few have definitely accepted Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

S. J. L. Crouch.

MESOPOTAMIA

Conditions in Mesopotamia are so terrible that when reports are finally published after the war, people will be utterly unable to believe them. Meanwhile, we are doing our utmost to provide recreation, refreshment, and a virile religious message for all whom we can reach. Mr. McClain, our General Secretary in Amara, writes of the need as follows:

We have had most urgent requests from officers that work be started for the men all the way from Amara to the front. We are endeavoring to meet the need but cannot do so with an inade-

quate staff. For instance, here in Amara we have for the British one institute fairly well equipped with a canteen and with piano, billiard table, games, etc., and attempt a nightly program; we are taking over complete charge of the new recreation club, comprising club house, tea garden, three tennis courts, hockey and football fields with all equipment, and small canteen; we have a reading room and library in the British convalescent camp. Mr. Barber is alone at the institute, and there should be not less than two men for that work. He has also given considerable time to sports. As for the new recreation club, which is across the river, we have been able to give it but little supervision. The hut at the convalescent camp we have had to leave almost entirely to the orderly in charge. There are three British hospitals here, with accommodations for 3,250 patients, and our hospital work has been most important. Hospital visitation falls to us as these days the padres' time is taken up almost entirely with funerals.

For the Indians we have three canteens at present and are to open a fourth next week. Three of these have institute features. There are four Indian hospitals with accommodation for 3,000 patients. Narayan Das, Balwant Singh, and Canara are all doing hospital visitation and looking after institutes or canteens. Much more ought to be done, especially for hospital patients, but we have not the staff.

There may be a halo over the heads of the army secretaries, that is, in the minds of our friends, but out here it is mostly dust, perspiration, and hard work, and we want our friends to drop the halo and not forget the other.

We are deeply grateful to you all, only now we want you to realize that the work has grown by such leaps and bounds that the secretaries are no longer able to head the procession, but are panting along trying to keep it in sight lest it break away and spread all over Mesopotamia.

The latest official request comes from the Amara commandant today, asking whether we can take over and supervise all war gifts for Amara. I do not know what to reply, though we ought to seize the opportunity.

CANADA

FOR SOLDIERS

Sometimes we Young Men's Christian Association officers are stationed in places well advanced. The program here mentioned was conducted for our boys who are stationed just behind the firing line. The only street lights we have in our shell torn village are those supplied by the flares or rockets which are sent across "no man's land" to ascertain the movements of the enemy.

Our Christmas program began Christmas Eve, Sunday, with a rousing evangelistic service. Three hundred men gathered in

our rooms which are located in a partly demolished school building. Capt. (Rev.) Burnette, a Canadian Chaplain, gave a fine talk. One hundred and twenty-five men stayed for an after meeting and all took communion. An appeal was made to the men to join the Church of their choice in Canada. Thirty men signed cards for church membership. These cards were sent to the various churches in Canada the next day. One lad from Nova Scotia, included in the thirty who joined the church and openly confessed their faith in Jesus Christ, was killed in the trenches Christmas night.

Christmas morning at eight o'clock the English Church Chaplain held a communion service in our rooms.

During the day I had the pleasure of distributing many Christmas boxes to men who did not receive boxes from home.

Christmas night we held a big concert. I estimate five hundred men present. Our rooms were crowded to capacity. The men are supposed to be in their billets at 8:30 P. M. The general, however, gave orders that any men who attended the Young Men's Christian Association concert could remain until the program was finished. We closed at nine o'clock after listening to a great program. Our talent was drawn from the ranks. I wish you could have heard the cheers that went out from the crowd of men to the men who had so royally entertained us.

H. C. PATTERSON.

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

The prisoners of war at Amherst, Nova Scotia, where a new and very attractive Association building has just been opened for their use, allude to the new building as "Nerven Heilanstalt," (establishment for the cure of nerves).

Major General Otter and the officer commandant visited the building recently, paid their respects to the classes in session, and observed the artists, students, and editors at work in their respective rooms and nooks. The major general showed much interest in the Association—its workings and its housing. He remarked that he was very grateful to the Association for establishing the work here, and commended its salutary influence in the life of the camp, in relieving the dead monotony and affording wholesome application, employment, and diversion. I was glad to be able to assure him that our relations were very genial and pleasant with the men inside the camp and with the authorities as well. He replied that he would back me in my official relations.

The problem of cooperation with two groups in such a position as that involved in an internment camp is of necessity a very delicate and sensitive one; and a large objective and motive must be the guiding principle of one who would be a friend to two groups of such diverse points of view, but it is a gratifying task to stand in such a relationship. Such a genial relationship exists

on a basis not of double-faced hypocrisy but of genuine friendship and of the recognition of the purely human element involved, independently of any political consideration i. e., the recognition that "above all nations is humanity."

E. T. Hiller.

At Fort Henry, where Mr. H. M. Peach has been working among interned civilians, a great deal has been accomplished in the organization of educational classes, not only in English, but in mathematics, navigation, etc. These internes are likely to be permanent residents of the Dominion after the war, and it is, therefore, of the utmost importance to prepare these men to fit happily into the post bellum regime.

On the day before Christmas, Mr. Peach went out into the forest and cut thirty-five Christmas trees to be used in the several buildings, occupied by the prisoners of war. A severe storm came on and it looked as if it might be impossible to get the trees out, but the commanding officer consented to allow a group of prisoners to assist Mr. Peach, and together they brought in the trees. Mr. Peach provided in addition six hundred candles, so that each of the prisoners of war in this district enjoyed something of the usual Christmas cheer.

EAST AFRICA

FOR SOLDIERS

The Army Young Men's Christian Association of India continues its service in British East Africa, and now has several branches in German East Africa, notably at Tanga. Its work consists mainly in managing the entire field canteen service for the Expeditionary Force, in visits of cheer and helpfulness to the hospitals, and in the maintenance of institutes and hostels. Secretaries of the Association follow each of the detachments which are campaigning in the "bush." Several secretaries have come from South Africa, and are helping under the leadership of C. R. Webster, who has been granted the rank of Honorary Major. Some weeks ago it seemed necessary to endeavor to get Webster released for a very important position in India. When the Army Commander in East Africa heard of our intention, he cabled to the Adjutant General in India telling him that Major Webster was indispensable to his forces, and asking that the Adjutant General use his influence to deter us from recalling Webster.

Very recently the opportunity has come to start work for negroes in East Africa, and it was due to the foresight of Mr. Carter during his stay in America in securing Max Yergan, that we were able to send a negro secretary for this work, which

promises so well. Two other colored secretaries, men of great promise, have been selected for this field and will sail on February 15th.

BELGIUM

FOR SOLDIERS

The first Young Men's Christian Association building attached to the Belgian Army has been opened. So much are the Belgian authorities impressed by the value of our work that they have established a special department to deal with the recreation of their troops, and they have asked our cooperation.

A comparatively small subsidy has enabled the Rev. Pierre Blommaert, the first Protestant chaplain with the Belgian Army, to extend his work in a very notable way.

From a Letter of the Senior Chaplain

The number of soldiers with whom we have come in contact surpasses all expectations. I actually possess cards with names, etc., of over 2,000 soldiers. Nobody would have dared to estimate before the war the number of Protestant soldiers in our armies at so high a figure.

Many have taken up the Protestant religion since the war, owing to the influence of their stay in Holland or in England.

The religious needs of our soldiers are very real and very deep. The demand for Bibles and New Testaments is continuous. One feels overrun with work and hardly strong enough for the task set before us.

It may be considered a real triumph for the propagation of the Gospel that in our army we have actually eleven chaplains, in addition to two soldiers as secretaries, whereas before the war there was no Protestant chaplain and nobody thought of asking for one.

Our Journal *Sous le Drapeau* has an edition of 2,500 copies and it has increased in size.

P. Blommaert.

Excerpts from Letters of Belgian Soldiers

"If you have at your disposal a New Testament you will do me a great favor by sending it. Your books have done me much good, because since the war I had not seen but one other. I had prayed to God that He would give me the joy to find one day His Holy Word, and now I see He has answered my prayer, and I am deeply grateful to Him."

"I write some words to let you know that I have received the books, which have given me the greatest pleasure that I have

had during the war. I am so happy to have received them that I am more content than if I had received one hundred francs. I thank you more than a thousand times."

"Your very encouraging letter has just arrived. My regiment has gone under fire to reenforce the French. We are encamped in a field where the postman brought me your letter and I have read and meditated upon the sublime words contained in the selection, and in spite of the perilous errand of messenger which was given me, I have taken my part confidently in the fight. The battle was severe. Many French and Belgians were killed and of the five messengers of my battalion, I alone am left, six days afterwards, having always recognized the merciful hand of God extended to me."

"I have not had the opportunity to read a word about God since I left nine months ago, and I pray you, believe me, my dear Pastor, that it is very hard when one is unable to be comforted even a little."

"I acknowledge the receipt of your gift of pamphlets which arrived in due time, at a moment in which I was undergoing a fearful moral crisis and in which my deepest convictions were fundamentally shaken. Believe me, my gratitude is overflowing."

"With the memory of the little reunion in which I had the honor to assist at La Panne still fresh, I want to send you our sincere thanks for having made this little visit. These few moments, unfortunately much too short, which we were able to enjoy with you among us, the few words and thoughts which we exchanged have been to all, I am sure, very encouraging."

JAPAN

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

The little group of German Allied prisoners of war, captured at Tsing-tau and interned in Japan, is likely to be forgotten by those who have at heart the interests of the great masses of prisoners of war in some of the other countries. In some respects, however, the lot of these men is peculiarly difficult. Perhaps no prisoners of war are better fed or more kindly treated, but for those representatives of the less numerous races in the Austrian Empire, who do not speak any language other than their own, it is a great hardship not to be able to communicate with the outside world, or even to read books in their own language. In order to meet this situation, a quantity of literature was sent by agents of the Young Men's Christian Association from Holland to Japan. The following letter, written by a prisoner in the neighborhood of Osaka, indicates the gratitude with which suitable reading matter is received by the prisoners of war.

A Letter from Osaka

I acknowledge receipt of a consignment of Hungarian books. In consequence of the prohibition of the export from Austria and Hungary of printed matter to prisoners of war, my people have not been able to read anything in their own language for nearly two years. We are thus afforded a great pleasure. In the case of the camp at Aonogahara, as well as at Kurume, nothing has yet been received. May I call your attention to the fact that in those camps there is a lack of Italian books and an even greater lack of Croatian and Hungarian ones.

RUSSIA

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

Eastern Siberia

Mr. Kerrigan of the Embassy has brought ten or twelve trainloads of foodstuffs, underwear, and medicine for the use of prisoners during the winter. We are putting our facilities at his disposal to assist in the distribution in the camps. The next trainload comes into this district, so I am hastening to make preparations to handle it.

We have already organized our work in twelve of the sixteen camps in this district, and are doing so as fast as possible in the other camps throughout Siberia. We have an active and responsible welfare committee in each of the camps where we have organized, and in many of the camps we have also established convalescent kitchens. These we will gladly place at the disposal of the Embassy and Red Cross representatives, for the distribution of supplies, and for any other welfare work that they may be doing.

On the return trip from Vladivostok, I spent several days each in Tschita and Werchne Udinsk-Beresowka. At Tschita the work had made good progress since my last visit. Werchne Udinsk, Jelesnia Park, I was astonished to find had developed an almost complete Association during my absence, although I had previously spent but two days in the camp. They had a convalescent kitchen feeding more than a hundred daily, an excellent orchestra, and were working on an athletic field. Four hundred men, including semi-invalids and non-commissioned officers, had volunteered and had put the church and school barrack into shape, and had also repaired and whitewashed several deserted log huts as quarters for the musicians, teachers, and the kitchen!

At this camp and also at Beresowka I was fortunate enough to meet a Russian general on inspection, who had seen something of our work in the various camps. He spoke especially highly

of the kitchens at Pjeschanka, and said that he would like to see us establish kitchens like them in every camp in the district.

At Beresowka our work is organized upon the largest scale of all the camps that I have visited, and on this account I found it necessary to enlarge the executive committee, so as to include the chairman of each committee as a member of the executive. Major Ritter von Vlassack-Chwalibogowski, the efficient executive of the post bureau, very kindly consented to act as chairman and to hold a session every Saturday morning.

While there I attended Hungarian Protestant service on Sunday morning, at which in the absence of any organ there was a combined orchestra and choir of over forty. The only Hungarian book visible aside from the small hymn books written down by the men from memory, was a pocket Testament which we had procured from Petrograd.

In Beresowka I also attended a football game of two picked teams, amongst whom were three old international players, two of whom competed on opposite sides in the Olympic games at Stockholm. And a special pleasure was the concert, with an orchestra of over fifty pieces, two large vocal choruses, which performed several operatic selections with the orchestra, and a number of soloists. The house was packed with upwards of a thousand officers, who were most enthusiastic, as would have been any audience in any city.

H. A. Moran.

Kiev

Recently when the transports were not going East, very often the number of officers in camp rose to nine hundred. After rendering them "first aid" services, i. e. despatching their telegrams and post cards, supplying the bankrupt ones with small sums of money, and putting language study books and dictionaries within their reach, I found my chief work among them to be that of pacification, friendly mediation between them and the Russian officials of the camp. Frequent misunderstandings and frictions occurred regarding the rules of the camp and the officers' pay. These I tried to explain and smooth out in an unofficial way. When the officers came to me with complaints, I always prefaced my answer with the words that I was not the consul and had no official position other than that of secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association.

During the past six weeks the Young Men's Christian Association barrack has been put to excellent use. Church services for Protestants and Catholics have been conducted regularly every two weeks. One memorable service was held in the French language for Alsatian prisoners. The school-room, in spite of the ebb and flow of transient prisoners, has been faithfully used for music and French classes. The prayer and

altar room is being improved and refitted by the priest. The post office and censor bureau has been very active of late. Our own office room has been a beehive of industry where at regular hours every other day telegrams are received, money changed and small loans made, underwear and study books sold and given away. New Testaments are given gratis to those who ask for them. The library shelves every afternoon and evening are emptied of their books by the eager readers who sit at the tables in the large reading and study room.

Not long ago I received from our secretary at Tschita a couple of postcard photographs of the Catholic altar in the prisoners' church there. The officiating priest, a young army chaplain, came through Darnitza in October of last year. He was then morally and physically exhausted to the verge of suicide. Comforting and cheering him as best we could, we sent him on his journey east with a New Testament and twenty-five roubles for a priest's gown when he should arrive at his permanent camp. We urged him to find fresh hope and joy in life in the spiritual service he might render to his comrades if he would. The receipt of those photographs not only afforded me untold pleasure, but served as an inspiration to a second Austrian chaplain who had just arrived from the front with a group of fellow officers. He too was given money for a gown and a package of New Testaments, and encouraged to follow in the footsteps of his brother chaplain.

A father and his son, Germans from Verdun, lay wounded side by side in the military hospital at Kiev. They were made happy by a copy of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" which they read aloud together. A Berlin professor in the same hospital forgot his pain and bitter thoughts when a Russian grammar and dictionary were put into his hands. At Darnitza several Austrian colonels and a young Oxford graduate, also Austrian, were made happy by copies of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Hamlet" (German translation).

G. M. Day.

Omsk

We have received permission to use a part of one of the barracks for shop purposes. A portion of this will be occupied by a barber for whom equipment has already been purchased. The plan is to have this open to all at a nominal rate. Tools have also been purchased for a shoemaker. At present encouragement is given to the making of wooden shoe-bottoms, which seem quite inexpensive and serviceable. Equipment for making necessary repairs in clothing has been purchased and will be placed in the shop. Some tools for the making of useful articles have also been supplied for the use of all.

The committee for religious services is doing good work just

at present in the distribution of Testaments, for which there is quite a demand. Plans for services have been made and will take effect as soon as we have a place in which to hold them.

Musical instruments have been purchased and parts, such as bows, have been made in the camp, so that at present a small orchestra is rehearsing regularly and plays very well together.

M. A. Waldo.

Orenburg

Our first effort was to establish a library. For this purpose we were allotted a small building containing three rooms and a hall. Tables were placed in the largest room and later stools were added. The books were censored and catalogued. For the convenience of all the men, every book must be in the library from nine until twelve. In the afternoon they can be taken to the barracks, with the understanding that they will be returned at nine in the morning and so on until the reading has been finished. The librarian tells me that so far he has not had a book idle for a single day. New volumes are being added from time to time and I think we have upwards of 500 volumes in daily use.

Next came the workshop. We used the second largest room for this and after the necessary tools and materials were purchased two men constructed a "hobel-bank" and soon had things in working condition. At present they are making necessary implements for other departments, such as the shoemakers and tailors have outlined. I think within two weeks the mornings will be given over to a school of carpentry. It is our plan to make all the windows, etc., necessary for our building or "hut." Tomorrow morning the shoemaker begins work. A small tax has been arranged and we hope to have the shop self-sustaining.

Many Association correspondence cards have been used lately and the men are all very grateful for such help.

The religious work committee is very active and almost every man is supplied with a Catholic or Protestant Bible, according to his desire. At any hour in the day one can see men sitting about reading Testaments. A fine Polish count heads this committee, and says he believes the men show more gratitude for supplying this need than for any other thing we have been able to do for them.

The first religious meeting was held on a Saturday, in the open, attended by over half the men in camp and conducted by the Orenburg Polish priest. A fine evergreen altar, decorated with flowers and ikons, had been erected against the wall. To this we added two pictures, candles, silver altar cloth, communion service, etc. During the preliminary exercises the men seemed to be strangely touched and when the white robed priest began the opening chant of the mass, old and young broke down and cried. After a two years' absence it was too much for them. A

young officer about twenty-three years of age wrote every note of Schubert's mass from memory and trained a chorus for the occasion. An organ had been brought from the city. I wish you could have heard those officers sing! It is no wonder the tears rolled down our cheeks from start to finish.

Mr. McConnaughey, who has been in Petrograd for some time, returned last Thursday and brought with him a complete set of medical instruments, several cases of medicine, etc., and necessary funds for medical work, the gift of the Austrian Sisters. He also had a case of books donated by the Danish Red Cross.

F. F. JORDAN.

Tashkent

The beginning of the month found me at Skabeleff, where there is a splendid prison. At that camp I left a little money to purchase material for games in the convalescent barracks. Near Skabeleff I visited a coal mine where over 200 prisoners are working. I regret that books were not available for a library there. During the month I have visited the following prisons, Namaugan, Andi John, Osh, Kakand, Hodshent, Salatai-Orda and Troitske. I was very much pleased with the equipment of these camps and with the evident sincere desire of the commandants to cooperate in any way which would genuinely help the prisoners.

In each of these prisons we organized an informal committee of the prisoners to see what we could do to help. There are only a comparatively few men in the prisons at Andi John, Osh, and Namaugan, so it did not seem wise to equip a building in these places. Through the courtesy of the general staff we have been granted barracks for our use in Salatai-Orda, Hodshent, Kakand, and Skabeleff.

The officer at Osh asked me to buy a filter for them and this I have sent. These same officers voluntarily took up a collection of Rs. 337.00 to send to their comrades at Troitske. It was a privilege to act as the agent in giving this money to the Troitske prisoners.

At Kakand 150 roubles were left, so that the prisoners could immediately begin to make musical instruments for the camps.

On returning to Tashkent I also ordered a few medicines for Hodshent and Kakand, which the Russian doctors at these points said it would be good to have.

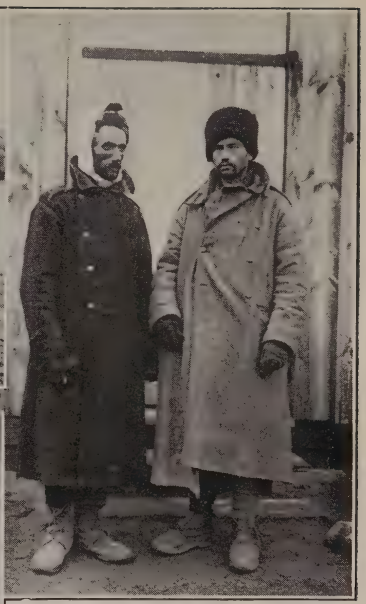
On the 24th of the month I went to Salatai-Orda. I was sorry to be obliged to leave only thirty books for a camp of 3,000. I also left a football for the men and have ordered the material necessary for the changes in the barrack granted for our use.

J. D. DAVIS.

New Limbs for Old

Prisoners encouraged to play volley ball or taught to use suitable apparatus often recover the use of paralyzed limbs

The Bible is a New Book to Many and has a New Meaning for All



Roumanian Prisoners of War

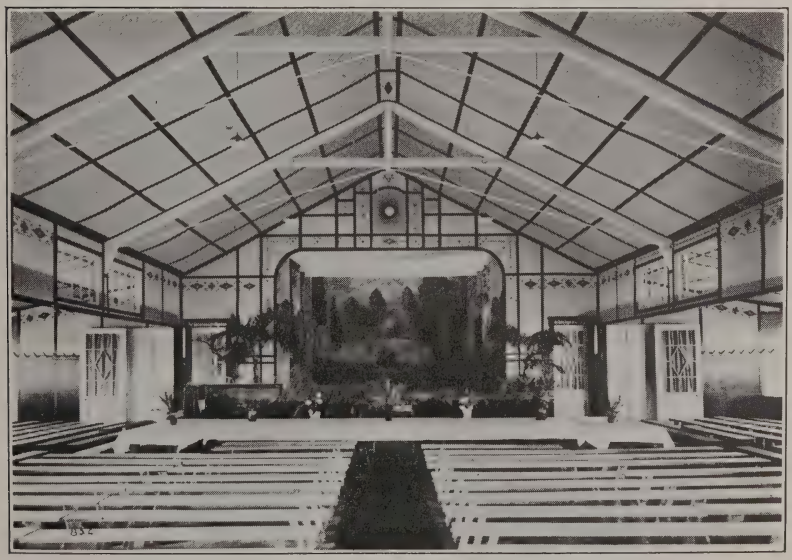
These two are typical, as, exhausted by the recent fierce campaign, they arrive in Germany

HARD STUDY DURING THE TIME OF INTERNMENT
Two rooms in this building are used for 125 hours of class work per week

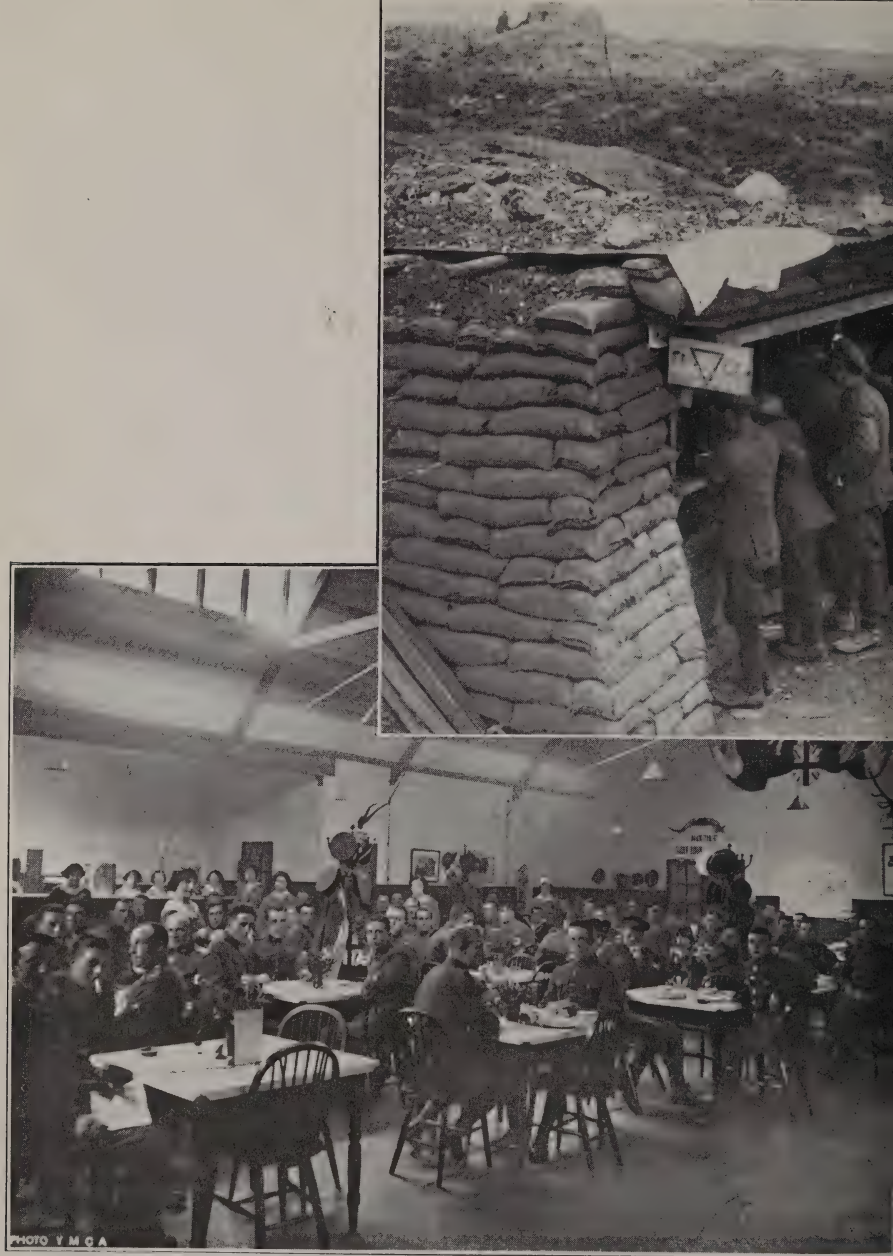
RECREATION CHESTS
Sent to the scattered groups of prisoners working throughout France and Great Britain brighten the hours after labor and bring hope into many a darkened life

Association Building on the Isle of Jersey Erected Amid the Dreary Dunes by the Prisoners Themselves

The men lavished on this the patient care that had previously prompted them to carry earth from a distance and erect canvas shelters to coax a few flowers to bloom amid the sand

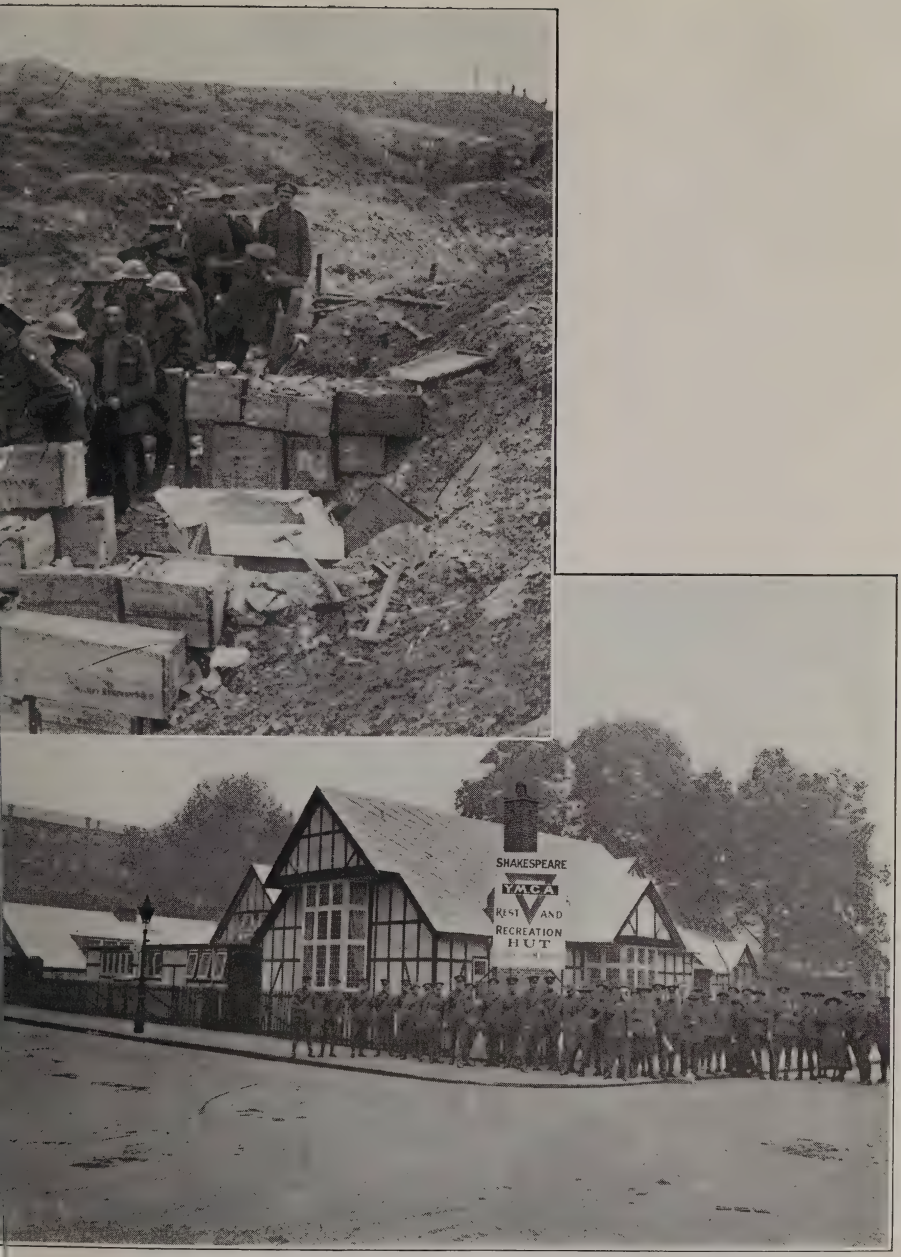


Interior View of Above Building



THE RED TRIANGLE FOLLOWS THE ME

Whether the Red Triangle announces a refreshment room in a great base ca for a night; or appears on a box cover nailed to the side of a dugout in the 's from the mines of South Africa, from the wheat fields of Canada, or from the foot



THEIR HOMES TO THE BATTLE FRONT

elcomes soldiers to a splendidly equipped rest hut in London, where they find lodging
n fields of France: sons of the British Empire, from the sheep sheds in Australia,
the Himalayas, all turn in at the sign

Opening Association Building at Harth

The insets above and on the opposite page show a few of the thousand and more boys recently segregated from the men's camp and organized for educational work

Prisoners Cheered by an Entertainment

One of the Class Rooms at Wieselburg

Opening Association Building (second from left)
at Wieselburg

Among these prisoners are some five thousand permanently crippled

THE CHORUS AT ODDO, A PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP IN FRANCE

The Association supplied music for this chorus, and instruments and music for an orchestra. The choir and the orchestra have transformed the life of this camp. The barrack in the picture is a theater barrack, not the Association building, though we have a good building here

Krasnojarsk

During the last two months an enterprise has developed at Krasnojarsk which is worthy of particular notice. When the rising price of soap rendered it advisable, Colonel Martinoff, together with a committee of the prisoners of war, worked out plans for a soap factory to be operated by the prisoners themselves. That factory is now in operation, supplying not only the camp laundry, but also the Russian authorities, with all soap necessary for the camp and at a price much lower than obtains in the city. Beginning with the manufacture of the ordinary soap, the factory is now making as well toilet soap, disinfecting soap, and shoe polish. So marked has been the success that the commandant and the prisoners of war are now working on plans for the establishment of a leather tannery. From the success at Krasnojarsk, it would seem that this idea could be carried even further to the mutual advantage of both the Russian authorities and the prisoners of war.

R. F. Leonard.

FRANCE

FOR SOLDIERS

The work in France has been doubled in the last two months.

A general whose name has often appeared in the papers, one of the leading chiefs of the French army, has expressed his desire that we establish one hundred Foyers in his district. Lately, I went to visit sections of the front where we had as yet established no work. I was personally introduced to the staff of four different armies and received everywhere the most cordial welcome. We decided to organize immediately twelve new Foyers. These will be established in most outside places where there are crowds of men.

Recently when we inaugurated a large new Foyer for mobilized men in a great munition factory, the governor of Lyons himself presided and gave a most striking testimony to the importance and usefulness of our work. When in my speech I referred to the helpful cooperation of American friends, the name of the United States was greatly cheered.

At the request of the military authorities, fifteen new men have just been engaged and are about to enter on their several fields of work. Among the new Foyers which are in prospect some have been requested for the black troops from Madagascar and for men from New Caledonia. These are in very large base camps. In one place we are dealing with a large number of Chinese employed in military munitions factories.

Em. Sautter.

The Senegalese, as black as coal, with enormously thick lips, and with teeth which would be terrible if they were shown otherwise than in laughter, are tall, slender, intelligent men, proud and sensitive, but affectionate and attractive. They mix with their white comrades and have made themselves loved by them. One meets them arm in arm, talking with animation, cheerful and affectionate, black and white, coming together to the Foyer. They offer one another coffee or lemonade, play together like children, laugh together, and I believe, admire one another reciprocally.

With this influx of men, the hall has become much too small. The soldiers wedge themselves into the doorways, the windows and everywhere. Wherever there is a spot where they can get a footing or can hoist themselves up, or can hang on, so as to be able to see better, they take advantage of it. Before each window those who are late pile up wheelbarrows, ladders, boxes, and barrels, and, perched on these, clusters of men try to catch scraps of the discourse or to distinguish some scenes of the cinema over the heads of the audience.

The commandant of the camp has had to create a special police service to prohibit access to the Foyer to all who have not an absolute right to it. We have then a select audience, an intelligent élite knowing how to hear and respond, liking lectures, and enjoying good music as well as taking pleasure in the cinema.

But the Foyer, the general rendezvous of the soldiers, excites the envy and anger of the publicans and hawkers who inhabit La V. . . . They had reckoned on the arrival of Class 17 to increase their customers and earnings, and with but rare exceptions, the whole of Class 17 is at the Foyer. The report was spread in the village that the men had been confined to the barracks; "a proof of it is," declared a public-house keeper, "that not one of the men has yet been seen in my establishment."

When the arrival of the blacks was announced, they rejoiced once more; but the blacks do not drink liquors, they do not go to the cafés. They smoke very little. They have but very little money. And, lastly, the fear of being cheated makes them hesitate to make purchases of any kind before being sure that they are getting things as cheaply as possible. There is such a difference between the prices in the Foyer and those of the hawkers that they buy almost nothing in the town.

There have therefore been some bitter disappointments, which have taken the form of complaints at the prefecture, petitions, denunciations, anonymous calumnies, etc. The Foyer was there called "The Box of the Good God," and the *curé* of the village for a long time abstained from coming, in order not to furnish a theme for the calumniators.

One of the French Secretaries.

The signal cooperation of the French Minister of War in assigning to the work of the Association under Mr. Sautter, former secretaries and other soldiers who had knowledge of the Association work, has made it unnecessary to send to France for work among soldiers any considerable number of American secretaries. The two who are now on the ground are working at great base camps in the vicinity of Lyons and Bordeaux respectively. Many of the ideas that they have introduced in the work there, have been adopted with advantage by the French secretaries throughout the war zone. The following extracts from letters written by these two men will give some idea of the spirit in which they face their tasks.

New Limbs for Old

A few days after the Foyer of St. F. was started one of the officers of the district remarked that we were building much too large. The building had not been open twenty-four hours when he complained that it was too small, and within a fortnight the same officer asked that we open another Foyer a mile away. "If you don't, I shall do it myself," he said, "but you are familiar with the details of this business, and if you will take charge I will furnish the building." We accepted; the fine stone building which has been placed under our direction will soon be ready to welcome men.

The Foyer at G., like that of St. F., possesses a goodly portion of land, which serves us for the modified athletics we have organized. In this connection it might be interesting to note that, being only ten minutes from the *Centre de Reforme* at the Exposition where over a thousand men are waiting to be mustered out of the service because of wounds, we have placed our organization at the disposal of the head-physician of this hospital who is cooperating with us by helping us to outline corrective exercises for his men. Volley ball has had a great success with these unfortunate men. Two men volunteered the information that volley ball had restored their paralyzed hands, and many others testified to the benefits derived. One man with a wooden leg was one of the most enthusiastic players, being on the court every day during his stay at the convalescent camp. Soldiers from 213 hospitals convalescent after illness or recovering from serious wounds are assembled in this convalescent camp.

Two of our Foyers open at five A. M. and remain in active service until the hour of nine in the evening. Two of the Foyers of this district sold during one month, over 13,600 bottles of lemonade and soda water, and now we are disposing of 100 litres of milk per day, served principally in coffee.

W. E. Bristol.

A Temperance Canteen

One of our boys writes us: "I have not forgotten you, for my chums and I miss ever so much the Foyer where we spent so many happy evenings. I had the pleasure of going to see the Foyer at . . . but it was not like the one at S. Sunday I am going to see my friend G. . . . (another of our boys) and then we will talk about our good friends at the Foyer. This young boy always wore the "Foyer smile," and we trust he will not forget the personal interest taken in him.

In the midst of a very quiet month at S., it was most fortunate for us that we could open our Buvette (temperance café). The first day convinced us of its utility, and the way it is talked about around camp shows that it filled a decided need. More interesting still is the word of thanks put into the "Decision" by Colonel Thiebaut, commander of the camp. After giving the notice of the opening of the Buvette, he added: "In the name of all the soldiers at S., the Colonel Commander of Arms thanks the Foyer du Soldat for this new demonstration of solicitude."

As the long evenings have now come to us, we have tried to interest the boys inside the two buildings at moving-pictures; we have had various stunts—pushing nuts down the hall with the nose (an excellent race!); eating buns tied to strings with the hands tied (this always creates a roar of laughter); racing with lighted candles, and so on—all of which makes the long evenings short, and makes the boys forget for one moment they are soldiers.

JAMES PERRY.

Be Prudent

A French sergeant tells the following incident:

"I have in my squad a young soldier of the Class of 1915. He is very brave and very intelligent, but unhappily, illiterate. When he receives a letter, it is I, his sergeant who reads it to him. One day he received from his mother a letter in which she sought to temper the too impulsive patriotism of her son with the wisdom of years: "Do your duty, my son, but do no more than your duty. Be prudent." Some hours later, the captain assigned to me a delicate duty, the reconnaissance of a small German post. Six men were needed, and I called for volunteers. A number of hands were raised, and I chose six veterans. I saw that my youngster had raised his hand also, but I did not indicate him. Then, with an air of sadness, he asked me timidly, "Why do you not wish me, sergeant?" I replied, "There were ten volunteers and I needed only six." "Have you not confidence in me?" he asked. "Yes, I know you are brave, but I left you because you are the youngest and then you ought not to forget your

mother's advice," I answered. "But, sergeant," he replied, "this is my duty." I hesitated for a moment and then convinced that I should be giving him pain if I refused him the satisfaction of this service, I said, "It is well, come with me."

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

Where the Shoe Pinches

In an isolated mountain village on an island I visited a millionaire. Before the war he lived in a beautiful mansion by the sea. He enjoyed all the distinction and power that come from a fine education, rare talent, and a titled family. Now, cut off from his possessions, far from his loved ones, deprived of his library, he spends his time in comparative inaction, thinking of a fortune lost and of great projects blasted.

It is difficult to compare suffering, but it would seem that the loss of fortune would be as nothing beside such suffering as the prisoners held by Servia experienced during those indescribably horrible days of retreat from Servian soil. The thousands of prisoners had to share the terrible fate which their compatriots forced on the Servian people. For every prisoner finally saved by the Allies, three dropped by the wayside stricken with cholera, typhus, and other dread diseases.

The twenty-odd thousand who escaped with their lives were taken by the Allies to the island of Asinara, just off the coast of Sardinia, where with infinite pains and unmeasured kindness Italy nursed those human wrecks, mere walking skeletons, back to health and hope. Anyone who doubts the sincerity of those prisoners' gratitude to Italy can get the proof by talking with them as I did, first on their little island and later in various parts of France. As if words were insufficient to express their undying sentiments, they erected a great monument "To Italy, Our Saviour."

Six weeks have elapsed, since, in a quiet little town in northwestern France, I began this letter. During that time I have reported in person to the World's Committee in Switzerland; established an office in Paris; visited southern France, where in a large camp a new Association hall is being completed; and I am now in Italy, where we are building a hall for prisoners and establishing national headquarters at Rome. Among other things we are busy here with the distribution of about 15,000 books in a dozen different languages. These books have been sent to us by our secretaries in Austria for the prisoners in Italy. We have sent books to Austria for Italian prisoners.

It is astonishing how humanely the prisoners are cared for, and how little ill feeling exists between the prisoners and their guards. Civilians who never see the prisoners are sometimes very bitter. In southern France prisoners were engaged on a

certain estate to reap the harvest. French people came for miles to see the *boches*, as they call the Germans. One woman was especially vehement in her denunciation of "those beasts. They all ought to be shot. Anyone ought to be ashamed to employ them, etc." She stood and watched them work for a time. They were threshing, and as usual were quietly and steadily keeping at their work. Their faces were flushed with exercise. Perspiration rolled down their cheeks. "Humph," she was heard to grunt to herself, "they work just like our boys." One sturdy young prisoner was hustling away the sacks of grain. "Oh, the poor fellow," exclaimed the *boche* hater. "What heavy bags he lifts! See how hot and tired he is. I am going to get him some water." That scene is typical.

Good food in sufficient quantity and necessary clothing and shelter are supplied. The prisoners are paid for their work. It is the lonesomeness of the business that strikes me—that kind of lonesomeness that comes from being lost in a crowd. Think of it! Never one minute to be really alone! And then, there is the monotony of it all: day after day the same kind of food, eaten at the same hours from the same old *gamelle;* the same bayonets behind them as they go out to the same routine of work; the same old barracks behind the same enclosures awaiting them on their return; the same dreary time to kill, till the same hour comes to go to the same old bunk with the same man stretched out in the same way close at hand. Work under these circumstances is a godsend. Where there is no work to do, the wonder to me is that a larger number of men have not gone mad.

Now you ask, "What is the Young Men's Christian Association doing?" In a word we are trying to break that monotony. Imagine yourself in that routine at which I have hinted. Then imagine that someone fixed things so that when you came in at night, instead of having two or three hours to kill, you could sit down in a nicely warmed and lighted room and lose yourself in an interesting book or feel that you were increasing your usefulness to yourself and to society by profitable study. Well, this is what the Association is doing by its system of circulating libraries, which reach even to the little working detachments in isolated country districts, and by the halls which we have built or furnished in many camps.

If you could have been with me two Sundays ago in either of two camps which I visited and heard a chorus of sixty voices in the one or a large orchestra in the other, instruments and sheet music for both having been given by the Association, you would appreciate what I mean. Music takes on a new meaning in such places and under such conditions. For those hundreds of men who listened that day, barracks and barbed-wire fences did not exist. They were dwelling in "heavenly places." The horrors of war for the moment were blotted out. They were home again. To practically all of the more than two hundred depots of pris-

oners in France and Italy and to many of the working squads, the Association has supplied a part or all the instruments necessary for a small orchestra.

No, men do not live by bread alone. We are trying to make available to the prisoners that food for souls which governments are not required to furnish.

D. A. Davis.

The Association Work Forestalls Reprisals

I was told that there was great need for a recreation barrack in the officers' camp at Chateauneuf. On investigation I found that, because of complaints made by the men in this camp, the German Government had established a camp of reprisals. The American Embassy delegates who had visited both camps made a report that the conditions at Chateauneuf were not such as to justify the camp that had been created in Germany. The German Government let it be known that if certain things were done the camp of reprisals would be given up. The French Government made several concessions, but in view of the report made by neutral delegates did not feel called upon to construct a special barrack. A happy solution seemed to be for us to build a small recreation hall. The Government immediately granted permission and facilitated the purchase of a barrack for a price not much over half of what we would ordinarily have to pay.

We have been given definitely to understand that if this hall is constructed immediately, the camp of reprisals in invaded Russia will be given up and that this will not only prevent untold suffering during the winter, but also save many lives as well.

D. A. Davis.

Ministry of War,
General Inspection of Prisoners of War,
Paris, Oct. 26th, 1916.

Dear Sir:

As a result of the visit made Oct. 2nd to the station of officer war prisoners at Chateauneuf, by the delegates of the United States and in conformity with the desire which you have expressed, I have the honor to inform you that I authorize you to have constructed immediately a barrack in the unoccupied portion of the court, which will be indicated to you by the commandant of the station to be utilized by the officer war prisoners as a recreation and assembly hall.

Upon presentation of this letter you or your delegate, Mr. Johnson, will be able to have access to the station at Chateauneuf.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my very distinguished consideration.

By the Ministry of War and through his orders,

Inspector General.

Mr. Davis,
Secretary to the Young Men's Christian Association.

This letter, written by a French guard, indicates the spirit in which prisoners of war are cared for in France. In response to this letter, the secretaries supplied the men at this camp with a Christmas tree, games, and music. That which follows shows their appreciation of what the Association is able to do for them.

Austrian Prisoner of War Camp,
St. Etienne de Rouvray.

Dear Sir:

On my arrival at camp a week ago, with my accordion under my arm, I was reminded, speaking with all reverence, of the arrival of Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthazar, bearing rich presents and incense to Bethlehem. Greatly surprised, the prisoners watched me unwrap the paper enfolding the object of their desire. It casts a little light into the gloom of their lives as captives. Two virtuosos turned on the camp a flood of music adapted to the hearts of their companions in misfortune. Until the lights were put out they mingled profane music, waltzes, two-steps, etc., with psalms and recollections of religious airs dating from the time of their youth. They charged me to thank you personally, and I do this the more gladly as I recall with so much pleasure your very agreeable visit.

I indicated to you how particularly interesting this class of prisoners is, being all or nearly all, Christians. Then I had the honor to tell you that these men, who are no longer soldiers, are more miserable than all other prisoners, for they do not receive anything from their families, not more than twenty parcels in six months. Anything which you can do in their behalf will be very helpful and gracious. Will it be possible for you to aid me to help them celebrate very modestly the festival of Kris-Kringle, that is to say, Christmas? I shall in that case be very happy to offer my disinterested cooperation.

Very respectfully yours,

A. Urviller,
Sergeant Interpreter at St. Etienne.

Camp of Austrian Prisoners of War,
St. Etienne du Rouvray, Dec. 3, 1916.

World's Committee, Young Men's Christian Association,
Dear Sirs:

In the name of the Austrian Prisoners of War of various races and religions interned at Camp St. Etienne, the undersigned, Mathias Laskogiez, Chief Sergeant of the Camp, Karl Blazek No. 518 and Michael Roksa No. 575, address to the World's Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations their warmest

thanks for sending the beautiful accordion which has been presented them through Sergeant Urviller, the French interpreter. Blazek and Roksa, to whom the instrument is entrusted, are happy to be enabled to charm the leisure of their comrades and in some measure soften their unhappy lot.

(Signed) M. Lachovn Zegfusver.

ITALY

FOR SOLDIERS

There is evidence that the day which we have long been working and praying for is at last coming in Italy, that is, the day when our work can be started for the men at the front.

It would take too long to tell the whole story. It is another illustration of the big thing being hidden beneath the little, of the important being masked by the seemingly unimportant. When we began the small work in some of the cities like Rome, Naples, Genoa, Torre Pellice, etc., it was not because we wanted to open our work in these cities, but because we could not begin at the front, where it seemed to us there was the greatest need. Now men who got their training and ideas of our work in those little city Foyers have been mobilized and have gone out to the front to big camps and have secured permissions which we could not get, and have actually started Foyers in at least four different centers.

Professor Jalla, who helped to organize a splendid work at Torre Pellice, is now a second lieutenant at the front. In writing from ——— he says: "You see the great importance of such a Foyer. This will be the first one along the entire front to be established in the zone of operations. Here there are hundreds of soldiers passing every day, as it is the first inhabited place back of the trenches. With the snow and the intense cold which there is already, this will be a magnificent work under the patronage of the highest military authorities." Prof. Jalla has the assurance that the military authorities will keep him at this particular post so that he can direct the Foyer.

Practically this same thing has happened in a very important camp in southeastern Italy, where Mr. Barone, formerly connected as a volunteer with the Genoa work, has been sent as a soldier. Mr. Barone is a photographer by trade. When he saw the need for our work among his comrades, he went to the commanding officer, asked for and received permission to start a Foyer. Without delaying to get money from anyone, he paid out several hundred francs of his own cash and got the work going.

Two of the former members of the Student Christian

Federation of Naples have also started similar work for their comrades at the front.

A marquis, who had recently returned from the front and who had been greatly impressed with the need for exactly the thing which the Association is doing for soldiers in other countries, arranged for me to meet the Countess and Countessina Cadorna. I had a good chance to explain about the work. They told me that just a few days before the general had appointed a Catholic chaplain to organize Foyers all along the front. They were anxious that I should meet him, in order that, if possible, we might make some suitable combination. That seemed to me to be about the only hope of doing anything on a really effective scale, inasmuch as it would be an absolute impossibility for any civil society to do a work for soldiers at the front, unless strongly backed by the military authorities and supplied by them with barracks and a large part of the material necessary.

In Naples a soldier can stay inside during the rush hours only long enough to write a letter. Then he must cede his place to some fellow who has been standing outside waiting for a chance to get in. Some of the men who frequent this hall walk for five miles in order to enjoy the use of the place for a few minutes.

At Genoa the work is going splendidly. The very large room is well filled every evening. There are regular classes in writing, Italian, French, and English. You cannot imagine the joy of the men who for the first time in their lives are able to write to their families. It is like making the dumb to speak.

At Rome there is a daily attendance of only about ninety or one hundred, but a large proportion of those who come are non-commissioned officers, who are more or less permanently in Rome working in the war offices. There is a very friendly, home-like atmosphere about the place, which the men themselves and also the inspecting officers say they have found nowhere else. There are many things that encourage us to believe that this work is going to give new life to the Rome Association after the war. Many young men of the town are coming regularly and they say that after the war they wish to become members. The foreign colony of Rome, especially the English people, are taking a decidedly new interest in the Association on account of the fact that it is now used for all the English soldiers and sailors passing through Rome. It would be difficult to imagine a more grateful lot of fellows than those British Tommies, who land in Rome, without the faintest idea of how to ask for even a piece of bread, or without being able to tell the conductress where they wish to get off a tram, when they finally strike the Association and find someone who can speak English. They enjoy the shower baths and the gymnasium immensely, and as for the cup of hot tea—well nothing quite touches the Tommy's heart like that.

Everywhere the good results are evident. God is blessing

the efforts that are being made. Let us continue to pray not only that new doors may be opened but also that men and money may be found to enable us to enter all those which are already standing ajar.

D. A. Davis.

Young Italy

Italy is in a period of crisis. What can we do with and for the young women and the young men, those who are with us, those with whom we are in communication, and who we hope will one day return to reap the benefit of the terrible suffering which presses every day more heavily upon us? Mr. Gay writes that this year will be a far more difficult one than the last. Mr. de Pertis writes very thoughtfully of the change going on in the spirit of the nation, and the grave problems we have to face. For centuries it was the policy of the Church within, and the surrounding nations to prevent any growth of a coherent nationalism. That is now advancing by leaps and bounds. It is undisciplined and unless it can be shaped, Christianized and permeated also by a true internationalism, it may be fraught with grave peril. Just here, in the view of Mr. de Pertis, is the call for the influence of the World's Student Christian Federation—not the national organization. Mr. Gay feels this very strongly.

Almira F. Leavitt.

Distribution of Scriptures

The number of Testaments distributed freely with the help of all the Evangelical Churches in Italy and not a few private Christians as well as the colporteurs of our Society, the National Bible Society of Scotland, during some nine months of 1916 amounts to 43,365 copies. The number of Gospels also distributed by the same means and in the same time amounts to 190,484. These numbers are considerably more restricted than the demands which were made in the course of these months, as we were frequently constrained to limit our responses and give out in proportion to the stock which fell short of the demands made, owing to the frequent and prolonged delays in transmission arising from the war condition. We could easily have distributed some 75,000 Testaments in the same period and as easily 300,000 Gospels.

Taking account of the fact that we have in all probability a full year before us at least, during which this great and promising field will be open to us, it is not beyond the mark to affirm that there is a call to provide 100,000 illustrated Testaments and we should have 200,000 Gospels more. That represents a sum of 50,000 francs for the 100,000 Testaments at one half a franc each, and 20,000 francs for the 200,000 Gospels at 10 centimes each. With the rise in prices, the cost of transmission and the bare cost of cases, it would be safe to aim at an outlay of 78,000 francs.

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

A Cablegram from Mr. Davis

"Asked permission build one prisoners' barrack. Two authorized in most important camps. Urgent need five thousand dollars beyond budget and another secretary Italy."

The following letter sets forth the circumstances more fully:

Dear Dr. Mott:

One of the most influential senators of Italy said, after hearing the details of our work for prisoners: "What you are doing gives me a new faith in humanity. I had almost come to feel that there was no such thing as a disinterested service being rendered." The coming of representatives of our Association into these countries, in fact the name of the Association alone, never fails to arouse opposition and suspicion, yet our experience is that a clear explanation of what our Association is accomplishing always disarms hostility and makes us friends.

After one month of constant, intense labor, we have just received the glad news of a great victory—perhaps one of the most significant yet won—due, we fully believe, to divine aid received through prayer. I believe I do not overstate the facts when I say that nowhere have such difficulties been encountered.

Having seen every person of importance to whom I had or could get introductions, and after the American Ambassador had not only presented our case personally to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but had also written him a very strong letter, we seemed to have exhausted all human resources and were simply driven to rely on prayer. We had asked for permission to construct one barrack; God answered our prayers by giving us permission to construct two in the two most important prison camps of Italy —Avezzano and Padula—and by granting us the privilege of sending to all the prisoners in Italy beautifully illustrated Christmas cards bearing appropriate messages in simple scripture verses. We are praying that these little messages sent by us to the prisoners, and later by them to their families, will do much to turn thousands of hearts to Christ.

I am fully convinced that if Rideout can have a strong man to help him, and the money necessary to pay for the erection of two barracks instead of one can be granted at once, we shall be able to make such a demonstration of the practical usefulness of our work, both to officers and prisoners, that hereafter all doors will open at our touch. Rideout and I have left no stone unturned to inform people in high places of the character of our work both for prisoners and soldiers. The results of this educational campaign are already becoming very apparent.

I am asking for the extra money for Italy in order that we may not be delayed in building the two barracks at once. After

all that we have said and done to get this permission, and in view of the fact that these will be the first barracks to be built in Italy, it is very important that there be no delay.

The total number of barracks in Italy will probably be very small, for the reason that there are few specially constructed camps for prisoners.

D. A. Davis.

CENTRAL POWERS

How the work among the prisoners of war is coming to be regarded by the officials and people of the Central Powers is indicated in the few following letters, which are given as samples:

War Ministry—Intelligence Department,
Berlin, Oct. 26, 1916.
Leipzigerstr. 5.

The American citizen, Mr. Conrad Hoffmann, Leader of the Neutral Section of the War Prisoners' Aid in Berlin and Chief Representative of the World's Alliance of Young Men's Christian Associations in Germany, intends to revisit the war prisoners' camps in the different commandos of this country. The War Ministry has the honor urgently to commend this wish. Mr. Hoffmann, who for over a year has had the right to visit the Prussian war prisoners' camps, has during this time been in constant touch with the Prussian War Ministry and through his intervention in matters concerning the welfare of German prisoners, particularly in Russia, has already rendered great services to this office.

(Signed) J. A. Noering.

To the Royal Bavarian War Ministry, Munich.

War Prisoners' Aid Committee of the Austrian Red Cross,
Vienna I,
Vienna, Oct. 5, 1916.

To the President of the Turkish Red Crescent, Constantinople.
Mr. President:

Mr. Christian Phildius, General Secretary of the World's Alliance of the Young Men's Christian Association, who is going to Turkey in order to organize the activities of the Alliance, which he represents, has requested me to inform you briefly of his work in our country.

It is a real and special pleasure for me to comply with his request, and this all the more as it affords me an occasion to state

that Mr. Phildius, by his indefatigable and disinterested work in the war prisoners' camps in Austria, has created a truly remarkable organization in favor of the war prisoners interned in this country, and by these very means has obtained the admission of his Alliance into the enemy-countries, especially in Russia, where the work has become *one of the most indispensable factors* for the amelioration of the lot of the Austrian-Hungarian prisoners of war.

Mr. Phildius has in fact understood how to realize the philanthropic intentions of the World's Alliance of the Young Men's Christian Association without ever entering into conflict with the military interests.

We beg you will favor us, Mr. President, by accepting the expression of our sentiments of highest esteem.

(Signed) Baron von Spiegelfeld,
President.

The Countess Z——, an American woman, belonging to one of the prominent families in Hungary, has an 18-year-old son, who is a prisoner of war in Russia, as is also her nephew of about the same age. She says, "I really do not know to whom we can confidently turn at this dreadful time, if not to you and the splendid Association which you represent." She has sent 3,000 kronen. The secretaries in Russia report that the boys have been located. Many other titled people are writing or coming to see us on behalf of their relatives. We hope this work for Austrian young men of aristocratic families, who are now prisoners in Russia, may enable us to get permission to serve in the same way Russian officers now held here in Austria.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

Austria presents a problem of peculiar appeal, in that most of its prisoners are Russians, among whom are many privates who have had little opportunity of obtaining an education, and who now have the chance to study and the cooperation of skilled teachers for the first time. The way in which the educated men have taken hold of the work of training their less fortunate comrades, to make more useful men of them when the war is over, is a proof of their spirit and of the openings for constructive work offered in these camps.

In the Austrian camps also, are a number of quite young boys, separated by the war from their families, who would be

losing all opportunity for instruction were it not for the neutral Young Men's Christian Association work. Their situation will appeal especially to Americans with the will and the ability to help.

The life of the camps, quickening under the impetus of new outlets for energy, is mirrored in the following letters:

A Social Community in Miniature

I have the honor to report definite progress in the establishment of our work. Permit me to speak of the activities as educational, physical, religious, and social, as they have been developed in the various groups.

Educational: In the hospital a census was taken of those who could not read and write. For this group of men a school of reading, writing, and arithmetic has been established. All necessary books and material have been supplied. Plans for meeting the needs of those wishing more advanced study are under way.

This week a small class of selected artists began the study of painting and drawing under an experienced artist. The material for these schools has also been provided. Three instructors are awaiting the completion of the barrack to form classes in music, language, and science, and a lecture course. In the commissary group are also organized an alphabet school and a large class for the study of elementary drawing.

Among the Russian officers was found a deep interest in educational pursuits. The work of organizing is under way; and I report up to date the establishment of a reading and writing school for the servants of the officers, numbering close to a hundred. This class is taught by one of the officers. The material for this the Association has provided. Very soon a library will be at the disposal of the men in the barrack.

Physical: In the prisoner-of-war group, the use of a large free place for football has been allowed and the goals are set. Frequently in the evening a group of students can be seen playing, with the whole crowd of men as spectators. Other outdoor sports, as well as games for indoors, have been provided in all the groups.

Religious: All religious work has been done in association with the field chaplain. Together we have distributed Russian crosses and ikons among the prisoners in camp, as well as sent some to working parties. It is a pleasure to see the smiles break on the various faces as they receive the small but potent gifts. The greater part of the men are Greek Orthodox, and for the use of the field chaplain a fine wooden altar, with pictures, has been placed in a separate barrack for worship.

Social: For entertainment in the hospital, a gramophone and small portable kinetoscope have been provided. Twice a week

a large room is at the disposal of the Association for a program, for all those who are able to come. For the very sick in a separate barrack a concert is given and pictures are frequently shown. Besides this, numerous games have been distributed in each barrack.

In the regular prisoner-of-war group a fine string orchestra gives frequent concerts. The privilege of giving concerts in the hospital occasionally has also been granted. Here a chorus has been organized. Music and instruments have been provided. A piano has been placed at the disposal of a Moscow opera singer, who will teach music and aid in the concert work.

Relief: The relief work among the sick has just begun. The work is all organized in consultation with the regimental physician. It is confined so far to aiding the very sick. I asked the privilege of placing some instruments in the hospital. We have now a supply for elementary operations.

The work of the Association has not been confined to the prisoners alone. In the hospital of the Hungarian and Austrian soldiers, games have been distributed. Twice a week the kinetoscope is at their disposal, as well as the gramophone. This week I am placing there also a library, Hungarian, Polish, German, Roumanian, and other books. They will be made available for the guard also. The secretary has also supplied a great many personal requests for books among the guard and under-officers.

The Association has also helped the people of the neighborhood of Zalaegerszeg to send money to their relatives who are imprisoned in Russia. This is something which will develop in the future.

RAYMOND J. REITZEL.

Work Among Illiterate Russian Prisoners

There are a Tartar and a Georgian school principal, with numerous assistants. The first has the mess barrack at his disposition and the second has classes in various barracks. The 388 Georgian students study their own and the Russian language. The Tartars study Russian. As soon as we can get room and equipment we will give instruction also in German, Tartar, mathematics, geography, and other subjects. The Association has so far provided primers and equipment free.

We have lent our Russian books through libraries, and have had the Association's books bound. From the prisoners we have collected more books for the libraries than we have ourselves supplied. Recently, more books have come from Russia through the Red Cross. These we shall distribute through the school, the reserve hospital, and the working parties.

We have exhibited several times with the little kinetoscope in the officers' mess, in the mess hall, and in the separate barracks.

The gramophone still is at work. Our bandmaster has also given out several new instruments: mandolins, guitars, violins, balalaikas, accordions, and mouth organs. Practices are held in the evening, and Caucasian players are preparing to give native music.

A football was furnished the prisoners for exercise, and was often used for an odd sort of football game, with a hundred people on each side. We also furnished parallel bar and other apparatus.

On recommendation of the hospital doctor, we have used Russian relief money for glasses and glass eyes. Ikons and crosses were distributed through the Greek-Orthodox chaplain.

In the Reserve Hospital, I have arranged for a primary school, with Servian and Russian teachers. I have visited the sick, and have given them a gramophone too, and several instruments: balalaikas and mandolins.

MAC H. DONALDSON.

Young Boys in the Prison Camps

Eight hundred boys between the ages of eight and seventeen, who at our request have been assembled in the camp at Braunau, afford a crowning opportunity. We are adapting a set of barracks for their use. At Wieselburg and Neszider there are boys among whom special work should be done.

I have just availed myself of the liberty to place a sketch of the proposed Boys' Home on paper for you to look over. I certainly hope we can put the proposition through. If you had been where I was when those little unfortunate boys arrived, you would have said, "Something must be done. I'll do all I can." That's just what I said, and so proceeded to see what could be done. After looking over the camp and talking with authorities, an official meeting was held, where official sanction of the proposed Home was given, so that everything is ready to be gone ahead with, just as soon as we feel able. I'd hate to have to raise hogs in Iowa to pay bills of the Home, but even if I did, I'd think it just as urgent. It will cost a little over six cents a day for the first year, and I don't see where six cents a day could be spent to better advantage.

It is an actual fact that those boys will never be men unless they get some such care at this time. I've done all I could. We have the chance. Why not try to meet these meager needs, before they hunger and freeze, and slide back still more?

LOUIS PHILIP PENNINGROTH.

At Kenyermezo

Secretary Chez has been but two weeks in the camp at Kenyermezo, but the following extracts from his letters show that his work is already demonstrating its worth:

Last night we gave a kinetoscope exhibition in the large tent in the hospital and all the invalids and convalescents crowded the place—nearly 500. The Chief Surgeon said the kinetoscope must remain in the hospital for further use.

I can make good use of Hungarian books for the officers and guard. I brought a few good books with me. A Hungarian officer to whom I showed them took two quicker than I could count. All are gone. If you have any of those Elementary Study Books in Russian send me 300. I could use a phonograph with great results.

Last night we had the kinetoscope in the camp hospital and about 400 crowded the place. The interest was intense; and how excited they got over some scene of home or city life! Many of them have never seen a kinetoscope. When the leader gave me heartfelt thanks, I felt that it was almost worth sending me here for that one thing. I am sure that if some of the people who have given money for this cause could have known what joy they had brought to hundreds of poor hungry hearts, aching for peace and home, they would feel satisfied.

A. W. Chez.

At Braunau

As to my work, its fascination, its scope, its evident results, I know scarcely where to start. Only today in doing a little act of kindness in an officers' group our work was applauded for about thirty seconds. I hereby send half of this official welcome across the ocean to you. Could you hear my boys sing and play and recite, I feel certain that you would be in large part repaid. Our work somehow brings gratefulness to cold hearts, smiles upon despondent faces, courage, faith, and hope to degraded and deteriorated lives. Tears often come to my eyes when I hear my boys sing their southland melodies. As we give we also take. The work here has developed so that now there are twenty-five classes of about fifty boys each in school every day. We have a band of thirty pieces, orchestra of fourteen, choir of thirty, dramatic club, theater performances, library, gymnasium, moral and religious instruction; in short, everything which tends to make for a richer, fuller, purer life.

C. W. Bartz.

GERMANY

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

The service for prisoners of war in Germany, which is being constantly coordinated and extended, has become a widespread and effective organization, The work is always carried on with the approval and cordial cooperation of the authorities. Evidence

of the interest of the prisoners of war and of the increasing correlation of activities through which the Christian spirit of mutual service finds expression is contained in Mr. Conrad Hoffmann's letter about the conference held for the men at Ruhleben.

The several letters and reports which have been sent in from the (volunteer) secretaries explain for themselves, far better than any formal introduction, the nature of the work, educational, recreational, and religious, that is developing, the change being wrought in the life of the camps, and the gratitude of the prisoners.

The Fight to Keep Up Courage

The Right Rev. Dr. Herbert Bury, Anglican Bishop for North and Central Europe, is reported in the *London Daily Mail* as saying, after his visit to the British civilian prisoner of war camp at Ruhleben:

"At best it was easy to observe that two years of strain and restraint are beginning to tell on the strongest of the prisoners. I could see that from the ease with which tears would often rush to their eyes when I was in personal contact with them. The younger fellows, naturally, bear up best, but sooner or later they, too, yield to the nerve-pressure which has already broken middle-aged and older men. Except for these nerve cases there is practically no sickness of consequence at Ruhleben.

"Our men confess that their toughest fight is against collapse of mind and spirit. I am proud, as an Englishman, to report that thus far they are waging a successful fight.

"The men are not wasting their time moping. Their theater, concerts, football, debating society, Association Hut, and, most of all, their well organized schools for instruction in all sorts of things—the University of Ruhleben, I called it—are keeping them busy and interested. These are their greatest ally in the fight to keep up their spirit."

The following story from Ruhleben shows the Association fundamentally related to all the social activities to which Bishop Bury refers.

Devotional Conference at Ruhleben

A devotional conference was held in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall at Ruhleben for the purpose of consolidating the work of the Association in the camp, and obtaining a corporate feeling of responsibility in meeting the problems of life as it is lived under camp conditions. Membership in the conference was open to Association men on payment of a registration fee of four cents. One hundred and twenty men filled in membership forms and the average attendance at the conference

meetings was ninety-eight. Each session of the conference was divided into three parts with a short interval between each part; the first being a combined devotional meeting, the second a session of study and discussion in circles, and the third a period for an address. The devotional meetings followed the lines of the weekly Sunday evening Association prayer meetings.

The circles were of three types: For those men who had previously read the gospels in the Association for the purpose of studying the personality of Christ, three groups were formed of twenty-four men, to consider what their own personal relationship to men should be. These groups met with suitable leaders and worked out a course that had been arranged: First Day, "Christ's Attitude towards Individual Men"; Second Day, "In Relation to this Attitude of Christ's, What Is My Own Responsibility towards Individual Men?"; Third Day, "Discussion of Some of the Actual Problems that Arise in the Camp," in the light of this responsibility.

A special group of thirty of the older men met to consider the problems and the function of a Young Men's Christian Association in this camp.

Five groups were formed of forty-six men who had not previously been through any study course in the Association and who were led through a three days' course on the Personality of Christ, along the following lines: First Day, "Christ's Consciousness of the Purpose of His Life"; Second Day, "The Realization of this Purpose for His Life by His Disciples"; Third Day, "The Impressions that Christ Makes upon us and Our Attitude towards this Purpose." All the men in these classes have since been drafted into systematic groups for studying at length the life and personality of Christ.

A devotional address concluded each day's session, dealing with the value and interrelationship of Bible Study, Personal Work, and Prayer. These ideas were the center around which the whole Conference turned.

General Kretzschmer's Speech at the Dedication of the Association Building at Kottbus, Germany

The first word that should be said is a word of thanks to the Young Men's Christian Association to whose liberal financial aid we are indebted for the origin of this building.

Unterofficer Klaffke has actively supervised the planning and erection of the building and to him its success is largely due. Feldwebel Petersen had charge of the painting and decorating. The builders were the Frenchmen Afema and Hardy, to whom I wish to extend special recognition. In addition to these, others of our *landsturm* and prisoners of war have helped the good cause by wood-carving, knitting, and aid in the masonry and building construction.

The clock has been placed at our disposal by the city of Kottbus. The chimes strike punctually every quarter of the hour. May the hands not go around too many times before they bring us to the time of an honorable peace.

I lay upon the Help Committee of this camp the special care of this building. The clergymen of all faiths may look upon this church building as an instrument for moral purity of the soul and heart, and may politics, hatred, quarrels, and lies never enter here.

When some day the bells ring for peace, and you prisoners are all home again with your wives and babies, when your dear old mother welcomes you lovingly, then tell them of the hard times, but do not forget this hour of dedication, tell your people that even in the enemy's country God's love never left you. And we Germans will then sheath the sword, under the inscription written above the entrance to this building: "Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Men." Amen.

Needs of Civilian Prisoners

The following letter from Holzminden gives a suggestion of the possibilities for service still unmet, which challenge further the sympathy of America:

The camp at Holzminden is a large civilian camp with a capacity of some ten thousand, and is beautifully situated in the foothills of the Harz mountains. In addition to the men's camp, there is the women's camp with some five hundred women and children. During the greater part of the day these are allowed in the main camp, and their presence undoubtedly helps much towards a more cheerful atmosphere, though it must be very hard for the children. This is wholly a civilian camp, a good percentage being from Poland, but the majority from northern France and Belgium. They are from every walk of life, peasants and clerks, students and city officials, all thrust together to share a common lot.

Soltau is the largest of these camps, perhaps one of the largest in the world, having some seventy-five thousand connected with it, of whom all but ten to fifteen thousand are in the branch camps and working commandos. It is a good hour's tramp from the nearest station, away from everything, out in the wilderness. This great Luneburger heath, while very beautiful in the late summer to a passer-by with the pines and purple heather stretching away for many miles on every side, presents a dreary aspect of mud and blackened barracks to the men who have to spend many months and even years confined behind barbed wire.

In addition to these, there are at least fifty branch camps which ought to be visited during the coming winter, and several of them often. Thus there is enough work here for four or five men instead of one, especially considering the great distances

which separate the camps from one another and the difficult railroad connections.

On the basis of these investigations I have recommended that we secure a fund as soon as possible for the relief of needy Belgians. A French fund, while not as necessary, would also be a great help. Furthermore, I find that with the funds now in our possession, and with only a few thousand marks additional for these French and Belgians, it will be possible to furnish all the additional food needed to keep every man in this army corps in a good healthy condition, providing that the men themselves are permitted to supplement what we give them gratuitously with their own purchases through our organization. There are many men, especially among the Russians, who are actually in great need of more food, who are at the same time quite able to pay for what they require.

Everything now hinges on what further concessions our organization can secure from the blockading powers.

J. S. KENNARD.

Study and Play at Darmstadt

A kind Providence gave the beautiful rolling country of the Taunus and the glorious dawns and sunsets for the enjoyment of the prisoners of war in the Eighteenth Army Corps. With the coming of fall, schools are being organized in the camps. As a feature of the Darmstadt school, the Association will finance an illustrated lecture course, which will reach the masses. In the Worms camp, we agitated the school work. Over 100 illiterate Russians from one company, and more than 150 from another have enrolled in the school. The general commander of the camp at Worms assures me that the school is a go, and already rooms are being partitioned off and text books are being ordered. It will be especially helpful for the illiterate.

Games pass the time and cheer the heart, and music, especially singing, has charms to soothe, cheer, and bless. We were rehearsing for a concert. An Irishman bent double on the other side the barbed-wire fence, as he listened to some comical English songs, and cried: "The first singin' I heard this side o' Dublin." A Frenchman, whom I had not spoken to before, stopped me a few weeks after the concert, and said, "When are you going to sing for us again?" A few days ago one of the interpreters said to me: "Mr. Michel, you are a singer by the grace of God." I was glad to be able to answer: "What I am I am by the grace of God."

There is a great deal we are able to do for men personally, besides setting up a library or equipping a carpenter shop with the necessary tools. For instance, a naval officer, who escaped the fate of most of the comrades of his vessel, is almost frantic because he has not heard from home. A wire *via* Holland brings

good news for him. Another's digestion is aided by having a broken plate of false teeth mended. A weak ankle is strengthened with a brace. Many, like one lieutenant (severely wounded as his aeroplane was brought down at the west front), who fairly pleads with me to stay longer, simply need some friend to spend the day with them.

With the approach of the holidays some ask for passes across the border—which shows they have a sense of humor. A bunch of officers is willing to pay a fabulous price for either turkey or goose. Thousands will be provided with Christmas cards to be sent to their loved ones at home. Would that the season might usher in another day of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

FOR SERVIAN PRISONERS OF WAR

A Letter From One Who Has Been Helped

German War Prisoners' Aid,
Berlin C2.

At this time we thank you in the name of the recipients for the packages which have already been sent to us. I saw old soldiers, veterans of four wars, with tears in their eyes. God will certainly reward you.

Directly after receiving your honored letter of the second of the month I immediately applied to the officer-in-charge, in order to learn the things which you wished to know. There are so many things desired, that I cannot name them all to you.

These Servians are part of them old and weak, part of them however actually ill. None of them are receiving any assistance and we would be very grateful to you, if you could help them in any way. The most desirable thing would be to provide them with something particularly nourishing: meat, bacon, sugar, rice, preserved vegetables.

Of the Servian Bibles which were so kindly sent to us we have made the most effective use. We gave two copies for the use of the invalids in the hospital, and the rest we divided among the commando at large, which blesses you for them.

With the request for continuance of thoughtfulness for us poor and forsaken ones, I am in the name of my Servian brothers,

Yours with eternal gratitude,
(Signed) Wojin Nastasijewitch,
Servian War Prisoner No. 7557.

BULGARIA

A cablegram from Christian Phildius, Secretary of the World's Committee, under date of January 5th, brought the first word of permission granted for work among prisoners of war in Bulgaria. Since that date we have received additional cables, indi-

cating that permission has been given to begin work for prisoners of war at eight important places. In each of these prison camps buildings will be erected immediately. Mr. L. P. Penningroth, who has been associated with the work in Austria from the beginning, has been assigned to take general charge. Since permission was granted for the work among prisoners of war, an additional permission has been granted to begin work at four points for Bulgarian soldiers. Buildings will be erected at each of these points.

A Letter from the Organizing Secretary

Sofia, Bulgaria, Dec. 23, 1916.

My dear Dr. Mott:

I have now returned from the journey to the prisoner-of-war camps in Bulgaria, which I undertook with the sanction of the Minister of War, General Naideroff. Rev. D. N. Turnajieff, president of the Bulgarian Young Men's Christian Association Alliance, accompanied me as interpreter.

I. *Prisoners of War.*

I visited eight camps in all, three of which are in the vicinity of Sofia, the others at Philippopolis, Stara-Zagora, Goino Pauicheievo, Sliven, and Rakhovo.

1. Sofia Camps. On the list are 20,000 prisoners, including the interned officers.

(a) First Camp—A Young Men's Christian Association Hut to be erected with three divisions: for prisoners (common soldiers), officers, and guards. Lot free at our disposal.

(b) Second Camp—Several vacant rooms placed at our disposal to be fitted up for the purpose.

(c) Third Camp—Hut to be built by us as under (a).

These camps contain Russians, Roumanians, Servians, English, French, and Italians.

2. Philippopolis Camp. There are 5,196 prisoners on the roll, of whom 48 are Servian, French, and English officers. Young Men's Christian Association hut to be erected as under 1 (a).

A second hut like our "Infirmary," with about forty beds for the sick and convalescent prisoners, is badly needed. The camp authorities strongly plead for its erection by us in the interest of the prisoners.

3. Stara-Zagora Camp. There are 800 Servian prisoners in a large storehouse. Part of it could be adapted for our purpose and is placed at our disposal.

4. Goino Pauicheievo Camp. There are 3,926 prisoners on the roll, of whom eighty are English, French, and Servian officers and eighty-one Servian priests (army chaplains). An Associa-

tion building is greatly needed, especially for the officers and priests, who are quartered in large wooden barracks without partitions. I have asked that one of the large barracks which is empty be placed at our disposal to be adapted for the purpose.

5. Rakhovo Camp. There are 1,821 prisoners on the list, among whom are Roumanian, Russian, and Italian officers and 575 civilians of nine nationalities. An Association hut of the type mentioned under 1 (a).

6. Sliven Camp. At this camp there are 19,873 prisoners on the roll, of whom 104 are Servian, Russian, Roumanian, English, and French officers. There are also sixteen Servian priests. They very much desire a Young Men's Christian Association hut.

II. *Soldiers' Homes for Bulgarian Army.*

1. Philippopolis.

(a) A hall and two rooms have been placed at our disposal in the Soldiers' Dormitory Building opposite the railroad station, to be fitted up for social purposes for the soldiers. At the great military hospital they need an Association building with a hall seating 100, for religious services (there are none held at present for want of room), rooms for library, correspondence, classes in wood-carving, etc.

(b) French girls' lyceum hospital. Dr. Mettau, chief physician, was formerly a member of our Student Movement. He begs us to provide bath-tubs and showers, as there are none at present. The wounded often have to take off their bandages, not being able to stand the activity of the vermin. A room suitable for social purposes has been placed at our disposal to be fitted up.

2. Stara-Zagora. They desire very much a Young Men's Christian Association hut for social purposes, as there is no vacant room, the barracks being overcrowded with soldiers in training.

3. Yambol. There are 3,000 soldiers in garrison and in hospital who need a Young Men's Christian Association hut. A lot in the grounds is at our disposal.

4. Rakhovo. They would welcome a Young Men's Christian Association hut as Soldiers' Home and provide a lot free.

III. *The Need of Outside Help.*

Bulgaria being in the midst of the third consecutive war, is unable to do much for her own soldiers, to say nothing of her prisoners. They need outside help, and I believe this is the time of opportunity for our Association. There is very much "relief work" to be done here. In one camp I found 150 sick and wounded prisoners who badly need an extra blanket each, as they have only one, upon which they put their own coats, but

even this is not enough. There are many other cases where timely help would be a great boon. We shall need, in order to seize our opportunities, at least $10,000 each for work among prisoners and among soldiers, as a beginning. Please cable me *via* Geneva if I may count on this help. We have here an open door for sure Christian service which will prepare the hearts for the great message of love we have to bring.

CHRISTIAN PHILDIUS.

SWITZERLAND

Invalided Students from the Prisoner of War Camps

Already there are at least one thousand students invalided from the prison camps of Europe and interned in Switzerland until the end of the war, who plan to study in the Swiss universities during the time of their detention in Switzerland. They will be principally at Zurich, St. Gall (School of Commerce), Berne, Neuchatel (University Gymnasium and School of Commerce), Lausanne, and Geneva. The French and the German students will attend the universities where their respective languages are spoken. Some English will probably attend the French universities. It is expected that the numbers will be largely increased as new convoys come in. The Student Movement has discerned its opportunity and the Young Men's Christian Association has already obtained permission to care for the intellectual and moral interests of the interned men. Six hundred pounds is needed for this work.

The number of prisoners of war released from the prisoner-of-war camps in the neighboring countries to be interned in Switzerland has already reached 30,000, and is expected to increase rapidly.

Mr. Horner has visited several stations. He has occupied himself especially with the English interned at Mürren and Chateau-d'Oex; in this latter locality a grant has been made for the establishment of a Soldiers' Home; an instructor has been sent to Mürren to teach book-binding. The work among the interned, entrusted by the Swiss government to the Young Men's Christian Associations, is now well organized. The Student Movement, which will occupy itself chiefly with the interned in the university cities, has established a connection with the Swiss Young Men's Christian Association, of which Mr. Geisendorf, General Secretary of the Geneva Association, has been appointed President.

STRICTLY PRIVATE—NOT TO BE PRINTED

FOR THE MILLIONS OF MEN NOW UNDER ARMS

NUMBER ELEVEN

Copyright, 1917, by
The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations

FOREWORD

Many far-reaching changes have taken place since the last collection of letters from secretaries in the prisoner-of-war and the soldiers' camps of Europe came from the press. Some of these changes are reflected in the letters embodied in this volume. When diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany were broken off, early in February, every one of our secretaries working among the prisoners of war in the latter country asked to be allowed to continue his work, even though that meant the secretary himself being interned with the prisoners. Later, when similar conditions arose in Austria, the secretaries there showed the same spirit of devotion to their work. At the present writing, the senior secretaries in Germany and Austria still remain at their posts, though, on the advice of the governments concerned, all other American secretaries have been withdrawn and are being replaced by other secretaries from neutral countries. The work, however, continues to be supported from America. This country can give no finer demonstration of true Christian brotherhood than the continuance of its helpful ministry, not only to prisoners of war held by the Central Powers, but likewise to German and Austrian prisoners of war in the territory of the Entente Allied Nations.

The prospect that large numbers of our American young men may soon be fighting side by side with the Allies in France gives a new and poignant interest to the stories from the military camps. The secretaries who have been trained in the work abroad during the last two or three years are in a position to render invaluable service to our own country at this time.

JOHN R. MOTT,
124 East 28th Street, New York City.

June 1, 1917

THE SIGN OF THE TRIANGLE

"Helensburgh Times," England.

I'm only a common soldier as 'as seen a bit o' the line,
An' done my bit o' grousin', too, which is quite a healthy sign,
An' I've seen enough o' shellfire to last me years and years,
An' the sight o' bully beef tins makes me shed the sad, salt tears.
But the sight that gladdens my "keekers," and never brings dismay
Is a sort o' wee triangle—the sign, Y. M. C. A.

W'en yer comes acrost from Blighty they takes yer by the 'and,
An' cheers yer drooping spirits up, and then ye understand
If yer rations ain't enticing, or as scarce as scarce can be,
Yer nips over to the counter and yer gets a bun and tea,
And yer listens to the music and a concert bright and gay,
And yer 'ears the "angels" singin' wot 'elps Y. M. C. A.

If ye'll take a tip from me you'll go and write your letters there,
The letter paper's gratis, and they've envelopes to spare.
An' when yer mother sees the 'eading on the letter that ye sends,
She'll know yer out o' 'arm's way and happy with your friends.
And maybe 'fore she goes to rest she'll pray to God an' say,
Bless the noble work they're doin', the sign, Y. M. C. A.

GREAT BRITAIN

General Sir J. Stanley Maude, Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia, says of the Association: "I have visited and watched the Young Men's Christian Association at the various camps where I have been, and I can testify most gratefully to the enormous value which they are, and to the excellent work which they do amongst our troops."

FOR SOLDIERS

Briefs from the Front

The Young Men's Christian Association was the first organization to enter Bagdad after the British troops.

Out in the desert, the Association huts, says a soldier, alone supply the necessary means of conveying news from the soldiers to friends at home.

One of the forward huts consists of the cellars of a large building which was used as a dairy. Through incessant shelling, the whole structure has collapsed upon these underground places, rendering the use of thick props a necessity to prevent the enormous weight from forcing its way still further downwards. When we entered, there was a goodly number of men grouped round a cheerful fire, and the effect of the glow of the light upon the faces in contrast with the gloomy cellar made a subject which would send an artist into ecstasies. Through the gloom could be seen the ever-present counter, and the still more important tea-urn. Clambering out upon the heap of debris that covered the roof of the cellar, we saw a "dud" shell which had found its mark in the ruined building, but having failed to explode, was possibly awaiting the attentions of some Bairnsfather "Bert," who, up till now, has failed to appear. The building is pock-marked all over, and bears eloquent testimony to the energy of the enemy. By the side of the building is what is perhaps the saddest thing in all this sad land—the grave of "An unknown British soldier." Proceeding to the rear of the place, we looked across on what was once a peaceful farmyard, but which now presents a most desolate appearance. A pool in the foreground by the side of a stump of wall marks the site of a once happy Flemish homestead.

Leaving this place we reach a clearing, where we find a hut

which bears the title of "Cambridge House." Here most loyal service has been carried on by the Association staff. One's first impression on entering is a sea of steel helmets amid a haze of smoke. When one becomes acclimatized, the counter can be dimly seen at the far end. One corner of the hut is partitioned off for the sleeping quarters of the staff, and a tiny cookhouse is tucked away somewhere else. One cannot help comparing it with a portmanteau that has been packed by one who is an adept at the art. In this place ten thousand cups of tea were given away in one week during the recent frost. The structure is really a wooden hut, but its position renders it necessary for it to be well protected by sandbags. The smoke renders a coal fire dangerous in the daytime, so the main activities of the hot-drink department are confined to the hours of darkness. The fact of the Association men's being in the danger zone, where the workers share his dangers, is not lost on the Tommy, and many little incidents occur in the daily routine which encourage us by the knowledge that Tommy is appreciating what we are endeavoring to do for him.

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

Reports from the Working Camps

During the past year the British Government inaugurated a scheme of working camps, according to which groups of men ranging in size from 100 to 700 have been posted off from the parent camps on such work as felling timber, building roadways, etc. There were about twenty of these camps during the summer, which have materially increased the welfare of the prisoners by giving them employment—the one great problem in a war prison.

The opportunity for serving these men is absolutely unique. The war office has given every facility and the commandants without exception welcome our services. I have been very deeply impressed by the cordiality shown by the prisoners, despite the war between Germany and the United States. The needs are other than you find in ordinary Prison Working Camps. The government has made good provision for the men's physical welfare. The barracks are of regular army type and the sanitary appliances especially, such as hot showers and baths, are splendid. On the other hand, the prisoners often suffer for want of mental stimulus. What few books they have are read and reread and devoured. Many feel the absence of music, of recreation, and of spiritual stimulus, too. So that is the great need we can help to fill.

On Friday, February 23rd, I arrived at the country station nearest Sproxton Moor. As soon as the men returned from

work and had finished their evening meal, we held a service, followed by my lantern lecture. Eighty of the ninety-five Protestants, and several Catholics came to the service in the big dining hut. All of the prisoners and a number of the officers attended the illustrated lecture. And thereby hangs a tale. On returning from Scotland, I thought it wise to change the topic of the talk from "Travels in America" to an even more neutral subject, "Mexico." In ten days I had to shift again. Now my daily discourse concerns "Negro Life in the Southern States," as yet an untainted subject.

Rowley fell due on the twenty-seventh. Three-fourths of the whole camp crowded into the hut for the service. I wish you could have heard the singing. It filled the room and swelled out into the air. The men at work in the quarry nearby heard and spoke of it later. Others came to the lecture and made a really appreciative audience. Questions were asked after the close of the talk, and I welcomed them, since they gave proof of considerable interest, even though one of them floored me: "What is the price of a banana in Mexico?" After all, "Omnia quae ad beatam vitam pertinet, ventre metitur!" This was one of the camps which had branched off into theatricals and had made the rather unfortunate experiment of creating a negro by means of lamp black and mucilage. It took them half the night to undo their handiwork.

KENNETH G. HAMILTON.

A Normal Day at Stobs in Scotland

The afternoon was spent with the committees and in hastily visiting some of the classes of the Stobs School, which is run on broad and comprehensive lines, with over three thousand pupils enrolled in the various classes.

After taking tea with some of the men in their own hut, I attended a lecture on land reform in Germany, given in the hut of C/D Compound to a group of over 300 men. Following this, I went to a concert of chamber music given by the camp stringed quartette in the hut of A/B Compound. This quartette gives a concert in each compound once a month, taking up Mozart for two months, Beethoven for two, Schumann for two, and so on. This permits of an entire month's practice before each concert, so that the music is well rendered. Mozart was the composer of the music for the concert I attended. The hut was filled with eagerly listening men. First a brief lecture was given on Mozart's life and career. An explanation of each composition was read to the audience before the quartette played it. It was a remarkable sight to see the enthusiasm and genuine appreciation of that audience of private soldiers, for music so severely classical as that played in the Association hut that evening.

Following the concert, I returned to A/B Compound to see the members of the dramatic society rehearsing for a play to be given in the near future. Returning again to C/D, I found the hut there transformed from a music hall to a gymnasium with seventy-four men, divided into six different squads, each with their own leader, going through their different exercises. One squad was working on the parallel bars, another practicing high jumping, another going through regular exercises, at a given time each squad moving on to a different form of exercise. Promptly at nine o'clock the gymnastic work ceased, the hall was cleared of the gymnasium apparatus, and at 9.30 came evening prayers conducted by Pastor Neitz.

On my way out of the camp, I glanced in at several of the huts, where English newspapers were being translated into German by some of the men and discussion taking place over the events of the day in the outside world. This large group of men living their lives within a few square acres of ground, must fight a constant battle against the worst of all temptations—slackness and depression and quitting—and for them the Young Men's Christian Association has furnished a blessing that cannot very well be fully estimated until one has seen what the huts are accomplishing and making possible for these men in real and tremendous spiritual need.

EVAN W. THOMAS.

The "Stobsiade" Speaks

In the third number of the "Stobsiade," a paper issued by the prisoners, is an article about lectures held in this camp.

"As soon as the rainy weather in autumn put an end to our gymnastics in the open, a new intellectual life began to spring up in the halls built recently by the Young Men's Christian Association. Hundreds, often closely packed, listened to their comrades' lectures. All kinds of recitals and lectures were given, for instance a 'Fritz Reuter Recital,' by Private Wagner. 'The Changing of the Surface of the Earth,' 'The Laminar Formation of Mountains,' 'The Alteration of River-Courses and the Glacial Period,' were the subjects of a series of lectures held by Lance-Corporal Volland. Another lecture entitled 'In what Relationship Stands Chemistry to the War?' was held by Sergeant Loeb. Private Hain spoke about the 'Radiation of Matter' (Radium, etc.), and also about 'What is Light?' Private Ziehm's subject was: 'The German Race.' In a series of lectures called 'What Tasks has a State to Accomplish?' Sergeant Rapolske set forth in a very intelligible way the foundation and the creation of the German Empire, the different organizations of administration, justice, etc., their combinations, aims, and intentions, and in two further lectures showed the notions of Socialism, its demands and false conclusions. Private

Bithorn talked about another group of problems of statesmanship in his lecture on 'Criminal Jurisprudence and Criminal Punishment.' Lance-Corporal Sommerblatt spoke about 'England, English Life, its Customs, and Habits, its Organization, Constitutional Rights, Parliament, and Parliamentarism,' relating at the same time the impressions received by him during his long stay in Canada. He also discussed the theme 'Guardianship and Supervision of Securities.' Pastor Neitz offered some fruits of his medical studies at the Charité at Berlin, by lecturing about the sexual problem in a series entitled 'Men and Women.' Sergeant-Major Häussermann in his lectures treated 'Ecclesiastical History,' and Private Volland the 'Historical Events Leading Up to the Reformation.'"

Amity Despite War

One incident stands out especially in my mind. This was my visit to the camp for the last time before the men should be transferred, and in view of the recent developments in the strained relations between the United States of America and Germany, I might well have expected a cool reception from the men. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when the various members of the Association Hall Committee went out of their way to come to me, explaining that they understood the state of my feelings in such a crisis, but in spite of everything they hoped I would not allow this matter to enter into my personal feelings towards them.

Although I did not pretend my duty in such a case was anything less than to enter into the service of my country at once, they were still friendly and insisted that after the war, I should make a point of visiting them in their homes in Germany.

The men are being transferred to another camp, and all profess themselves eager to organize the same Young Men's Christian Association activities in their new camp.

R. L. Ewing.

AUSTRALIA

Although it is less than sixteen months since the National Committee undertook the control of the military work, it is gratifying to report that our War Fund now totals £200,000 for Australia and £50,000 for New Zealand. We have a staff of one hundred and twenty secretaries attached to the Australian forces in Egypt, England, and France, and are sending secretaries with practically every transport leaving Australia. Reports indicate magnificent opportunities of linking men up defi-

nitely in life decision and purpose, throughout all the war areas, and particularly on the troopships.

J. H. Lang.

EGYPT

FOR SOLDIERS

Cairo

In Cairo there are many temptations for the soldiers—many beyond conception, if you are not acquainted here; and one of our chief purposes is to keep the soldiers out of the haunts, shall I say, of four or five thousand prostitutes, who conduct their nefarious traffic more openly than in any other city in the world.

We visit the different garrisons and do hospital visitation and also visit the convalescent homes—this is outside our center. But our chief work is at our own center. We have a weekly program—something special for every night—and we rarely have less than a thousand soldiers visit us of an evening. On some evenings the number reaches three thousand. We have amateur theatricals one evening, a concert on another, an illustrated lecture on a third, motion pictures on another evening, and games, such as roller skating, rink hockey, basketball, and indoor baseball, on another. In some weeks we give two concerts and two picture evenings. One night is devoted to amateur boxing, which always brings out a big crowd. For this latter, we have had three audiences in one week on three different nights, of about two thousand five hundred each. We have about eighteen hundred daily. We keep a little store, have a billiard table and other games, baths, and writing and reading tables with papers and magazines. On Sunday we have an afternoon tea for visiting soldiers, and in the evening a public platform address. On Wednesday evenings we also have a Bible study class. I must not forget our restaurant for the sale of tea, coffee, cocoa, sandwiches, and cakes of various kinds. Our receipts from that alone in a week are 27,000 piastres or $1,350. This alone gives you some idea of the crowds we get.

J. H. Edwards.

Alexandria

We still continue our work in the red light district. After the service each Sunday evening, a little group of men from five to ten in number, leave our building for these places. These are men whom I know intimately, and who have the right spirit and tact to carry on this delicate work. They all leave loaded with "munition and bombs," which include Testaments, pamphlets, and suitable tracts, and above all a heart in which dwells the

love of Christ. The son of a minister found himself through this means last week, and many, many others are enticed away from these awful dens. One of our men was pushed down a flight of stairs by some soldiers who resented his brotherly warnings. There are many other unpleasant experiences which are all counted part of the task, but in spite of it all, the work is increasing in its results.

S. L. J. Crouch.

Ismailia

I gave exactly fifty cinema entertainments in three months and ten days, making an average of one entertainment in two days. One man says of these entertainments: "The pictures often drive away the monotony which clings to a chap when he is out on the desert. The only fault we can find is that they don't come often enough." Another says: "We all know the good work of the Young Men's Christian Association on the desert and I am sure my comrades appreciate the comforts they provide for us. It does not make any difference how far we advance toward the enemy, you will always notice the red triangle waiting to comfort you—not only the red triangle but the man who pushed his motor cycle over miles of sand, with his cinema on behind. I would sooner be a soldier any day than have that little job of his. I am sure it is the smiling faces of the men who see the shows that keep him going."

I have some white and some black troops here, the latter being British West Indian. I have only once had to speak to a man for using filthy language about the hut. We have just had a chap appointed as religious director, who has been a missionary in Egypt for some years and he is putting new life into the religious work. In all our talks I feel that the human efforts and words are very futile and that as much preparation is necessary in communion with our only source of strength as in the preparation of the bare outline of the talk. That is, the words are valueless in themselves if they simply come from our own intellects; they must flow through us as the channel.

William Boyd.

MESOPOTAMIA

FOR SOLDIERS

Forty-six secretaries are hard at work in Mesopotamia. Says an eye-witness: "The Association at Sheikh-Saad has been a veritable god-send. It would be a long day for the convalescent if it were not for the hospitable marquees with the lime juice and water in the heat all the morning, library, draught boards, gramophones, and concerts at night, the cinema and informal club life.

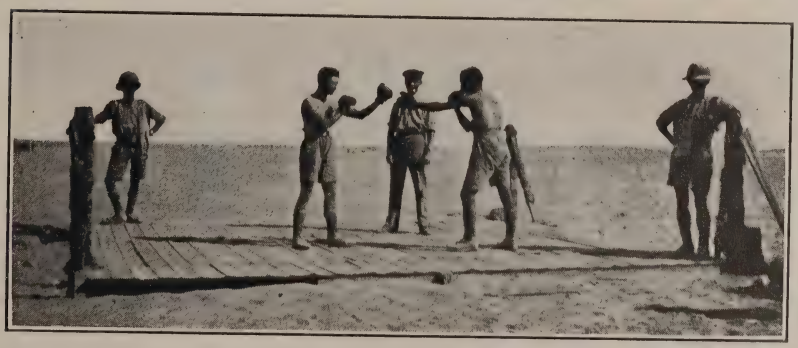
There are other branches down the river, and the 'Tommy' is glad of a place where he can turn in to read the papers or write home."

Perhaps the part of our work which has attracted most interest is what we have been able to do for the wounded. After some of the more severe engagements we were able to send up secretaries to distribute supplies among the men in the hospitals. The men welcomed anything, and innumerable postcards and letters were written. One of our men wrote a postcard for a Scotchman who had been very seriously wounded. It ran: "Dear Father. I hope this finds you well. I now resemble the top side of a pepper box."

There is one feature which it would not be good to leave out, that is the religious work. Many of the troops thought that the equipment, etc., were all part of a great trick to get men in and then cram religion down their throats. That has now passed away and the men are now coming to see that the Association triangle stands for body, mind, and spirit, and that religion is not a sham, but a real vital conscious relationship with the living Christ, and that the relationship means for them courage in the face of difficulty and peace of mind in their anxieties for loved ones at home. The result is that in all our huts voluntary prayers, weekly Bible classes, and Sunday services are regarded as clearly necessary as the cinema shows and concerts. Our huts are at the disposal of all denominations—Roman Catholic and Protestant.

Mr. K. J. Saunders writes further about the work in Mesopotamia: In Amara, there is an excellent work being carried on by an officer of the India police and two clergy who are working with him. Here, as in other centers, I have authorized the expenditure of a considerable sum of money for the purpose of buying comforts and gifts for the wounded and sick, in addition to the fairly large supplies which we are receiving through the War Gifts Department. The work in Amara is in many ways the best I have seen in Mesopotamia on the social and athletic side; there are almost daily football matches and a league is just being formed. A very talented concert party is taken by the secretary to visit all the camps and hospitals in turn and is enormously appreciated. In spite of difficulties of transport, a great deal of canteen work has been done and a medical officer in high position said to me recently that, without the tinned fruits and lime juice which we have been able to supply, there would have been a terrible scourge of scurvy amongst the British troops.

We are opening up new centers in the immediate neighborhood of the firing line—one at Arab Village, where the troops come back to rest after their period in the trenches, and another at Es Sinn, immediately behind the trenches on the left bank of the Tigris. In all these places I was delighted to find that



In the Desert the Association Cheers the Soldiers

who keep guard where the Senussi raid the western borders of Egypt or where Turkish aircraft circle low over the wilderness beyond the Red Sea

GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR ARE WELL HOUSED IN GREAT BRITAIN

The Association Hut is in the middle background The enclosures adjoining are recreation fields

our secretaries, in addition to their other duties, are acting as distributors of the various war gifts which are being sent from India. One especially charming thing has been done by the Overseas Club in England. Three million children contributed to a gift fund, and each packet contains a postcard which the soldier who receives the gift has to fill in and say "Thank you." One hopes that these children will meet the men to whom their gifts have gone, and it is in getting the men to send back the cards in this way and in other such directions that it is possible for the Association to do much more in the distribution of gifts than any military organization can do, because in the Association, thank God, there is room for more sentiment than in the military machine.

We have also made plans for courses of lectures in the various centers by members of the political service upon the history and customs of the country, and are having lantern slides made to illustrate some of these. I think the Association has a very great part also to play in helping the men towards the right relationship to the people of the country, and I believe that the political officers have their eye upon it with a view to the future development of the land, which is one of infinite possibilities.

EAST AFRICA

FOR SOLDIERS

The climate of East Africa is one which conduces to disease at any time. During a campaign through rough bush country and fever laden swamps, the life of a soldier in East Africa is by no means a pleasant one. Campaigning on short rations, the men longed for some of the little extras not furnished by the quartermaster.

The Association has been acting as agent of the Government in the field canteens. Our agreement is that the profits shall be used for the benefit of the troops. The men are getting the goods they need at the very lowest prices possible. We are not making money out of the transaction. The men in high authority appreciate it.

At one branch alone over a lakh of rupees (over $30,000) was taken in in one month, and in another about twenty-five hundred dollars was taken in in one day by two men. We have expert salesmen and storemen as well as facilities for handling and transporting goods.

Tinned fruits, cigarettes, matches, etc., are in constant demand. Soap is also required at all times and it has been said that the British Army in Africa must be either the dirtiest or the cleanest army on record, to judge by the amount of soap they use. While the advance was on, the columns were followed

by our cars as closely as was possible. The doctors tell us that this was a very practical way of preventing disease, by giving the men little luxuries, such as Worcester sauce which goes to make the most tasteless bully beef palatable and tinned fruit which makes ration bread a little more possible.

In connection with most canteens we have run regular work. We have had reading rooms with games, writing and reading material, and tea rooms where refreshments may be had and the men can pass a pleasant hour.

At the present time we have institutes with field canteens at Nairobi, Kilindini, Tanga, Morogoro, Dodma, and Mikessi (on the Central Railway), and Dar-es-Salaam.

The largest work at present is that in Dar-es-Salaam and here we have four branches. The Central Branch is in a fine large building in the center of the city. In it are the field canteens, tea bar, billiard tables, and a fine hall capable of holding about 600. From the opening hour till the closing time the place is thronged with troops, but the great time is in the evening from seven till nine. Three or four nights a week we have a full-sized cinema show and Charlie Chaplin and all the cinema stars perform for the Tommies in East Africa. We have made it our custom to have a lantern lecture of some kind once a week, on such subjects as Canada, New Zealand, The Indian Mutiny, David Livingstone, Duke of Wellington, Nelson, etc. We also have Reuter's telegrams read and explained by the aid of a large map thrown on the screen. On Sundays we have the regular sing-song at which the old hymns are sung. Once a week we have basketball, volleyball, boxing, etc.

An Indian officer, a Baluchi, said: "You Association men are doing great work for the Indians, not only here, but in France. I don't know what your aim or object is in this great sacrificial work. We cannot repay you for this kindness but in our heart of hearts there rises a prayer that God may help and bless you in your efforts." These words put the seal of acceptance upon the work done by our men. Bioscope shows, etc., may not seem to have much to do with winning a war, but they make lonely, "fed up" Indian soldiers feel that there is some one who tries to make their life brighter.

Another branch of the work which is not only interesting but very important is the work for the dark races in this campaign. We have a small canteen for the carriers. These are the coolies of Africa and they have borne the ration supply where motor transport was impossible and where, owing to the ravages of the tsetse fly, the life of a horse is only a few days. These fellows are the pure, unadulterated savage, except where they have been able to get the shirt or trousers of a European. Max Yergan, a colored secretary, is in charge of the work and is getting splendid results. In addition to his canteen work he plays football with them, endeavoring through play to lead them

to greater things. He finds a good many mission boys among the throng, and these alone seem to understand why we are out there and that the work is done in the name of Him who taught service to the world. Two or three times a week a cinema show is given for these carriers and the roars of laughter which come from the audience two thousand strong evidence the appreciation with which the show is received.

We believe that there is a great future for this type of work and hope that as our staff increases we can do a great deal for the actual fighting men, such as the King's African Rifles, the Gold Coast and Nigerian Regiments. The secretary in charge has managed to pick up enough Swahili to get along and we expect when adequate reinforcements arrive to get men who can speak Haussa, the language of West Africa. The men who work among the Nigerians will have the privilege of serving a stalwart people who were cannibals not so long ago.

A. Perry Park.

THE NETHERLANDS

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

At the request of the "Union of the Protestant Churches of Belgium" and of the Belgian Movement for Evangelization of City and Country, the work among the interned Belgian soldiers was taken up in the latter part of 1914 at Zeist, Harderwyk, and at Oldendroek and Gaasterland. Mention must be made with great thankfulness of the support granted by the American Young Men's Christian Association, without the financial aid of which it would not have been possible to bring this work to its present state.

In Zeist there are interned about 11,000, 8,000 of them Flemish. The Flemish man, little developed, of a childish spirit, and a choleric-melancholic temperament, has little moral strength, and is swept away by adversity instead of striving against it. He is capable of being totally intoxicated, as it were, by a little prosperity, but is also on the other hand totally cast down by a slight difficulty.

To a remarkable degree the Fleming who is well educated is eager to learn and desires to become acquainted with biblical truth. Particularly the sections of the Bible in which Christ as Saviour is most prominent, make a deep impression upon him and exert always a great influence. The Bible class in which instruction on this theme was given was zealously and largely attended.

An influence, perhaps greater than we realize, is exerted by our library. We have a double Flemish library, (1) a reading library, which is open to every soldier. This is heavily patron-

ized. (2) A library for those who already understand something of the Gospel and wish to inform themselves further concerning it. In this are books of Bible study, church history, doctrines of the faith, etc.

In our churches lessons in elementary education are given. This instruction is given by four teachers who have as pupils 200 soldiers. The branches taught are: reading, grammar, arithmetic, and geography. A Dutch instructor gives lectures twice a week to those who are taking a course in more advanced religious instruction. This class has about thirty-five members.

Among the Flemish soldiers a total abstinence organization has been formed. Last year we held an anti-alcohol exposition which was visited by thousands.

Concerts, which are always held before crowded houses, offer besides a welcome and salutary relaxation for the men, a favorable opportunity for both chaplains to preach the Gospel in two languages to some 450 interned men.

Tracts and books have been repeatedly sent to us by the Young Men's Christian Association at Geneva and by the "Société Evangelique" of that place. The tracts are distributed among the most faithful of the attendants at our gathering and by them are further distributed, or are sent on to our friends who have gone elsewhere. Friends in the Netherlands have provided us with French reading matter. The contribution of tracts and pamphlets of this sort in great variety is much desired. New Testaments have been distributed in great numbers. We always have them on hand for free distribution in our library.

RUSSIA

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

The latest list of camps being regularly visited by the field secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the work for prisoners of war in Russia, and in which the secretaries have been endeavoring to extend as rapidly as possible the services of spiritual, educational, and physical conservation, shows a total of sixty-four.

Along the lines of religious activities the endeavor has been to answer the religious needs of the men of various faiths and communions in the camps, and to furnish supplies for services for all the different groups. Under this plan, church activities have been established not only for Protestant and Catholic Christians but also for Jews and Mohammedans. The following extracts from reports of secretaries indicate the scope and character of the work and the response of the men:

Religious work is organized in all camps in the Irkutsk dis-

trict where the Association has been established, with both Protestant and Catholic services at Voenny Gorodok.

Secretary Jerome Davis writes: The General Staff gave permission to take the Catholic minister to the camp. At the service, held in the open air in the convalescent camp, about 500 attended. The officials have made arrangements so that the prisoners can attend service on Sunday morning. Captain Kulchitsky was good enough to make it possible for us to have a Catholic priest at Troitzkoe. I have made arrangements for the Protestants to have services every Sunday.

At Tomsk, five services a week are held, two Catholic, two Protestant, and one Jewish. Many officers here are so situated that they cannot avail themselves of these services in camps, and for these permission is granted to attend their churches.

The ideal for the educational activities in the camps has been that they should present a curriculum broad enough to satisfy the necessities and desires of all types of prisoners, from the practically uneducated to the university trained men. Organizing classes under the instruction of prisoners with varying sorts of special knowledge, it has been possible to develop systems for teaching many subjects, from the elementary up to some considerably advanced. The most completely evolved system is at Voenny Gorodok in the government of Irkutsk, which has become the model for many of the other schools.

Here there are twenty-seven courses, with seventeen hundred students under thirty-five teachers. The schedule includes the following subjects:

Elementary—reading, writing, arithmetic (in Hungarian and German).

Advanced mathematics (algebra, geometry), physics, chemistry, mechanical drawing.

Languages—Latin, German, French, English, Russian, Italian (classes in both German and Hungarian), and Greek.

Literature, history and theory of music, and free-hand drawing.

Banking, jurisprudence, bookkeeping, stenography—two methods, in both Hungarian and German.

Forestry, gardening, bee-culture, wood-working.

The occupations which have been established for prisoners have met the practical test of useful production, as well as given training in trades. The following successful industries have been reported: Carpentry, dentistry, book-binding, shoe-making, tailoring, wood-carving, gardening, soap, and leather works, and one barrack reserved for industries.

Libraries, whose books are in constant demand and use by the prisoners, are reported from many camps. Most of the men request books on languages, mathematics, general science, theology, jurisprudence, forestry, gardening, and the classics. Secretary Bartholomew writes: "Books were drawn every morn-

ing at ten o'clock. By nine-thirty, twenty to fifty men were in line to make sure of a book. Every book was drawn every day, and all had to be returned every evening, to insure fair distribution of their use."

One of the most fundamental and vital needs which the men express is for music; and some of the most delightful and refreshing hours in connection with the whole service in the camps of prisoners have been spent in the development of the orchestras and choruses, for which the Association has procured instruments and supplies of music.

Orenburg

What One Man Did in a Single Camp

After looking over the field for a week or so and after several conferences with the officers and camp commandant, it was thought best to pick out individuals for temporary chairmen of the various committees and to start the different phases of our work at once. A couple of weeks later the entire camp was organized into the Orenburg Prisoner-of-War Camp Young Men's Christian Association. The commandant and supervising secretary were made responsible for the Association with equal powers, an Austrian was elected chairman of the entire committee, a German chairman of the educational committee, an Austrian chairman of the welfare committee, a German chairman of the sports committee, a Pole chairman of the religious committee, a Szech chairman of the music committee, a Bohemian chairman of the entertainment committee, an Austrian chairman of the building committee, while a Hungarian was given charge of the library, and an Austrian made responsible for the shops. All the chairmen reported direct to the supervising secretary.

Baths, Underwear, and Shoes. Our camp was often all but emptied in three days' time by the transport route and then filled to its fullest capacity in a like manner within the next few days. Receiving the new men and cheering them up was the greatest service we could render as they would pour in tired, dirty, and many times without shoes or even proper clothing.

On a cold, wet, dreary day in September it was our lot to receive several hundred volunteers who had just been taken prisoners. We immediately arranged for each man to get a warm bath, clean underwear, woolen socks, new shoes, and any little piece of clothing he needed. In the meantime the secretary drove back to town and returned several hours later with dishes, spoons, needles and thread, clothes and shoe brushes, teapots, soap, etc., and in addition gave each man three rubles. To see those fellows smile was worth the hardships of a life time. I think they were almost glad they were prisoners. And when night came each man was handed a warm blanket and a New Testament written for his particular faith or creed.

Letters Home. New men or men who had never heard from home were given our regular Association cards. Stacks of them were given out every month. If a man were sick or had been injured or wounded and needed a little extra clothing, food, or some small comfort he was always cheerfully cared for by our committee. If he were hopelessly injured or sick beyond further participation in the war we always had him fill out forms and placed him on the list of men to be sent home or to neutral lands for internment. We also assisted men to be transferred to other camps in which relatives or good friends were being held as prisoners.

Teeth. Another service rendered was the purchasing of over a thousand rubles' worth of new teeth for prisoners in need of them. A man who has lost his teeth from scurvy must either be taken care of at once or allowed to starve. These men owe their lives to our aid. Men without glasses were in almost as pitiable condition. Many men had lost their glasses and were unable to take advantage of the library privileges. Such sufferers were provided with suitable spectacles by our organization.

New Clothes for Old. Through gifts from the Swedish Red Cross, by purchase and by the repairing of old garments and shoes, thousands of winter caps, woollen socks, changes of underwear, heavy overcoats, new and reconstructed shoes, woollen leg bindings and complete uniforms, including many pairs of warm gloves, were given out. The officers formed a committee to work in conjunction with us and gave one ruble per month to a special fund to purchase things for the men. One man in particular, Capt. Ernst von Amann, son of a Prussian general, gave every packet he received from home or America to his men.

The welfare committee also had charge of the camp disinfecting and health precautions. Many a man was sent to the barber shop to have his hair cut or beard trimmed. In all this we had the hearty cooperation of the Russian officials.

Cottage Industries. About three weeks after our work began, we installed the first of our little group of factories—the carpenter shop. It has never known a dull day. Here as in all the shops we have apprentices and schools for learning the trade. It is well equipped with tools and light machinery, which were either made by us or bought at a reasonable price. In the last eight months much of our equipment has doubled in value. The carpenter shop cut all the timbers and lumber for the Association barrack.

Next in line came the shoe shop. No other activity has a better place in the hearts of the laborers. Here they have their shoes and boots repaired without cost, overshoes made, and any little necessary service rendered cheerfully, and all in quick time. After the Swedish delegation had supplied all the men in camp with new shoes, we had all the old ones gathered up and brought down to the shop. With five hundred rubles' worth of

new leather and scraps taken from the more worthless shoes, we repaired and made fit for long service at least eight hundred pairs of shoes, which were and are being giving out by the welfare committee.

The bookbindery came third. The making of souvenirs and the framing of pictures are the main side issues. The equipment consists of a press and necessary cutting, measuring and pasting tools.

Fourth came the wood-carving department. One day in taking a walk an officer met an old acquaintance among the volunteers, who had quite a reputation back home as a professional wood carver. He asked the secretary what the chances were for setting him up in business. As the man agreed to teach it to officers and men we purchased the required tools, placed high bench tables around the walls of the carpenter shop, and soon had school going in fine shape. The progress made by the officers is no less than marvelous—many doing inlaid color work after a month's study. Almost every room has its carved pieces now, and many a pleasant and home-like touch has been added to the life of the camp as a result of this man's work. We sell the wood to the officers at a small profit and thus keep this department self-sustaining.

Next came the tailor shop. A Singer machine and all the necessary tools, furniture, etc., for a two roomed work-shop were installed. When the cloth given us by the Red Cross was all used up, we began on the old materials and soon had much more clothing ready for use. We were always sure of one good overcoat from two old ones. One man, usually an apprentice, is busy from morning until night making patches and repairs for the soldiers.

About three months ago we added the blacksmith shop. Three men are employed regularly. The shop was set up and paid for by profits from the carpentering department.

As we were able to undersell them at every turn and at the same time to turn out better work and materials, the Russians have long since discontinued their shops in the camp. We now do their work as well as our own and it was all done without the slightest sign of friction.

Language Classes. An English class for men and one for officers were organized and conducted twice a day in the room given us to be used as a library. As we did not have space for the conducting of French and German classes, we hunted out teachers from the cadets and volunteers and apportioned them among the officers for the giving of private instruction in these subjects. No man is allowed to accept money for his services, and the plan worked so well that the work begun thus in July has gone on every day since. One old Austrian major almost sixty years of age learned to read and speak English acceptably in less than six months' time. I am sure that at least nine out

of every ten officers learned or perfected at least one foreign language during the past eight months or so.

Many of the officers are quite skilled in painting. We have fitted up a room for those who are interested in this art. One man who is a portrait painter in peace time has won distinction. Some of his work dealing with prison life is wonderful and three pieces have been finished, which he refuses to sell at any price as he intends to exhibit them after the war.

Music. A music department was started with six accordions, several hundred mouth organs, two violins, an organ, a mandolin, a cornet, and several other instruments. A male choir got together and has sung at all the religious meetings for all denominations ever since. One young Hungarian officer, who was married just a few weeks before the war broke out and who was taken prisoner a month or so later, has taken his separation very sadly and gives over all his time to musical pursuits. Efforts have been made time and again to interest him in athletics and to stir him out of his spell but to no avail. He startled the camp in July by writing Schubert's mass from memory in preparation for our first Catholic service. Later he made complete orchestrations for the music we could secure for voice and piano only. When this work was finished he wrote some original compositions which touched one's heart every time they were played.

A professional violin soloist is encored time and again at each concert and says a touch has been added to his playing which he feels can be got only from prison life. Some of the older officers who know music well say he will become one of Austria's most popular players before many years pass.

Sports. The chairman of sports, a young divinity student from Berlin, collected most of the money to finance our sport department. We first secured and fitted up two large football fields, so that the officers and men could play at the same time. The men's ground was extensive. We marked out bounds for throwing weights, set up parallel and horizontal bars, put up jumping standards, and in general built a fine athletic field. Not being able to purchase regular athletic suits, the officers and soldiers purchased Sart, Tartar, and Kirgese silks and had athletic clothing made which contained all the colors of the rainbow. Practically all of the men were interested in out-of-door sports, made good use of the grounds and privileges, and paid most of the expense from their own pockets.

When winter came we had two great ice rinks made and flooded. The water froze into bright, shiny ice and this sport proved to be almost as popular as football. The younger officers made it a rule to be on the ice at least an hour or so every day. Hockey was the favorite ice game.

Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans. As regards our religious work, we were very fortunately located, as in the city of Orenburg lived Orthodox priests, a Lutheran pastor, rabbis,

two Roman Catholic and several Mohammedan priests. Services have been held for all faiths.

When the holy days of the Turks arrived, I hunted out a rich Tartar in the city and had him get me a Koran and the necessary holy food for our Mohammedan friends. We secured religious books and pamphlets for the Jews and took them into the city under guard when their chief holy days arrived. To supply the men with Bibles and other church literature as needed by the different faiths is one of the best services this department has been able to render. On warm days one could always find men lying about on the grass eagerly reading the New Testament.

Library. We opened up our library in a little room in the work shop building with two or three hundred books. We soon ordered papers and magazines and bought up all the old illustrated journals we could find printed in the German language. From time to time we bought religious books and tales of romance from residents in the city. At the present time we probably have one thousand books of real interest and a great number of a technical nature. We were able to secure several volumes in French. About two months ago Count Ledebur asked me if I could get him a good American story. As I had several, I brought him over "Black Rock" the next day. He read it through and pronounced it one of the best stories he had ever read and asked me to send him ten like it when the war is over. I went to Petrograd a few days later to attend a conference and while there, in company with Mr. Day, purchased ten books by Conner, Stratton-Porter, White, and London and gave them to him. I don't think like editions have ever received such joyful reading. Since then they have been presented to the library and the man in charge tells me they are the volumes most in demand by those who can read them and that they never remain on the shelves more than an hour or so at a time. More such books are now on the way. In addition to the regular library, there are about fifty volumes written in Russian. A number of such books have also been bought for the Russian guard.

Food for Invalids. One of the greatest aids to the general health of the camp was the convalescent kitchen. From the time of its opening early last fall, ninety to one hundred and fifty men have eaten there and have received strength and health from its clean and nourishing food. For its housing we were allotted three fine stone buildings by the commandant and after tearing out their interiors and laying cement floors, constructing connecting doors, putting in necessary cupboards and furnishings, and building a fine brick oven, we applied several coats of whitewash to the interior and exterior and converted the place into a veritable "white front restaurant." We hunted out men who had rheumatism, scurvy, flecktyphus, typhus or other wasting

illnesses, and put them on special diet. The cures that were effected were nothing less than marvelous. I remember one case in particular. A young man who had had scurvy in another camp walked by means of a cane and was badly twisted and crippled. He had lost all his teeth from the disease, wore a shaggy beard, and was a most dejected looking creature. The only food he could eat was the liquid part of soups and the hearts of white bread, as without teeth he could not chew solid food. He bought the bread by selling his daily portions of sugar to an officer. We took him to town and had upper and lower teeth made for him and put him on a double diet. Three weeks later his leg straightened out and he threw away his cane. When he later shaved off his beard and put on the uniform just given him, I did not recognize him until he told me who he was. The average cost of a meal is twenty-seven kopeks, and a few less than four thousand meals are served each month. The Russians are lavish in their praise of the kitchen and its work.

A Laundry and Baths. In October I was asked if I could procure funds for the building of a much needed laundry, soldiers' and officers' baths, and disinfectant rooms. Upon receiving authorization to go ahead, I ordered materials and set our engineer to work. With the baths as a preventive and the kitchen as a cure, we have not had a single one of the epidemics which overtake the prison camps. Moreover, our bath stopped the trips into the city baths. Generals from the head military centers who have inspected our camp say the baths are the finest they have seen in any camp. I am sure the building of them has meant much to our work in at least four other governments.

The Building. The Association Barrack is the church, drawing room, library, concert hall, parlor, club and community center combined, and beside it all other rival structures fade into insignificance. It is a long unpainted shed, set somewhat down into the ground and protected from the elements by a shining steel roof. The boards are all planed and strips cover the joints. The rafters and studding are of round lumber and are held firmly in place by iron bindings. The space between the weather boarding and lining is filled with earth which gives much warmth. The ceiling and interior is painted white. In each corner stands a good looking brick and iron heater. The windows are all double, as are the doors. At the end opposite the entrance is a platform with two little cabinets built at the side. The tops are panelled off in red and white. The lighting is done with large green hanging lamps. The room to the left is the library and the one to the right is destined for painting in the day and storing musical instruments at night. The walls are dotted on all sides with exceptionally well painted pictures and the room makes a very pleasing impression. The total cost was a little less than four thousand rubles.

On Christmas each man was again given coffee and sweet

cake and attended a concert. Each officer was presented with a package containing fifty cigarettes and attended a song festival in the evening. On Tuesday the men were given coffee and cake at eight in the morning and four in the evening. Gifts and cheer were sent to the sick rooms, and no man was overlooked. It was a great three days for all and I am sure they will never forget its sadness and joys.

Nearly every official who came to inspect our camp commented on the general spirit and was surprised to find the officers always ready to greet them with a hand shake. We had several different commandants, and each in turn was surprised at the cordial manner in which he was received. They were men wounded at the front and unfit for further service.

I have always found that the Russian authorities from the governor down had the best interest of the prisoners at heart, and it was their fine spirit more than anything else that caused Minovoi Dvor to be known to some prisoners as the best camp in Russia.

F. F. JORDAN.

A Grateful Testimonial from the Senior Ranking Officer

Dear Mr. Jordan:

Before your departure I wish to give you the heartiest thanks of my comrades and myself for your services here in the Orenburg Camp. Your cordial relations with the Russians, your impartiality and your interest in the prisoners were such that you more than any other could accomplish good for the prisoners. Through you has not only the health but the life of the prisoners been bettered. You have awakened good relations between us and the Russians. Formerly many of us had very hard feelings against the Americans, but your daily ministerings have taught us to think otherwise.

With heartfelt thanks,

Yours,

ERNEST VON AMANN,
Capt.-Res. Inft. Regt., 270,
German Senior Ranking Officer.

FRANCE

FOR SOLDIERS

A Letter from the Minister of War

Cabinet of the Ministry.

Paris, ———

Department for
Military Aid Agencies.

The Minister of War testifies to the services rendered by the Foyers du Soldat at the front, in the training camps, and among

the mobilized workmen in the factories of war munitions.

These Foyers, due to the initiative of Mr. Emmanuel Sautter, who, assisted by Mr. Georges Boissonnas, continues to direct them under the control and with the support of a committee of patronage presided over by General de Lacroix, furnish the soldiers with a place for meeting and put at their disposal everything which can enable them to spend their hours of rest in a healthy manner.

The results obtained are most conclusive and prove the great usefulness of the institution from the point of view of the material and moral welfare of the troops.

These results have led my Administration and the General Headquarters to favour by friendly measures an expansion of this work.

For the Minister and by his orders,
The General, Chief of the Cabinet.

A Report from "Foyer du Soldat"

Camp La Valbonne (Ain)

February 8th, 1917 (twenty-five below zero), the cold is severe. The snow creaks under our feet. A long, uninterrupted, and glistening fringe of icicles is hanging along the roof. On the windows the frost has curiously carved some beautiful foliage, and the snow which the soldiers bring in soon transforms the floor into a skating pond. On the bars the hot, boiling coffee soon freezes when falling on the ground. Every morning one must break the ice formed in the big kettles during the night. Our little electric plant is situated underground. Even there the frost plays havoc with our motor, stopping all the pipes, which every night must be thawed out with the soldering lamp.

Lots of people though, probably more than ever before. The big hall is not large enough. Every hindering piece of furniture, except the benches, had to be taken out, in order to give more room, and replaced by steps of benches. "What should we do without the Foyer du Soldat?" This comes out of the soldiers' mouths so many times a day. It is the way they show us their thankfulness. What would they do at night in that big cold camp, where the wind breaks the trees and puts out the sorrowful looking lamp posts? They would be overcome by that dullness which in time crushes the strongest will, makes cowards of the bravest, and brings the others to all kinds of mischief in public houses and ill-famed places. Thanks to the "Foyer du Soldat" the men are kept up in good humor, cheerfulness, bravery, and good conduct that we all admire. The officers and doctors of the camp also join in to give them their personal endorsement.

At dusk, they come from all points towards that well-lighted

"Rest," and it is a sight to see them pass under the porch, where the icicles glitter under the lamps. They arrive all shivering. The noise of their cough is worse than the banging of their wooden shoes. At the entrance their faces brighten up suddenly. Their lips are smiling. The "Soldiers' Rest" is a home more precious than ever, after having tramped a long and difficult road. Some come from the other end of the camp, after having walked several kilometers through the snow and the night.

Every race is represented; they talk many different languages. Some are quite young, not much more than children. Others have grey hair. They belong to all stages of society. Some are educated and have a name in the world of arts and literature. Others can't even sign their name. But it doesn't make any difference, they are together like brothers and laugh at the efforts they make to understand one another. All take with a great "thank you" the sheet of paper from the "Foyer du Soldat" which is given to them at the entrance. They choose a few postcards, buy some few knick-knacks, and shout for the coffee, which they swallow boiling, so they can as quickly as possible find a place in the big hall for the performance.

At six o'clock the curtain rises, and the stage is illuminated. Singers, monologists, jugglers, come one after the other. Some of them are welcomed, others are hissed. The spectators are quite as delighted in cheering as in hooting. The speeches in general are well-listened to, but those on the war are liked the best. The most exciting time is when thousands of voices sing all together the patriotic hymns. They mark the measure with their heavy wooden shoes, and all open their mouths together. One can't help but weep when some fellow from a far-away country tries to sing like the others, "Pour elle un Français doit mourir!" The moving picture show which ends every performance is the most catching attraction for all of them. During a dramatic play, everybody is silent. But when something funny appears on the screen, one hears many comical remarks. When the unavoidable word "good night" gives the sign of departure, the men, crowding out by every exit, are laughing and talking.

Once more the bars are assailed with haste and an appetite which will increase our trouble in getting more supplies. More than 1,200 glasses of coffee have been served every night lately without counting many other things.

Our motor uses from 800 to 1,000 liters of gasoline a month. The buying and assembling of everything requires much time. But the worst is the bringing of it to the camp. The trains accommodating passengers are getting very rare and often are a drawback to the freight trains.

The "Foyer du Soldat" will always be, as in the past, a source of good humor and happy surroundings for our wonderful defenders and martyrs of liberty.

SAM BASTIDE.

The Romance of Auto Driving

It was the sad privilege of rendering a great service at a tragic moment. Lieutenant R—— was not only the first spirit in our Foyer at St. ———, but he was also the most beloved in all the camp. One afternoon on arriving in camp, we were told he had been killed in grenade practice, and an auto was needed immediately to go with the doctor to get him. I volunteered to go. Three miles out we found the spot where the unfortunate accident happened. The lieutenant was living still; they put him on the stretcher and the stretcher we put cross-wise on the car; two nurses in back, the doctor with me, and a guard on the running board. Thus we pulled into camp in the somber hush of death. As he was being taken to B—— in a regular Red Cross ambulance an hour later he died. A silent unknown service perhaps, but the auto served.

I do not even know the name of the man—a middle aged man of the territorial group. He came one evening with a blue piece of paper in his hand agitated, moved. It was a telegram from his wife down in the P—— telling him that the baby of a month and a half had just died. He had never seen the precious little body, and he was hastening to console the mother's aching heart. He must leave on a certain train. We took him, most naturally.

These little services rendered in the sad moments of a soldier's life go to diminish the mass of hate between the nations, and tend to build up a fund of good-will destined to magnify the silent service of the Foyer.

James Perry.

Temperance vs. Prohibition

It is especially in personal conversation that one is able to do the most good. A few days ago, having been detained at the Foyer a long while after the time for closing, I saw a soldier arrive who was seeking shelter. With my acetylene lamp in my hand, I was going on my last round and making ready to leave. It was eleven o'clock and all the lights had been put out a long while.

"I am cold, sir. I should very much like something hot." "My dear friend, we do not serve things at this time. I ought to have left at ten o'clock."

"I have just come back from my furlough and must be at H—— to-morrow by the eight o'clock train in the morning. I came here to sleep, thinking to find some people I know, but I can find no one, and I've got to return to the station (another three hours' walk), but on seeing 'Foyer du Soldat' I felt a longing to knock and come in. Give me some coffee, please." "You shall have it." (It was already warming.) "O, many thanks."

He took his coffee and as I served myself as well he wanted

to pay for the two, and before I had time to prevent him, he had poured into his cup some brandy, "absolutely inoffensive because it came from his home and he had made it himself." He offered me some. It is needless to say what reply I gave him. He left thanking me effusively.

"Wait for me," I said, "we can go a good piece together." "But you have your bicycle." "But I'll walk."

And for about forty minutes, while passing through an exceedingly thick fog, I gave the astonished soldier a lecture on the evils of drinking, of which he seemed to be greatly in need. We arrived on the bridge near the station. He took his bottle of brandy which he had brought for the purpose of having some drinks with his comrades on arriving from his furlough, and threw it into the Rhone, saying to me, "You have spoken to me like a father; nobody had ever told me these things and I understand now, yes I understand."

One sergeant—a watchmaker—told us his reasons for liking the Foyer. He said he comes after supper for his coffee, and other things like writing, games, and music. By coming to us he does not go outside the camp to the "bistros"—the second-rate restaurants. There he used to spend six cents for a cup of coffee, and the customary little glass of whiskey four cents. In all he spent ten cents for coffee and poison—with us he spends three cents for excellent coffee and he knows it is better for him. In fact he said a man in his watch-repairing work cannot drink alcohol—not even beer or light wine, it makes his hand tremble too much. He would lose a whole day's work by drinking in the evening. A remarkable confession for a Frenchman! I can assure you we are happy to help a man like that.

Ceremony in Memory of French Students Who Have Died For their Country

The General Association of Students of the University of Paris, in concert with the General Association of Catholic Students, the Association of the Students of the Catholic Institute, the French Federation of Christian Students, the Association of Protestant Students of Paris, the Friendly Association of Students in Pharmacy in France, and a committee of Israelite Students, decided to institute religious ceremonies for the different confessions in memory of students who have died for their fatherland.

The Protestant ceremony was held Friday, December 22nd, at four-thirty in the afternoon, at the Church Saint-Jean, 147 rue de Grenelle, under the auspices of the Council of the Protestant Federation of France and was addressed by Pastor Wilfred Monod and by Professor Raoul Allier.

A portion of Prof. Allier's address follows:

"The ceremony which we are celebrating today is a family

HOT COFFEE IS PREFERRED TO BRANDY

when no uniform can quite shut out the winter chill. The French soldiers have forsaken the cafés and flocked to the "Foyer du Soldat"

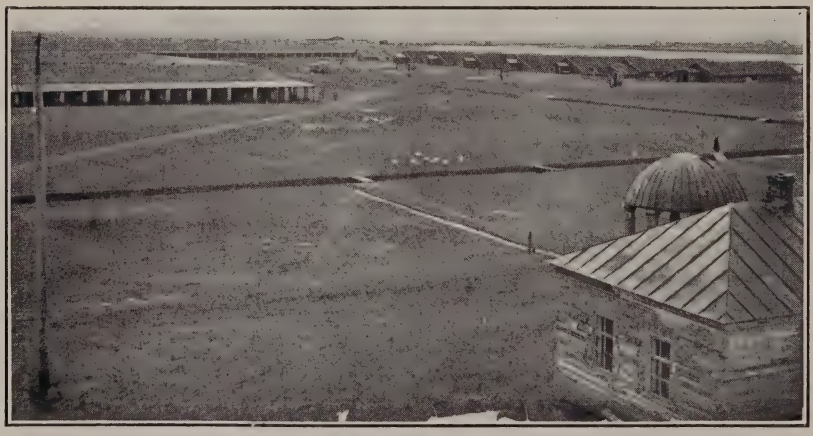
[Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.]

FIFTEEN HUNDRED BOYS CAPTURED WITH OTHER PRISONERS OF WAR

have been sought out and placed under the care of the Association. See following picture

CITIZENS OF A NEW EUROPE NOW IN THE MAKING

These are some of the boys gathered from the camps and segregated in a school compound apart from other prisoners. This school was organized and is supervised by the Association secretaries



A Weary Land

The Association buildings bring comfort and cheer to prisoners of war travelling the old caravan route across Siberia

one. It represents the wish of a family terribly visited, since its dead and its missing are counted in the thousands. It has been decided upon in a spirit easy to define. When the heart of one of us has been subjected to a cruel blow, the members of the family feel the need of joining closer together, of speaking of him or of those who are gone, and of rendering one another an account of the moral heritage which they have received from him or from them. For those who are assembled on the basis of a common grief, it is by no means a method of setting themselves apart from the rest of suffering France. In providing themselves a more profound consciousness of their own affliction, they make an effort to identify themselves more sympathetically with all the other stricken firesides.

"It is trite to point out that in the trenches men of all classes, of all positions, of all degrees of culture and ignorance, have met and worked together. What has been produced is a veritable meeting of souls, an intimate union of consciences, a blending of wills in the service of France.

"He would not be a Frenchman who entirely failed to perceive this spiritual reality. What the majority of men feel obscurely even though strongly, it is natural that students, thanks to their habits of analysis, should have understood with particular precision. The most distinguished of our students—I mean those most distinguished in a moral sense—have had a very clear vision of all the beautiful and of all the great which palpitates in the life of the humble and the obscure, and I know of nothing more touching than the wonder and the joy which this discovery has caused them.

"They know that the great reconstruction which will be necessary after the war will not be the work of one class, but that it will be the result of universal cooperation, that they will have to fashion and to bear the stones which it will be theirs to contribute to the complete structure, but that the lowly and the humble will bear their building stones by their side and that all the stones, if they are cut with the same love and the same devotion, will have equal usefulness for the entire edifice.

"Those who feel themselves not only free but also under obligation to proclaim the religious faith by which they live, sure, in turn, of being profoundly loved and respected by their colleagues, and repulsing with horror the idea of nations elected for domination and exploitation of other nations, convinced that each nation is a thought of God which must be realized for the good of humanity, will struggle to consummate that divine wish by creating a France which is more beautiful, more free, more pure, and more just. And if we owe to our departed ones this more profound consciousness of our vocation, we shall all together bless them, not only for having saved France, but also for having given us new reasons for life, for work, and for self-sacrifice."

Paris, March 17, 1917.

Service of Prisoners of War.
Mr. Davis,
31 Rue Bergere, Paris.
Sir:

On the seventh of this month you had the kindness to send me the copy of a letter from your colleague, Mr. Conrad Hoffman, indicating the vitality of your work in Germany, in spite of the break in diplomatic relations between the United States of America and the German Empire.

I have the honor to thank you for this interesting communication, and I seize this occasion to tell you how much the Government of the Republic appreciates the charitable aid which your organization has freely given to our prisoners in Germany. I am happy to learn that the Association will be able to continue as in the past the work of charity and humanity which it has been kind enough to undertake.

Accept, Sir, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

For the Minister,

A. DE PANAFIEU,
Chief of the Service.

It Seems Mighty Queer

Immediately when relations were broken off between the United States and Germany I went to the War Office to find out what was likely to be done in regard to our work. The reply was, "If I let you visit camps before, there is all the more reason why I should let you do so now." The general added, "I'll tell you frankly, however, that it seems mighty queer to us that you, as Americans, should want to continue giving barracks and musical instruments to German prisoners when the German government has made sport of your President." I explained that we made a sharp distinction between the unhappy prisoners and the German government. As a sign of the general's good will, he gave Brown and Johnson permission to visit a whole string of camps and detachments. They have started out on their trip today, to be gone about two weeks.

If any man who has contributed to the War Funds of the Young Men's Christian Association could have been with me at the informal opening of our hall at Biessard this afternoon, he certainly would have received a high rate of interest for all he had invested in "man-making" in prison camps. It seems to me that I never saw a group of happier or more grateful men. "The very thing we have needed," exclaimed the German leader

as he met me and warmly thanked the Association, in the name of his comrades, for its "precious gift."

D. A. Davis.

A Typical Barrack Party

In general the officers seemed to be on excellent terms with the German non-commissioned officers who are in immediate charge of the prisoners and with the welfare committee. The non-commissioned officers and members of the committee were usually called together as soon as we entered the camp, and we were given an opportunity to talk with them freely on the subjects of religious services, books, classes, music, athletics, games, etc. They were always glad to see us and to talk with us, and thanked us heartily for our visits.

We had lunch with the French officers at Fort Chateauneuf and had a good long visit in the afternoon. This gave us an opportunity to see the use of the barrack, which we have constructed there for the German officers. When we arrived Captain Ralovitch was celebrating his forty-fourth birthday by giving a dinner party in the barrack. The members of the party appeared quite contented sitting around the big table in this their neutral stamping ground and were glad to express to us their appreciation for our having built the barrack which was serving its purpose well. The barrack was in good condition, light, warm, and cheerful in appearance. The prisoners have put up some attractive decorations, and have added several nice little touches to the original furnishings.

In a number of camps, much to the satisfaction of the prisoners, we arranged to start classes in French and English. We found competent teachers, and have now sent forward the books for these classes. At one camp they already have a well organized class in commerce. We found the Austrians especially anxious to study French.

I am exceedingly interested in the Polish prisoners who occupy a unique position here in France, being under a special dispensation as a result of having declared their nationality. There are few agencies working for their welfare, they receive little from their homes; therefore their needs are great and the opportunities to an American for service among them are exceptional, unlimited.

J. Wylie Brown.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

"God bless you and your work. The good you are doing is the best preparation for peace."

These words were spoken by a Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Austria. He had called at the Association headquarters to ascertain the nature of our work, and especially to learn whether we were carrying on a sectarian propaganda. After listening carefully for more than half an hour to the secretary's presentation of the nature of the work done, he made the above statement.

In Hospitals and Among the Boys

With the Russian Relief Fund we are not only purchasing love gifts from Copenhagen, but through a friend in Vienna we have secured half a ton of prepared cocoa, which contains milk and sugar. The secretaries, through the welfare committees, distribute this boiling hot cocoa to the sick and invalids.

I wish you could have accompanied Ebersole through the various wards of a hospital at Grödig, to see the entire proceedings. The committee—devoted Russians—prepared the cocoa in a large kettle in the kitchen and from there they proceeded to the various wards to give each man a steaming hot glass of rich cocoa and a biscuit or two. Ebersole had purchased with money received from Honolulu some special glasses, saucers, and spoons, which added much to the relish of the cocoa. One of the leaders announced to the sick in each ward that the gift came from a Russian princess, and I wish you could have seen the joy which beamed on the faces of those who received the cocoa. It seemed hardly a drop in the bucket, but there is many a man who will never forget the kind ministry of a secretary who made possible this expression of friendship.

Can we not secure from some friends in America a considerable sum, as a similar relief fund for the Servians? This small nation has no means and many things that are being received by the Russians, Italians, and Austrians, are not reaching the Servians. We could wisely use $20,000 to be placed to our credit in Copenhagen. Servian camps contain university students, officers, and civil interned, who will never forget the friendship of America. It is not too much to ask, when we

---

[Since the rupture with Austria our secretaries, with three exceptions, have left the country. Mr. MacNaughten remains to direct the work of the neutral secretaries, who are being secured as quickly as possible by our Swiss and Scandinavian representatives. A number are already at work. Mr. Bartz and Mr. Lauterbach have remained because of special work which they are doing. Mr. Harte is in constant touch with Vienna and continues general supervision.]

think of the millions of dollars spent by other governments for their own men.

The forty Russian boys, from twelve to seventeen years, in Wieselburg are under Dr. Hecker's care. They are living in two readapted barracks and we are making possible thorough schooling and apprenticeship. Dr. Hecker is bound to have a great influence upon their lives. The commandant is like a father to the boys, who need much care and discipline.

In Braunau, Bohemia, we are serving 1,500 boys from ten to seventeen years of age. In addition to the James Stokes building, we have authorized the erection of a school house with ten rooms, for it is a great opportunity to touch these young Servians during these days of the war. The War Ministry has thoroughly approved of our plan and has set aside eight other barracks, some for sleeping rooms, others for eating halls, and others for workshops. Two acres of ground are reserved, where the boys in the spring will have a chance to do gardening or raise rabbits or the like. Mr. Bartz is rejoicing in his opportunity, and his heart goes out as he thinks of these boys and their great need of education and guidance. I am sure the future will pay us for the efforts to help these young boys.

Would that we could give you a more vivid picture of what Christmas meant to many of these men, who have been in prison for their third Christmas. In most camps it is safe to say that every man received some small gift.

When we received your cablegram, authorizing us to leave if diplomatic relations were severed, we submitted a proposal to the War Ministry and Foreign Office. Our Austrian and Hungarian Committees have been most anxious for us to stay, recognizing the bearing of our presence here on the work in Russia. Bartz and Hecker are prepared to remain in their camps as prisoners, if need be, for the sake of the men. The officers in charge of the camps have said to our secretary, "We will always treat you in all events as friends and consider you one of us."

The Ministry of War sends the following document:

> A break in the diplomatic relations between Austria-Hungary and the United States of North America would necessitate no change in the activities of the War Prisoners' Aid Young Men's Christian Association.
>
> If war should be declared between Austria-Hungary or its allies and the United States, the secretaries would have to accept such restrictions as military considerations make indispensable for citizens of an enemy country.
>
> The War Ministry however—in so far as the personal conduct of the secretaries gives no cause for further consideration—would do its best to limit their activities as little as possible.

It is ideal to think of continuing in a country which has severed diplomatic relations with America our unselfish work for the prisoners, while our American secretaries reveal a new spirit of Christian service by maintaining work for their unfortunate fellowmen, captives in an enemy's country.

We believe, however, that as we have had this great freedom of movement it would be wiser for neutral secretaries of other lands to take our places, if the unfortunate event should occur, for during the stress of a war our own men now free would naturally suffer some restraint, and would thus be less efficient as secretaries.

EDGAR MACNAUGHTEN.

A Father's Heart Cheered

A white bearded man of seventy came into the office. He handed me a card and said: "Zwei Jahre lang habe ich meinen Sohn für tot gehalten. Lange hatte ich alle Hoffnung aufgegeben und jetzt senden Sie mir diese Karte und sagen, dass mein Sohn lebt und wohl ist." Tears were trickling down his trembling cheeks, but for joy. He sat at my desk. I showed him the name written by the hand that he alone knew best. Jacob wept when he thought Joseph lost. Jacob cried for joy at Joseph's return. But he could not have been more happy than the man who visited me that morning. I could duplicate this incident. Many mothers still weep because their sons still are lost. To replace tears with hope and confidence in the tomorrow takes sympathy, takes love.

In your letter of November 25th you ask me to let you know if there is anything you can do to make it easier for me to stay. Just one thing I want: namely, that you tell every friend who asks about me to continue to pray for me.

LOUIS P. PENNINGROTH.

A Model College Association in Camp Grödig

A few evenings ago, as I was moving about among the men during the hour of music which they arrange every evening, one of the Russians said to me with a gleam of joy in his eyes, "Now I have taken hope again. To hear that music makes one think of home and makes him feel that perhaps he will soon see home and home folks again."

We have decided to use a plan of organization similar to that used in the College Associations, composed of ten committees, namely:

Welfare; School; Library and Reading-room; Music; Theater; Cinematograph and Gramophone; Athletics and Games; Arts; Wood-carving and Hand-work; and Religious Committee (composed of one representative of each of the three religions, Catholic, Greek-Orthodox, and Jewish).

After some slight revision, the camp commandant approved

the plan. We then called together about forty of the more intelligent among the Russian prisoners—many of them of the student class (volunteers in the army) and not a few of them former teachers, painters, and music-directors. I shall never forget the intense interest, yes, the eager enthusiasm with which that group of men received what was to them verily the "good news"—that such a work was to be begun among and by them. I then had them elect by acclamation the men who they thought were best qualified to head the various committees.

In addition to these ten chairmen, our plan of organization calls for a general secretary, chosen from among the prisoners themselves and appointed by the camp commandant, and an associate to myself as camp secretary, from among the Austrian officers, also to be appointed by the camp commandant. I think we have succeeded in finding a splendid fellow for general secretary. He was a former school teacher and is a natural born leader. And for associate to the camp secretary the commandant has appointed an officer, who is entering into the work with genuine interest.

We three secretaries, together with the ten chairmen, constitute what we call our cabinet. This cabinet meets in the office of our Association barrack every Monday evening, and there the work for the week is planned.

Our welfare committee visits the different barracks in the hospital every Sunday afternoon and gives a short musical program—either gramophone or balalaika orchestra. It is a joy to accompany the committee in this visitation work, just to see the pleasure it gives these "shut-ins" and to witness the new light begin to shine in the otherwise dull, hopeless-looking countenances.

Welfare Committee. The duty of this committee is to hunt out the neediest of the needy among the prisoners and in so far as possible, through material relief and through personal counsel and cheer, to better their condition. Naturally a large part of the work of the committee has been done in the hospital group, among the invalids and the sick. Two different shipments of cocoa and chocolate, the kind and thoughtful gift of a friend, were systematically distributed among the patients designated by the doctor as the most in need. Through the kind permission of the camp-commandant, all zwieback sent from Russia the owners of which could not be found, is put at the disposal of the welfare committee, and thus each afternoon, along with his glass of hot cocoa, the patient who is fortunate enough to be designated by the doctor receives this greatly coveted piece of home-made zwieback. On Sunday afternoon, instead of the cocoa, each patient is given a piece of milk chocolate. Whenever present in the camp on Sundays, the secretary accompanies the committee in their tour of distribution. The deep gratitude of the sick, as with eager hand he receives the gift, is most evident.

By way of recreation for these "shut-ins" in the hospital group, the committee arranged to give a weekly moving-picture exhibition in the large ambulance barracks. Until the severe weather of the past month prevented their coming, there gathered in this room every Wednesday evening several hundred of the lame, the halt, and the blind. Some even were brought "borne by their stronger comrades." It is needless to say that this entertainment was the event of the week for these fellows. And in this connection should also be mentioned the assistance which the music committee gives the welfare committee in its work. Both at the moving-picture entertainment and in the various barracks on Sunday afternoon, the balalaika orchestra furnishes most enjoyable music.

A valuable feature of the work of this committee is the "petition-bureau" which it conducts. Every evening from six to seven several members of the committee are present in the little office just off the reading room of our Association-barrack, to hear complaints or to talk over with men their personal needs. Many a heavy heart is made lighter by cheer and counsel, even though the specific wants may not always be supplied. The most urgent and important cases are reported by the committee to the camp secretary and carried by him to the commandant of the camp for his counsel and help.

During the past month a new avenue of aid for the deserving needy has at last become available. Our first gift packages, furnished by Her Majesty The Empress Alexandra Feodorowna of Russia, have arrived from Copenhagen, and great was the joy with which the fortunate ones bore away the long looked-for parcel. It was my privilege to be present at the distribution and to shake the hand of each recipient as he came forward for his package. Through an interpreter I urged them to practice the golden rule and share the contents of their box with other needy ones in their barracks. It is certainly to be hoped that many more packages will continue to come.

Although not directly under the supervision of the welfare committee, it is so closely related to its work, that I will in this connection speak of our cooperative society, which was organized some weeks ago and which is now ready to begin operations. Two hundred and forty-six members have each paid ten crowns to form a capital with which to pay for supplies; a portion of our school barracks has been readapted for the Society and Tea Hall, and two large heaters have been purchased to furnish the hot water. The supplies are to be sold at a little more than cost and every afternoon and evening hot tea will be served at a price that will enable even the poorest to share in it. For the most needy the welfare committee has a plan whereby free tickets can be furnished to them, good for either some article of food or a cup of tea.

Library and Reading Room Committee. Our library now

numbers more than 2,000 books. Attendance and use of books reached the high-water mark during the month of November.

Number of books used from October 22nd to Dec. 1st. (38 days)	4,801
Average number of times each book was read	6
Highest number of times any book was read	21

During the past month also a bookbindery was installed. Already 200 volumes have been finely rebound. Our librarian is now preparing a new and better classified catalogue.

School Committee. In November we had:

In alphabet courses	4	classes with	124	men	enrolled
In advanced Russian and Arithmetic	3	" "	99	"	"
In Algebra and Geometry	1	" "	12	"	"
In Bookkeeping	1	" "	14	"	"
Total	9	" "	249	"	"

During the month of December there was an unusual shifting of men to and from the camp, so that in this way we lost many of our earlier pupils. The director of our school was formerly a teacher in Russia. Already forty men have enrolled for a class in German, and a teacher has been found to lead the men in this new branch of study.

Arts Committee. Separate quarters have been assigned to the drawing and painting department. Three instructors have had during these past three months thirty different pupils under instruction—some in elementary drawing, others doing some very acceptable painting.

Theater Committee. The activities of this committee include the presentation of Russian and Ukrainian plays and the bi-monthly moving picture show. As the theater accommodates only one half of the men in the camp at one time, all plays and entertainments have to be repeated, that is, given on two successive nights.

In order to accumulate a fund for the securing of costumes and to pay other necessary expenses of the theater, a very small admission charge is made for some of the seats.

Up to the end of January there had been taken in as admission fees crowns: 302.62.

Music Committee. Our three musical organizations have added very much to the enjoyment of the prisoners. They consist of:

A Russian balalaika orchestra of fifteen pieces (mandolin, balalaika, dora, violin, and guitar),
A Russian military band of twenty-nine pieces,
A choir of twenty-nine voices.

Both band and orchestra are present at all theater and moving-picture entertainments to furnish music between the acts. In our "Movies" the orchestra accompanies the pictures on the screen with appropriate music, which greatly enhances the value and enjoyment of the presentations.

The music committee has performed another valuable service. Every evening during the last half hour that the reading-room is open, they present a short musical program. We have urged them especially to play the folk-songs and home-melodies of the Russian and Polish people. This has proved a most popular feature and often men would come in for this last half hour, even though they had not been attracted by the books and the illustrated papers of the reading room. Many times the room was crowded, even every available standing space being occupied by the eager listeners.

The chorus takes the leading part in the Russian church service every Sunday morning, and at Christmas time furnished most splendid music at our various festivities. Of that, we will now speak under a separate heading.

Our Christmas Festivities. The big event of the year in our camp was the Christmas celebration. We combined the six above named committees in the Christmas committee to make the necessary preparations and carry out the program.

The theater, which will accommodate when crowded 1,200 men, was specially decorated for the occasion. A large Christmas tree was placed near the stage, decorated with the usual ornaments, and brightly illuminated. In front of the tree on tables were piled high the Christmas gifts, including a package of tobacco for each man, presented by the camp commandant and a package of sweets for each one which the Association provided. The band was present to furnish the music, the balalaika orchestra also played, and the chorus, enlarged for the occasion, sang a number of Christmas anthems.

Present on the stage, besides the members of the combined Christmas committee, was the commandant with a large staff of officers. The meeting was presided over by a Russian, the chairman of our combined committee, my right hand man in all the work among the prisoners. The commandant of the camp and the commandant of the group brought to the prisoners sincere, hearty Christmas greetings. As camp-secretary I was then permitted to address the 1,200 men assembled before us—a sea of eager faces. It was the first opportunity that I had had of telling them something of the deeper meaning of life and brotherhood. The men listened most attentively, and in no uncertain manner expressed their appreciation of what had been said. Then followed the distribution of the Christmas gifts, while the band played, following the chorus which stirred all hearts with its rousing Christmas anthems.

In order to reach all of the men, the program had to be

repeated three times. The first time was in the morning at eight o'clock, as 800 of the men had to leave on that day on a working party. In the evening when the longer program was given there were two presentations—one at six o'clock and the second one at eight.

But perhaps the most impressive feature of the day's festivities was the afternoon program arranged for the sick and the invalids in the ambulance-barracks of the hospital group. The head doctor had taken a personal interest in the matter. The room had been arranged with benches so that all could be seated; it had been heated so as to be warm and comfortable, and our committee had set up two beautifully decorated Christmas trees. All but the inmates from one of the barracks were able to come or be brought to the barracks to hear the program. It was a sight one will never forget. And how they did hang on every word that was said! The doctor spoke very kindly and feelingly to his patients, and I spoke to them on the many evidences there are still left in the world, that *Love* is yet strong in the hearts of men. They seemed to be deeply impressed. I can assure you the speaker was profoundly moved.

It was a day which I will never forget. Four times I spoke, addressing in all more than 3,000 men upon the true spirit of brotherhood. Never have I spoken to a more appreciative audience.

AMOS A. EBERSOLE.

Prisoners' Families Voice Gratitude

Vienna.

To the International Committee of the
Young Men's Christian Association,
New York City.

To the Young Men's Christian Association, which has so truly dedicated itself to War Prisoners' Aid, the undersigned committee wishes to express its warmest and most heartfelt thanks for the labors of love which the Association has tendered to our prisoners in Krasnojarsk, Siberia, and for the especially worthy assistance which has been rendered our committee in its labors for these prisoners. We value very much the fact that we can so safely assign the spending of money on our prisoners through the kindly medium of the Young Men's Christian Association. In that capacity the Association has lifted for us a very heavy burden.

We also acknowledge with thanks the especially friendly assistance of the Young Men's Christian Association in the tracing of missing soldiers, and in inquiries concerning such prisoners as have not been heard from in a long time. Only recently we had the opportunity of hearing First Lieutenant Mr. Korda, an exchange invalid from Krasnojarsk, acknowledge in hearty words the work of "the Americans" in Krasnojarsk.

Again the Committee expresses its sincere thanks, and petitions the Young Men's Christian Association for its further support in the Prisoners' Aid.

Most heartfelt thanks are also accorded all the generous friends who, through their contributions to the Young Men's Christian Association, have made possible its humanitarian activities. They too are worthy the word: "I was in prison and ye visited me."

Association of the Families of the Krasnojarsk War Prisoners

Kenyermezö (Hungary)

The work on our school building has all been done by the Russian prisoners from the foundation to the last coat of whitewash. When we took possession, the colonel honored us by his presence and with several officers was seated at the right of the director. Then the pupils came in—bearded men, some upon one crutch, some with two, others with an arm in a sling, or heads bandaged with only one eye visible—all eager and intently thirsting for knowledge. It was a very interesting and touching sight.

One month after the opening, an examination was held and we here give the director's report:

Total enrolment, 140; thirty-five per cent could neither read nor write; eight per cent came irregularly.

In the first monthly examination: 10 per cent were perfect; 60 per cent good; 20 per cent medium; 10 per cent poor.

ANTHONY W. CHEZ.

Money From Home

In cooperation with the central information bureau of the Red Cross, and Mr. Bela Megyercsy, secretary of the Hungarian National Movement of the Association, our office has forwarded to the Petrograd office 33,000 Kronen for Hungarian and Austrian prisoners in Russia, who have especially asked that the secretaries in Russia transmit the funds. In this connection it is interesting to report that our secretaries in Russia have been able to be of great service to the prisoners in transmitting to them the money and the news sent from home.

We have received from Russia within the past ten days numerous requests from Hungarian prisoners for news and money, all of which have been sent to the respective parents or relatives.

More recently about 4,000 names of Hungarian and Austrian prisoners have reached us. All of these have received money advances from our secretaries, with the understanding that these amounts shall be paid back by the relatives. We are now collecting this money. In other ways we have served the Hungarian prisoners by forwarding news, by mail or by telegram, from parents.

Letters from Fathers and Sons

"With greatest joy and sincerest thanks we received information about my good father. Will you be so kind as to forward to his address the inclosed cards? I promise you that after having passed my examination in school, I will go to work at five cents a day, which I will send to you.

LUDWIG RETHY, *4th grade pupil.*"

"Besides the many thanks and blessings that fly heavenward for you, accept also my heartiest thanks for your beautiful Christlike work and your noble efforts. Will you be so kind as to send on at the same time with the inclosed letter to Josef Rapolti in Krasnojarsk, twenty kronen which I am mailing to your address by postal money-order.

PALKO GYULA, *Reformed Pastor.*"

"My son Martin Wiczian wrote from a Russian prison camp that I should send him, through your Association, fifty kronen, for which I today purchased a postal order to his address and will you please kindly forward same to him yourself. Your address was recommended to me by my son because the forwarding of money through your bureau was the quickest and safest.

"Your information that my son is alive and well has brought unspeakable joy and happiness to my family. There was no knowledge since June 4th, 1916, whether or not he was still among the living. Please accept my most sincere and hearty thanks. I beg that for this kind information received from the Association I may have the pleasure of contributing a small sum to enlarge the fund for this most worthy work. Again expressing my heartiest thanks, I remain,

POPINI NANDOR,
Chief of the Austro-Hungarian
Bank Branch in Sopron."

Prisoners Carry On Work Alone

With a certain anxiety I returned to my field of labor after being on furlough for two months. During this time the prisoners had an opportunity to prove whether they were able to continue the organized work of the Association, and herewith also to show whether the Young Men's Christian Association plan is suited to the intelligence and temperament of Slavic prisoners.

With great joy, therefore, I learned on my return that everything we had started was intact and was functioning normally. The success of the organization would of course have been impossible, were it not for the sympathetic interest which the commandant, Colonel Pabst, and the secretary's substitute, Engineer Dolezel, had taken in the work.

With the approach of the cold and dark season a demand

for a warm well lighted place where hot drinks could be served was greatly felt. The committee therefore planned the equipment of teahouses where boiling water could be had for the men returning from the day's work. The canteens of the camp cannot possibly supply all the demands placed upon them. To supplement them we planned to organize a consumers' society, which was to be administered by the prisoners themselves and run by capital furnished also by the prisoners. It is hoped that through the medium of the foreign offices of the Association, victuals can be imported from abroad to supply these societies.

JULIUS HECKER.

Each in His Own Religion

Wherever I met a secretary of this Association, I observed whether he was proselyting. I am a correct and fervent Catholic and I can confirm that I found without any exception that the secretaries only want to do good and to bring each man in his own religion to the highest possible development.

COUNTESS ———.

Russian Camps in Austria

The work is so fascinating that one forgets all personal affairs. This morning I took a gramophone to the many invalids. The sick sprang up from their beds and walked, the armless embraced each other, and the one-legged began to dance. Everyone smiled, the beds were empty, and the canes lay on the side. Well, if for nothing else, all our efforts have not been in vain.

I am glad I am alive. I trust and pray we may be permitted to stay in this harvest field. We have made some 18,000 hearts glad with the greetings and cheer and gifts of Christmas time. I never have experienced such joy at any Christmas as this year.

C. W. BARTZ.

FOR SOLDIERS

Establishing Homes

Sixty thousand soldiers visited the eleven homes already opened in Austria during the month of October. At Ollmütz alone 234,000 soldiers were received during the last year. The presidents of the Bohemian Reformed, the Bohemian Free Reformed, and Bohemian Lutheran branches of our Association, as well as the Bohemian national secretary, are ready to cooperate in a larger work. We shall send out a Bohemian Christmas booklet to all the Protestant Bohemian soldiers at the front. We are editing a Bible reading program covering the year 1917 and

intended for our members at the front. Soldiers' homes are being started in the twenty-five garrison centers of Bohemia and Moravia. No opportunity should be neglected to extend the work until we have reached all the more important garrison homes in Austria. The Rev. Mr. Bufe, secretary of the Vienna home, has extended his work by starting new homes in the suburbs of the city. There are a number of garrisons in the neighborhood of the capital, and I have encouraged him to attempt to reach all of these.

Tomorrow I shall be leaving on a tour of Silesia and Galicia in the eastern war zone. These districts are crowded with soldiers, but as yet we have no soldiers' homes there.

The organization of soldiers' homes according to our program in Silesia, Galicia, Moravia, Bohemia, and in the southwest war zone from Salzburg down to Trieste is under way.

At Teschen a committee has been organized with the mayor as chairman. The town has offered the building, and the military authorities have offered to supply the necessary food materials.

In Krakau I was received by the chief of the General Staff, who introduced me to the officer of the place. The Association will cooperate with him in his plans for a Home.

The general at Przemysl is greatly pleased with the idea of a Home and will put a building at our disposal. He requested me to return later.

In Jaroslau the commanding officer called a meeting of officers and doctors. A committee was organized and met within two hours. The next morning the rooms for the Home were already available. As Jaroslau is crowded with sick, the Home will be a real boon.

EBERHARD PHILDIUS.

GERMANY

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

Each month had seen the opportunities for wider service grow. The unfortunate regulation requiring the presence of a witness on all our trips through the camps had been removed for some of us, and we all hoped soon to be given freedom of movement among the prisoners. We rejoiced that the ban on all amusements in the camps was lifted and that moving picture entertainments would again be permitted. The bazaar arranged by Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Sweden had stimulated the production of much splendid handicraft work. An ever larger number of working parties was being made accessible to us and the extreme cordiality and willingness of the German authorities to cooperate filled all with joy and hope for the

future, especially several who had just got to work after a long weary wait for permits.

It was a gloomy group, therefore, that answered the summons to Berlin issued by our senior secretary, after the camps had been closed to us in consequence of the breaking off of diplomatic relations, and a still gloomier one that saw no other alternative than to accept the kind offer of the Foreign Office to leave Germany by the special train of the Ambassador's party. The War Ministry could give us no assurance that we would ever be allowed to visit prison camps again, and they refused to consider our offer to be voluntarily interned. But one consolation was granted us—the work would surely go on. Not only from the farewell speech of Prince Max of Baden, our protector, who called us together on the eve of our departure, but also from the attitude of the War Ministry with whom Mr. Hoffmann was in continual touch, we could feel the strong desire of the authorities for this. The Ministry not only gave permission to Mr. Hoffmann to stay on to direct the work, but even strongly urged him to do so. It requested, however, that other American secretaries be replaced as soon as possible by neutrals, especially Danes.

Before we left, the call had gone out to our representatives in Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and while we were still in Switzerland we heard that a number of men carefully selected by them had already arrived on the field. Mr. Harte was requested to remain as general secretary by General Friedrich of the War Ministry, who made a special trip to Stockholm to confer with him. The fear that the work for Germans interned in Russia might be affected was quite evident.

Even the declaration of war has not affected the positions of Mr. Harte and Mr. Hoffmann and the work financed as heretofore by America will continue under them.

LOUIS WOLFERZ.

His Royal Highness Prince Max of Baden to the Departing American Secretaries

I have asked you to come here in order to thank you, before you depart, for the work you have accomplished in our camps. I am justified in doing this because I had taken upon myself the protectorate of your mission at the request of those who sent you here, and because I am able by personal observation and by the reports that I received to judge of the exceptional merits of your activity.

I can assure you that cooperation with you and your superiors has been one of the most gratifying experiences that I have had in this war, at a time when the very foundations, upon which the life of nations and their relations to one another have hitherto rested, are tottering and threaten to crumble completely. The work among prisoners of war represents in my estimation

Well Beloved Christmas Symbols
brought home near to many in the prisoner-of-war camps

Pleased With a Rattle
Who can estimate the value of a match to one who has fuel but no fire? This picture shows some of the things supplied to prisoners of war in response to their urgent requests

Serbian Prisoners' Orchestra
These instruments were provided by the Association

a great pillar around which all those thoughts and feelings that concern universal brotherhood can gather, a brotherhood that declines to see in the captured and wounded enemy anything else than a suffering human being. I shall never forget the discussions on this subject that I have had with your leaders, of whom I would mention first of all Messrs. Mott, Harte, and Hall, for they have enriched my experience and confirmed my conviction that, in spite of the relentless struggle that is devastating mankind, the power of goodness remains unconquered and is able to accomplish works of salvation out of the depths of despair with ever new strength.

In a most solemn hour I address you, for your departure signifies a new and ominous phase of this world war. Your native land, America, has broken off diplomatic relations with the land to which you have come to perform a service of humanitarian aid. You leave Germany at the moment when a new cloud rises on the distant horizon. That your work here will not be wholly abandoned and that Mr. Hoffmann intends to remain on, causes me to rejoice greatly, for I see in these facts the finest possible expression of the ideal you represent in this world, worthy of the great Christian organization of which you are a part.

You depart from Germany which, surrounded by enemies, is battling in the fiercest of struggles for its threatened existence. You have learned to know my fatherland in a time of suffering and trial, when all powers of the nation under greatest tension are striving after the same goal: to maintain national independence, to save all that is sacred and valuable to a German. Of those ideal values that Germany upholds in the world and that are esteemed by millions of your fellow countrymen I will not speak to you now, for you have had to do war work in war times and this side of German life has presented itself more clearly to you. You have come to know a people which is bearing its sorrow and suffering with singular patience and self-denial, in a loyalty and fidelity to the fatherland that arises from conviction. You have been able to acquaint yourselves with those characteristics that impressed your great countryman, Emerson, when he visited Germany, and which the great Englishman, Carlyle, defended with convincing force against his own countrymen. You have fitted yourselves into the workings of the great organization that Germany has created for its more than one and a half million prisoners, an organization which, in spite of all that has been said by our enemies or is being said, is unquestionably the most wonderful and complete that the war has produced along these lines. You can bear witness to the fact that on the part of our war ministry the will is present to make the lot of the prisoner, which under all circumstances is a sad one, a humane and bearable lot as far as in their power lies; and that the utmost is being done to maintain and improve the physical and mental well-being of the prisoners, so far as this can be

achieved in view of their vast numbers and great diversity of nationality and race, and under the conditions under which Germany is at present forced to live. In the camps you have made the acquaintance of those who accepted and furthered with zeal and gladness the regulations that brought relief and joy to the prisoners. Misunderstandings and difficulties, which are never lacking in human affairs, you have accepted and overcome with praiseworthy patience and kindliness. The commandants you have found to be aids and willing furtherers of your work, and this work was a noble one. You have brought happiness and comfort wherever you came, and many edifices, churches, workshops, and libraries speak of your untiring diligence and the liberal supply of means put at your disposal by your organization.

The words of thanks that I speak to you can be but a dim reflection of the joy and inward happiness with which you are filled; this I am able to read from the Christmas reports you have sent to me. Therefore I will be brief. But you can rest assured that this gratitude will live on in me, and that I shall always look back with satisfaction and not a little pride to the months in which I, as your protector, worked in union with you.

That I, even without you, will pursue the aims that are yours, you will, as I surely may assume, never have doubted. Too highly do I esteem the cause of humanity, too clearly do I sense the suffering of imprisonment, to cease to serve them now. A number of most admirable organizations and personalities of conviction, as you know, are engaged in the same service.

Remember me kindly and let us all cling to the conviction that, though the enmity of our countries may depress us, we ourselves can never personally be enemies. I am confident that far from us, too, you will bear witness to the truth as you have found it amongst us. You who represent the America of humanitarianism, brotherly love, and active philanthropy will bear witness to that Germany which you have learned to know and which our enemies do not want to know, that Germany which, though itself visited by sorrow and suffering, performs without hate humane acts, and respects and values body and soul of its prisoners because it finds in them suffering mortals crying out for sympathy and rescue.

And now farewell. May you continue to bear with you to that place where the blessing of new duties will be your reward, the joy of those who are permitted to bring joy.

Good Will of Outside Friends Finds Expression

Dear Mr. Harte:

Just before the holidays we sent out 100 entertainment boxes consisting of assorted games and a musical instrument or two, for distribution in the working commandos. Several thousand Christmas and New Year cards, especially adapted for Russians

and Poles, were distributed. In one or two cases a Christmas card design contest was arranged, and the design chosen then printed (in one case 10,000) and used by the prisoners in sending Christmas greetings to the folks at home.

Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Sweden kindly sent us several thousand photo-cards of herself and two of her children which we distributed, together with other gifts from her, among the sick in various prison-camp "lazarets."

A Russian Countess gave us 500 marks, for which we purchased sausage in Denmark for the 200 sick and crippled Russians in a Berlin "lazaret." Another man gave us 3,000 marks, for which we bought in Denmark a quarter pound sausage and a package of tea for each of 3,000 or more Russians in another "lazaret." We go there next Sunday for the Russian New Year's Day to distribute the same, together with other gifts. We have arranged for Christmas trees with electric lights and a gramophone with Russian plates for a concert.

One of our secretaries hired an auto and played the veritable Santa Claus as he traveled from one working group to another, giving a gramophone concert, and then distributing gifts—books, comforts, and cards. In one place the senior among the Russians arose, called for a collection, and wanted to buy the secretary a Christmas gift in token of appreciation for what he had done. It was one of many incidents illustrative of the gratitude of the men for the little service we were able to render them. We are to be envied our privilege. I wish many a time that our American friends could be present at meetings such as the following:

We, four Russian doctors and I, were ushered to the seats of honor at the far end of a hospital barrack just in front of the platform. One gazed back into the sea of faces, like children, happy because of expectation, a few wistful because of home thought. Here were bandaged heads, men on crutches, arms in slings, thin pale faces of consumptives, English, French, Russian, even one colored Senegalese from Africa, all intermingled. Two Christmas trees with lighted candles emphasized the fact that this was a Christmas celebration. One instinctively felt the effort being made to drive away those painful thoughts of the loved ones at home, to replace by temporary distraction the yearning in the hearts of many. For these men, there was no Christmas dinner. For many it was the third Christmas in prison.

After the entertainment we visited those too sick to leave their cots. O, for some eggs, milk, bread, fruit, to give them. Like children they thanked us for our well-meant, but empty gifts.

Some secretaries purchased oranges for the sick. All wanted to buy food, but could not. If only the present negotiations for the importation of food supplies from America for the prisoners of war in the various countries succeed! It is an imperative

and an immediate necessity. We could use millions, conservatively speaking, for the purchase of food for prisoners, if food were available. And America alone can furnish the food. To illustrate: One camp alone has ordered 80,000 marks' worth of food a month from us, but we haven't got it and can't get it.

In one camp the more fortunate British put aside from their parcels various supplies for several weeks to use at Christmas in giving a little parcel to those who received nothing. In one officers' camp 7,500 marks were collected by the prisoners for the purchase of parcels for needy privates in other camps. Ruhleben proposed to collect 400 pairs of woolen socks for needy Servians in another camp.

In several camps we furnished candles for the trees and the High Mass, also wine and bread for the Holy Communion. White, Kennard, Lowry, and Wheeler gave illustrated lectures on the Life of Christ.

At Ruhleben we had a three days' conference. It was carefully planned and aroused unusual interest. One hundred and eighty men were definitely enrolled. On Christmas Day, I took our little one to the camp, having secured permission for the same. Never did I realize the heart hunger of the men as then. Big, stalwart, bearded men implored to hold her on their laps. We went into the Association Hall, where baby ran around, and men from adjoining rooms who heard the patter of her feet came to see this miracle, a child. Many shed tears and for the time forgot their bitterness in the kindly thought of little ones at home. And "a little child shall lead them." How very true!

Nor did we forget the German Guard. We had 2,000 marks which we used to bring to these men, many just as lonely and homesick as the prisoners, a little Christmas joy. In one or two instances the commandants refused to accept our proffered gift.

Something must be done at once to facilitate the forwarding of food supplies to the prisoners. The Russians, Servians, Roumanians, and Russian Armenians, as well as many Belgian civilians, need food. Germany is doing all in her power, but when the supplies are not available she can do nothing.

Perhaps I have said too much and yet there is so much I should still like to say. My prayer is that America may give, give, and give again. I hope we shall succeed in securing England's permission for the shipment of food-stuffs for the prisoners of war. The officials here have agreed in writing to meet England's conditions, namely:

1. That such food supplies shall go only to the prisoners of war.

2. That present food allowances shall in no way be affected by supplementary food sent in.

With the earnest request for your unceasing prayers and those of friends during the coming months,

CONRAD HOFFMANN.

Appreciation of Servian Committee

We received your kind favor of the 8th of November, and it has done us good to see that we are not quite neglected. God is looking after us and good Christians are not forgetting us. For every gift, be it big or small, we shall be eternally grateful.

In the meantime your representative, Mr. White, has called on us and was kind enough to ask for our wishes for the coming Christmas. There are so many of us and you cannot help all, but we beg of you to do what you can.

We have all one fervent wish for Christmas and may it please *God* to grant it to us. That wish is: *Peace.* Peace be on earth and may men help one another instead of killing each other!

Yours very respectfully,
WOJIN NASTASIJEWITCH.
For the Servian Aid Committee,
in Halbe near Berlin.

Needs of Prisoners in Bavaria

To the prisoners I have sent everything from a football to a black-board—including books (both for reading and school purposes), games (such as chess, checkers, dominoes, lotto), orchestra music, mouth organs, and in one instance anatomical charts for a class of Russians, and I have at present unfulfilled commissions for playing-cards, ladies' wigs, and decorations for the interior of a Catholic chapel.

The conditions as I find them in the various camps are pretty constant for the three nationalities and may be summed up as follows: French, excellent (though they have the most wants); Russians, fair to poor; Serbs, invariably pitiably poor. Of course this must not be taken to refer to the treatment on the part of the German officials, it refers simply to the matter of the receipt of letters, parcels, and money from home. In the case of the Serbs, it seems highly desirable that a special fund should be devoted to their relief. So far I have had nothing from the Association that I could use for such a purpose. Many of them have been in the field for five years and have seen nothing of home or family in all that time. The country has forbidden the sending of food parcels outside the borders, were the families of the prisoners able to send anything. Among the prisoners are men of seventy and over, and in at least one camp several cases of death due purely to old age were reported to me by two different German officers. Especially in Traunstein, the civilians' camp, are clothes needed. In one camp, Lechfeld, I distributed some money I had brought over with me from friends in America—two marks apiece to 120 of the oldest of them, those who could not go out to work and so earn a little

something. It will be a relief to my mind if we are able to do something really to help these poor Serbs; the German commandants say, "Anything you can do will be most worth while," and to people in real distress a game of checkers or a mouth-organ affords after all but scant comfort.

As I presume is the case all over Germany, the work here is complicated by the widespread scattering of prisoners in ones and twos and threes among the farmers. The life among the peasant families, however, and the regular employment, is far more normal than any captivity could be under the most favorable conditions, and one cannot but rejoice at the arrangement, which is so beneficial to prisoners and farmers alike.

ALFRED LOWRY, JR.

Working Together at Kottbus

A letter from Dr. Mott of December 8th contains the very gratifying information that you have undertaken the expense of constructing and maintaining the Association building at Kottbus. This was the first camp in which I endeavored to promote Young Men's Christian Association activities and consequently it is, perhaps, my "pet" camp.

Kottbus Camp has the attractive combination of, first, a Christian commandant general with a heart interest in his prisoners; second, a large number of interned men who cannot be sent out on working parties and therefore especially need to be kept busy; and, third, a unified camp plan, so that the three nationalities, Russian, French, and English, while separately housed, can mingle freely in school, church, concert, and sport.

It is nearly a year since our National Secretary, Conrad Hoffmann, gave his illustrated lecture on Young Men's Christian Association work in Kottbus, first to the General and his staff (in German) and then to the prisoners of war. This led to a request for a Young Men's Christian Association building, which was begun in July, 1916.

The management of the building was given to a committee of the prisoners by the General. We call this the International Young Men's Christian Association Committee of Kottbus Prisoner of War Camp 1. This committee meets every time I visit the camp, to report and consider ways of promoting Association activities.

In the past six months the men have learned, (1) that I have no official connection with any embassy and therefore hear no political complaints; (2) that, while our organization is very sympathetic, we are unable to supply personal desires for food, clothing, etc., merely forwarding such requests to the Red Cross or other agencies in the countries concerned; (3) that we are very ready to help all voluntary activities permitted in the camp which aim to occupy profitably the time of the men, and (4)

that this help is available equally for all nationalities and all confessions.

I sincerely hope you will come to feel as well satisfied with your investment of money in Kottbus Camp as I am with my investment of personality.

J. Gustav White.

Working Parties Change Conditions

In the officers' camps the prisoners are given a great deal of freedom. Athletics of every sort, theaters, moving picture shows, music, lectures, and study courses are encouraged. Walking parties are conducted into the country on long excursions. Provision is made for church services by clergymen of the different confessions represented among the prisoners.

However, athletics, intellectual pursuits, and religious activities are being neglected in steadily growing measure. Many of the imprisoned officers are not maintaining the will power to live on a high plane. The old incentives to do this must be supplemented by new ones, to the discovery of which we of the Association must bend every effort. I have already been urging men to take up specialized courses of study and am offering to secure their text books for them. I am also planning to prepare some stereopticon lectures which will, I hope, whet the intellectual appetite in both officers and men.

Conditions in the camps for men and non-commissioned officers are as a whole determined by the general plan to put as many men as possible to work. At present all able-bodied men up to and including the rank of corporal are under obligation to work, and men of higher ranks are encouraged to offer themselves voluntarily. In line with this policy, amusements are prohibited in these camps. The camp is not to suffer from the standpoint of healthfulness (gymnastic exercises, for example, are conducted by the German authorities as heretofore). but it is not to be so attractive as to make men prefer it to the working party. The men who are in camp throughout the day consequently include only the following classes: the sick, those permanently unable to work, those in jail for criminal acts, sergeants, adjutants, and civilians, if any, and the prisoners' relief committee, as well as other clerical help. These total from five to fifteen per cent of the men belonging to the camp, and of course only very few who are not in the hospital are free during the day. Under these conditions the multiplied activities that characterized the camps last year must necessarily fall away. Even organized school work will drop off in many cases. This I am counteracting by facilitating in every possible way the carrying on of private studies. In fact I have already secured advanced text books for a number of men, and of course find that just such personal service gives me a splendid chance to cultivate real friendships.

It is evident from what I have said that the working party is the real basis of prisoner life at the present time. This condition is, I believe, going to last, and on the whole it is the best thing for the prisoner. To be sure, it removes a large part of the prisoners almost altogether from the influence of our work and it subjects them to new moral dangers. On the other hand, it gives them steady and paying employment, it helps them readjust prejudiced notions about the character and spirit of their captors, and it puts them into a more normal social environment. It is no surprise then, that most prisoners, especially those on small farms, prefer the working party to the camp. These smaller groups, numbered as they are by the thousands, it is practically impossible for us to visit. For those with over twenty men, however, we can do practically the same things as for the camps themselves. They, too, have their evenings free for study, they need and are glad to get a word of cheer and moral exhortation, as well as holy pictures, prayer books, and Testaments, and much can be done by encouraging them to engage in athletics and music.

E. O. Jacob.

Give Us Bread

(From the speech of the Honorable James W. Gerard at Carnegie Hall, April 9th, 1917.)

When I was asked to come here tonight I said I would gladly speak for a few moments, because I want to bear witness to the splendid work performed by the Young Men's Christian Association in Europe during the war. . . . I want to congratulate you on this work and especially on the splendid devotion of Dr. John R. Mott and Rev. A. C. Harte. . . .

How to reach the working parties and how to supply real relief to the sick in the hospitals and to the needy Serbs, Roumanians, and Russians are the outstanding problems of the work of the present in Germany. Eighty to eighty-five per cent of the men are scattered all over the country in parties of two to two hundred, and any number of secretaries could be kept busy hunting them up and bearing them words of cheer. To realize the tremendous needs of these men, one must be thanked as a secretary was merely for visiting them in civilian dress with a smile on his face and a hearty handshake for all, and talking with them in their own tongue. For the agricultural groups the opportunities are quite unlimited. For the industrial groups, an activity such as that carried on by our Industrial Department among the miners and cotton mill workers would bring untold blessing. But the employers must first be convinced that such work would not make for discontent and inefficiency, but would on the contrary fit their enemy employes in every way for better service.

As the blockade continues, the need of food parcels for the needy and sick increases. The terrible monotony day after day of the same kind of food, which is just sufficient to keep body and soul together, tells even on the strong men. The scant means available for procuring food parcels from Copenhagen gave out just before Christmas, and made it impossible to carry out all our plans for bringing a little holiday cheer to these unfortunates. The new arrangement of sending to British prisoners through the Central Committee in London was working well when the secretaries left Berlin, and the men were receiving their three 10-lb. parcels fortnightly, besides bread from Copenhagen. The French and Belgians receive regularly their biscuit, and the French, at least, also many parcels from various relief committees. But our hearts go out to the Russians and Serbs in their neglected state. Something must be done for them. "Give us bread," they say.

BULGARIA

Mr. Sartorius of our Swiss National Committee, has gone to Sofia to begin work for the prisoners of war and for the Bulgarian troops. Mr. Phildius, of our World's Committee in Geneva, reported that a hearty response had been accorded him by the War Ministry and the General Staff, who have opened wide the door of opportunity. A report of the work accomplished by our secretaries in France in the interest of Bulgarian prisoners there impressed them greatly.

TURKEY

The prisoners are supplied with various necessities at the expense of their respective governments, but through the agency of the American Embassy. All this work is now centralized in our building here in Constantinople, which the Embassy has rented for the purpose. Large amounts of overcoats, suits, underwear, books, towels, soap, medicines, cocoa, etc., are baled and shipped every day to the groups of prisoners scattered in the towns of Asia Minor.

The building is now a bee-hive of activity, and it is a joy to know that it continues to be of real service to men.

D. J. Van Bommel.

SWITZERLAND

Work for the Interned

In the smaller stations where there are from one to two hundred invalids, some sort of lecture or entertainment will be

provided every fortnight and in the larger stations every week. Many of the lectures will be illustrated by stereopticon views and experiments, and supplemented by the cinematograph with music. Some of the lectures will be primarily moral in purpose. While a distinctively religious work cannot be done, there is no limitation on the personal work of the secretaries and other visitors. Moral subjects will be presented indirectly, through musical evenings and other programs suggesting home and the family life. Again lectures by approved specialists will deal directly with the perils of immorality.

Circulating libraries will be made available and will include books useful for collectors and those seeking to acquire new handicrafts. Exhibitions of collections and the products of the prisoners' handiwork will be arranged from time to time.

Interned Students

Up to the middle of January some 1,300 men, prisoners interned in Switzerland, had joined our universities. Of these about 950 are French and Belgians and the rest, 350, Germans.

In cooperation with local committees and in some instances with the help of the authorities, we opened special "Interned Student Homes" (Foyers) in Lausanne, Neuchatel, Berne, Basle, Geneva, and Zürich. In each place a special man is in charge of the home, either as an honorary worker, or in the pay of the Student Christian Association. Some are giving their full time, others only part of their time, to this work.

The time elapsed since the opening of the homes is too short yet to permit a good account of the results achieved through the work done in them. For various reasons it took some time before the students themselves realized what was being done for them. On account of the very varied intellectual preparation the men have brought with them for their studies, it is difficult also to plan united intellectual activities. The first things which were accomplished were the overcoming of suspicions and prejudices relating to our intentions, and the winning of their confidence. This has now almost everywhere been done.

Everywhere the secretaries feel that the work is meeting a real need of the students. Some men can be helped and advised in their studies, others who seemed to have lost all hope for the future can be encouraged. All appreciate the spirit of freedom and of peaceful and earnest work which permeates their new surroundings.

F. DE ROUGEMONT.

STRICTLY PRIVATE—NOT TO BE PRINTED

FOR THE MILLIONS OF MEN NOW UNDER ARMS

NUMBER TWELVE

Copyright, 1917, by
The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations

FOREWORD

It has been my lot to visit the war zone four times since the war began. Each time I have been impressed with the growing magnitude and intensity of the areas of need and suffering, and likewise with the ever widening opportunities for constructive service on the part of American men and women of unselfishness, of imagination, and of decision of character. The months of this autumn and of the coming winter will witness the most severe strain and the greatest danger of physical, mental, and moral collapse in the prisoner-of-war camps. They will also bring the most clamant demands for help in the training camps and in the trenches.

November 11th to 19th inclusive will take place the great campaign in this country to secure $35,000,000 in order to enable us to render an adequate service to all the men in the American Army and Navy both at home and overseas, as well as to make it possible for us to do a larger and better work for the Allied Armies, such as those of Russia, France, and Italy, and for all prisoners of war. It is the time of times for all who read these lines to devise and do generous and really sacrificial things—something in degree and quality like unto that which is being done by the men who have gone out to represent us in this great life and death grapple of the nations.

JOHN R. MOTT,
124 East 28th Street, New York City

November 1, 1917

IF I WERE CAPTURED BY GERMANS

By an American Association Secretary Formerly in German War Prison Camps

When an American soldier is captured he ceases to be a dangerous enemy and becomes a German community's ward. He is just one of between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 hostages held by the Central Powers. Some soldiers can't or won't understand this change. I have seen several who persisted in stirring up useless trouble behind the barbed wires. When highwaymen have the drop on a stage-coach party it's poor policy to do anything but obey orders. Force is apparently the only rule of this war.

If I were captured my first effort would be to write a postal to the International Red Cross, Geneva, Switzerland, and another to the World's Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, also at Geneva. The first agency would notify the American Red Cross and thus start food and clothing parcels to me, while the Young Men's Christian Association would have one of its neutral Secretaries in Germany call on me when feasible. Just remember two addresses: (1) Red Cross, Geneva, Switzerland. (2) Y. M. C. A., Geneva, Switzerland.

Correspondence Regulations. The correspondence permitted to a prisoner of war in Germany is limited to writing four postals and two four-page letters per month. He may receive as many and as long letters as are sent to him. It often happens that the postal business of a camp of 10,000 prisoners of war amounts to as much as that of the neighboring town of 50,000 inhabitants. Anyone can write to a prisoner without paying postage, so there is an inducement to write often. Of course all reference to war and politics must be avoided, otherwise the waste-basket gets the letter. With the tremendous amount of mail to be censored by each camp, I can readily understand why a whole letter might be thrown away instead of having the objectionable parts clipped out.

A curious instance of groundless suspicion arose when an English wife habitually closed her letters with the number "349." This number was suspected as a code message and usually smeared out by the camp censor, in spite of the prisoner-husband's explaining that it was the number of the hymn "God be with you till we meet again."

Dodging the Censor. A friend wrote me recently from Germany, "Mr. Murphy has been gone for three weeks and we are

worried, for we don't know when he will return." I knew he referred to the absence of Irish potatoes, but had the censor understood this reference to the Irish gentleman, of course the letter would have been mutilated.

The Russian prisoner who made a similar reference to the disappearance of sugar since February, 1916, only wasted his post card, for the camp censor laughingly explained the Russian slang name of sugar, when he told me the incident. Some families have "relatives" whose names represent the various allies and a Britisher jubilantly told me he knew of a French offensive because his "governor" wrote, "Aunt Molly is so much stronger that she recently walked three miles."

A prisoner wrote asking for some "Newsie Extract." His wife caught the point. Newspaper clippings came in the butter. But just such practices led to the sweeping order that all butter must be sliced through, all cans opened, all bread cut open, before the contents of food parcels are given to prisoners. The centralization of food shipment has of course reduced the likelihood of sending these secret messages, but the regulations persisted until we left in February, 1917, and presumably are still in force.

If I were taken prisoner I would probably also rack my brains to get some interesting news by the censor, because it lends a zest to writing, but the great majority of prisoners are probably wiser, for they play safe.

Letters I'd desire. To read a daily letter filled with "gush" from a prisoner's wife is sometimes so sickening to a censor that he will postpone to the last the reading of such prisoner's correspondence. As it often happens that the camp censor is behind in his work, such excessive attention from home folks really works a hardship on the prisoner. I would ask my relatives to write once or twice a week, short clear letters about folks, friends, business, pleasures, etc. And if I had one correspondent who could put religious hope, courage, and endurance into letters I would certainly beg for at least one such letter per week.

The Wonder Working Post. The post is the only clear channel from the barbed wire enclosure to the free homeland. Through it come food, clothes, books, family news, photos, love, hope, and endurance. To the simple peasant-prisoners, this postal system appears so wonderful in its accomplishment that one can easily understand the following incident from Württemberg:

A pious Russian who had learned to write and read in the camp school, naively decided to put his needs in writing to The Almighty as follows:

"Dear God! I need 100 marks. I can't write you just why, but I guess you know I must have this money. Please send it to me quickly, for I cannot wait till I get a letter from Russia. Your obedient servant, Ivan."

The trustful letter appealed to the camp censor and he sent

it, like all exceptional communications, to the War Ministry of Württemberg. Here some kind-hearted, sport-loving officers decided to take up a collection and answer the simple Russian's prayer. They gathered 25 marks and dispatched the money at once to Ivan. When Ivan's next writing day arrived, he posted another message which read:

"Dear God! I received the money and thank you very much. Please write me again but this time don't send the money through the War Ministry, for the last letter only brought 25 marks so I think they held back 75 marks. Your servant, Ivan."

If I were a prisoner I would prefer that my relatives in America should send me anything except money, for the simple reason that there is nothing to buy. The camp canteens, which in the beginning had good stocks, have now no food nor clothes—only tooth-brushes, combs, and nick-nacks. I could earn enough to buy these things when necessary.

The Food Situation. Hunger is the demon of camp life in Germany. How much shall I say on this point? If I were fortunate enough to be assigned to an old established camp, where a large number of British or French happen to be quartered, I would be happy, for they would surely share their parcels from home with me until my food supplies began to arrive. The poor Russians get practically no parcels, and must exist upon what the German government provides. This allowance grew noticeably less in the months I was visiting camps, until breakfast consisted of substitute coffee with the equivalent of five slices of heavy bread, and lunch and supper each brought only a quart of vegetable soup. This might be endurable for a week or two, but how the Russian prisoners have managed to live on this fare for the past year is more than I can understand. No wonder they haunt the garbage cans. The camp cook varies the diet as much as possible, but is limited by two considerations: first, everything must be cooked in the big army soup kettles—hence it's always soup; and second, (as often stated by the German officers), "Since our enemies insist on starving German women and children, our prisoners must suffer first"—hence the soup is often thin.

Transferred to Another Camp. The frequent changing of prisoners is a great disturber of parcel post delivery. Often it takes as long to get a parcel re-sent to the new camp as to send it from America. And the re-sent parcel again runs the risk of being broken into *en route*. With the decreasing quality of wrapping and binding material and the use of hungry mothers as parcel-post employes, one cannot wonder if a piece of bacon slips out of a convenient hole in the package. As an American I would take a hitch in my belt and write another postal to the Red Cross every time I were moved to another camp.

Making Guards Friendly. An Englishman said to me, "With a half pound of butter I can oil my way into the good graces of

any German guard in this camp." If this method were available and permitted, I would certainly use it, but usually it is strongly *"verboten."* Some way or other I would try to win my way into the good graces of my captors, for camp life can be made more bearable if confidence is established. I know prisoners who can write almost as many letters as they wish, because they have made themselves serviceable in camp as interpreters or workers in camp postoffices or workshops.

Real Laughing in Camps. Last winter, when all theatricals were forbidden in camp, it was comical to see the spontaneous growth of "Gaff Parties" and the liberal interpretation of the permitted "concert" to include comic opera and variety entertainments. In the theater of the British civilian camp at Ruhleben I heard the only hearty laughter in Germany. No, I must amend that and include the sergeants' mess in another camp where I used to swap Yankee jokes for Scotch yarns with a grey-mustached Sergeant. A roomful of appreciative laughers made this a double joy. That was the camp where a pet crow was the British mascot. Dogs and cats have voluntarily interned themselves as friendly companions of the prisoners of war in many camps.

"The fun of this prison life is to see how much one can make with little," said a hospital orderly, who was a good angel to every new comrade. To play golf with walking sticks and tennis balls is quite as much fun as with the more expensive country club equipment—when you can't get the latter. Tennis and gardening in summer and ice skating in winter are enjoyed by many.

Handicrafting Would Appeal to Me. Souvenirs, toys, and more useful handicraft articles are giving great satisfaction to many—and this would surely be one of my hobbies if I were captured. Many Russians buried their aluminum canteens upon arrival in camp, to save confiscation, and later dug them up to make their famous aluminum rings. All sorts of wood, leather, and textile articles have been manufactured with the crudest implements. One Russian constructed a little hand-loom upon which he now makes hundreds of colored napkins. A varied assortment of 14,000 articles was bought by Association secretaries in the many prison camps and sent to the Crown Princess of Sweden, whose committee advertised a three days' exposition and sale in January, 1917. At the end of the first day every article was sold. Another exposition is now under way.

A French pianist had no instrument on which to practice, so he drew a piano keyboard on a plank. For two or more hours each day he extracted imaginary music from this board until the German guards thumped their foreheads and muttered *"verrückt."* But when at the end of two years he was interned in Switzerland, his fingers had lost little of their skill.

"Arbeits Kommando." In trying to organize voluntary ac-

tivities in camp two conditions would temporarily discourage even a Yankee; first, the German authorities want to run everything and do not encourage initiative among the prisoners; and second, the leaders or workers in any enterprise are likely at any moment to be sent out of camp to work, or to be transferred to another camp. And unless one has made a good friend among the Germans it's useless to protest.

Every Tommy with whom I became acquainted had learned at least three German words with which to fortify his aversion to doing any work beneath the dignity of a British soldier. These were, *"krank, nichts Arbeit,"* but his pronunciation of the first word was, as a rule, purposely English.

On working parties of from five to five hundred men the situation is very different from camp life. Ordinarily it is a blessing to work, even at forced labor. I would hope to be so fortunate as to work near enough to the main camp to come "home" at night, as the larger community of prisoners can provide distractions impossible on small working parties. But soldiers, of course, take orders and make the best of them. If I found myself on a small farm with a half dozen companions and an armed sentinel working for a widowed German woman and her three small *Kinder,* I think I'd use my spare time reading, learning German from the kiddies, and playing horseshoes with my comrades—a simple life and monotonous. The Association's effort to send circulating libraries and game cases to working parties would certainly win my gratitude.

Send Me Books. Of course officers and the higher non-commissioned officers are excused from work, but I am sure if I were a captive officer I would try to invent work, as so many have done. Books are, of course, the great comforters of all prisoners. These friendly visitors come into camps by the thousands, but still the officers and men are not satiated. "Send us more books, so that we may forget where we are and learn something serviceable after the war," is the wish of thousands. I would apply to the War Prisoners' Aid of the Young Men's Christian Association in Berlin and if they could not get what I needed I'd write to the World's Committee at Geneva. The books must have been published before the war and have no military or political significance. Of course, every prisoner who can should pay for his own books, but it is against the law to send any money out of Germany.

Keeping Money in Germany. This law has worked a great hardship on officers who were ordering and paying for food parcels and other supplies from nearby neutral lands. "The German government pays me my salary regularly," said a sick Russian medical officer to me, "but I can't eat money." And a French officer related that he had received 400 francs' worth of books for the camp library from a neutral dealer, but now was unable

to pay the bill. Of course when relatives can send money to committees outside of Germany, this obstacle is overcome.

The Lesson in Patience. I am glad the relief work for American prisoners of war is being centralized. I sincerely hope it will be handled with American dispatch, because the unavoidable delays are trying enough. As a prisoner I could write only every fifth day. Then, according to German rules, my card or letter must wait ten days before the camp censor looks at it. By that time any "invisible" writing has usually become apparent. Often the censor is behind in him work, causing more delay, so that it sometimes takes a month for a prisoner's request to reach Denmark. Suppose it then had to go through a long bureau routine of eleven days (as I have seen happen in a well-organized European Red Cross headquarters)!

To the folks at home who must also learn in a superhuman measure the meaning of patience let me relate this instance:

Private Hindell of Lochdale Lancers was officially reported "killed in action." His wife collected the insurance. Later Hindell appeared in Switzerland as an interned soldier and succeeded in establishing communication with his wife. The "widow" came to visit him on the insurance money. There is often hope when all seems lost.

As a prisoner of war I would make up my mind to learn patience. Woe to the man who fails in this lesson. In the desert of waiting, thousands are refining their souls.

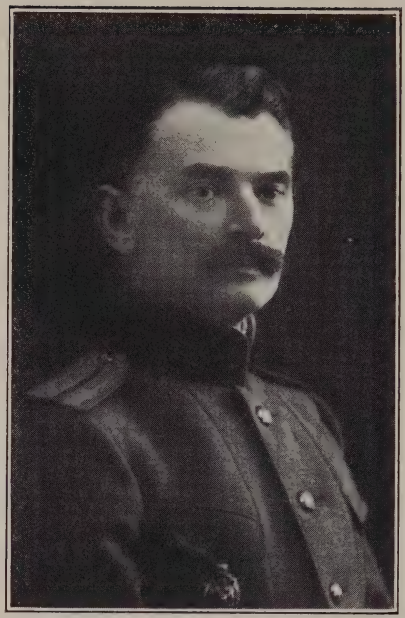
GENERAL SCOTT'S ENDORSEMENT

Under date of September 11th, General Scott writes to one of our Secretaries:

The richest field for disinterested endeavor that exists in the world today is undoubtedly Russia. By "rich" I mean that for every ounce of labor spent, for every dollar of equipment supplied, a harvest of results can be reaped surpassing what has ever been possible in any age or country since Christian men, for the sake of doing God's work on earth, began to try to help their fellows. Many men want to do some good in this world just for the sake of doing it, but the great majority even of these need the stimulus of seeing results accomplished to enable them victoriously to persevere along the unselfish path they have chosen. This is so human, so almost universal a trait, that few are justified in finding fault with it. For this reason Russia is like a fat pasture that beckons the husbandman to come and draw out its treasures.

And why is this so at this time and of this country? You must have been in Russia since the revolution to understand even a little of it.

At the Sign of the Red Triangle in Petrograd
Opening of the Café for Russian Soldiers in the Peter-Paul Fortress



Hungarian Officer, Prisoner in Siberia, and Russian Staff Officer, in Active Service, Who Wish to Give Their Lives to Association Work

"In Socialism is Our Salvation"
Some of the 100,000 Siberian Convicts recently released, whom interested Russian Officials have asked the Association to assist

Nearly one hundred and eighty million souls live in this vast country. For the most part they are the kindliest, the most childlike and simple people in the world. The great mass of them are profoundly ignorant; eighty-five per cent of them cannot read or write, and their knowledge of the ordinary things of the world is not comparable to that of a fourteen-year-old American boy. They are now thirsting for knowledge as only people do who for long generations have always been denied it and who now find themselves free to talk together, to hold meetings, to read what books they choose, to receive strangers without incurring suspicion.

Every idea that reaches these people now will bear fruit—good or evil according to what is sown—for many years to come. It is for this reason that I am deeply interested in the great effort which is being made by Dr. John R. Mott and his friends to raise a large sum for the prosecution of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in Russia. It appeals to me as an American, as a soldier, and as a Christian; it will help the Russians and it will also help us.

As I traveled through Russia a few weeks ago, I was utterly astonished at the many evidences of the wonderful organization with which the Young Men's Christian Association has covered even the most remote parts of that country. Wherever we went Association men would arrive with reports for Dr. Mott, and the members of our Mission found in them sources of the most varied and detailed information regarding the prisoners of the various camps, the people of the towns and villages, and the progress being made toward a realization of the new opportunities and duties brought them by their recently acquired freedom. Such an organization having at its head so wonderful a man as Dr. Mott, and counting in its ranks a great body of devoted and able workers, can do more for the permanent moral and physical improvement of the vast population of Russia than any agency I can think of. Contact with Association men will give the poor, ignorant peasants of Russia a knowledge of what freedom in a free country produces in the way of self-restraint, recognition of the duties owed to our fellows, and the benefits of sane and healthy exercise and amusement.

In the great prison camps and depots where Russian soldiers are gathered, Association work has an immediate value to health and a great ultimate usefulness in removing from men's minds the stains of bitterness and the damaging effects of heart-breaking ennui. It puts cheerfulness into the hearts of soldiers removed from home and family affections and thrown directly upon their own poor spiritual resources. It would be hard to find a more tempting opportunity for Christian effort on a vast scale, with results and rewards so immediate.

To all who give to this cause or go in its service, I beg to

bring the assurance, based on personal knowledge, that they are aiding a noble and useful work.

RUSSIA

"God is surely guiding our hands for a nation-wide campaign which will have its bearing on the world war," says Secretary Jerome Davis, after three months' work among Russian soldiers in Turkestan.

A Russian private, who had come to Petrograd from Central Asia, declared to a high government official that, because of the work of the Association in Turkestan, the discipline of the Russian army in that district was the best in revolutionary Russia.

The relation between discipline and military efficiency has been so clearly demonstrated by recent events in Russia that comment is superfluous.

WORK IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY

The First Association Work with the Russian Army

At the start in Turkestan, while helping prisoners, we gained the cooperation of the Russian regimental chaplain by giving New Testaments for him to distribute to the troops. Early in January, 1917, two months before the revolution, General Kuropatkin became interested in the work we did for prisoners and granted us permission to start specimen work for one Russian regiment.

In the second Siberian Regiment we were able to acquire one large barrack for a cinematograph, lectures, and entertainments and one small club for reading, writing, games, tea, music, and school. We tried to have every activity carried on by a Russian committee in a Russian way. As a result the popularity of the work was unlimited.

Soon after the revolution a great service which it seemed that our Association could render was to increase the loyalty of the soldiers to their officers and to their nation. We asked that all our committees be made up of soldiers and officers working together. We told the soldiers of the discipline in the United States Army. I assured them that I would now gladly go to the American front in behalf of liberty and justice for Russia, America, and the world. We asked them to cooperate in doing some Association work for those companies and soldiers who were risking their lives for their country and volunteering to fight in the trenches. We appointed a committee to investigate what could be done, for up to that time nothing tangible was being done, for those leaving for the front. We saw to it that every company had sufficient stationery to write home while *en route*. Through the cooperation of the colonel every one of the envelopes was stamped, so that they did not cost a *kopek* for postage. We ar-

ranged to give a *balalaika* and a harmonica to companies having none. Every company carried with them a small library of magazines and books, including the New Testament, each stamped with the Association name. As soon as we secured an adequate supply of Testaments we gave a copy to every man who wanted one. We soon realized that this was not enough. Our committee came asking for soap, insect powder, and tobacco for the soldiers going to the front. I made it a point to see the soldiers' committee of every such company and tell them that I wanted to thank them in the name of America for going to the front. I impressed on them the fact that they were serving not only Russia but America and the entire world.

Shortly after work had been started in Tashkent, permission was granted for us to work in the First Siberian Regiment as well. This regiment was then situated thirty miles from the railroad, and far from any town. Here two months before the revolution we installed a moving picture machine. The performances filled our barrack to the limit. At the same time we were able to start the first Christian Association class in reading and writing for the Russian soldiers. A place was provided for those who desired to write. Athletics were started with some Russian gymnastic apparatus. A splendid instrument maker in the regiment was set to making instruments for a *balalaika* orchestra. All this was before the revolution. Immediately after the revolution, on the official invitation of a deputy, I visited this regiment at Troitzkoe and spoke to all the officers and deputies who were assembled. At the conclusion I was officially elected a member of the regiment committee and the colonel, Prince Knaz, officially accepted the position of president of the Association.

As a result of our work in the above two regiments there was formed a committee for a city Association. The former mayor, who had become interested in our work, because he had arranged previously to give us free electric light, readily consented to become a member, as did also a lieutenant colonel at the military school. The first recommendation of this committee was to open a reading room in the center of Tashkent in the public square. Several of the orthodox ministers have suggested that we enlarge our committee by taking in a member of the clergy. Had I remained in Turkestan, we would have asked the bishop to serve on our committee when he arrived. He has been in America and is most friendly to our work, but has been away from the city all the spring.

Not only has our work been started in Tashkent; it has spread all over Turkestan. Early in March a deputation of soldiers was sent from a frontier town in which we had done work for prisoners to ask if we would not be willing to do the same thing for the Russian soldiers. On the presentation of a signed letter of permission, it was a pleasure to give a little money

toward the opening of an Association reading and library room in Chimkent. Soldiers in many other regiments of Turkestan have heard about our work. We secured permission from the general governor to work everywhere. Letters were given me from the assistant to the general governor and from the Soldiers' and Working-men's Deputies to the other camps. Before I had a chance to visit these places permission was brought to me to visit the fortress on the border of Afghanistan. Several regiments sent delegates to inspect our work and ask that I visit the camps.

Last but not least, we have trained men in Turkestan who can help us to start work all over Russia. God is surely guiding our hands for a nation-wide campaign which will have its bearing on the world war. I trust that the Association can rise to the opportunity to meet the call for men and money. It is a call which will never again come at such a critical hour, a challenge which, if accepted now, will not only gain for the Association the lasting friendship of Russia, but will also help in bringing in the world-wide Kingdom of God.

JEROME DAVIS.

In another report Mr. Davis says, "From the assistant to the general governor and also from the soldier deputies the suggestion has come that I go to the front to help the Russian soldiers. I believe that it is not only my duty to risk my life in this way if I can be of real service, but I believe that it would be a supreme privilege."

A Russian Chief of Staff Offers His Services

A secretary writes from Irkutsk, Central Siberia, concerning the work for Russian soldiers:

Recently when calling upon the new chief of staff for the Irkutsk military district, which includes more than half of Siberia, to introduce Bob Leonard, who is to take my place in this district, I mentioned the fact that we were making plans to undertake a work for Russian soldiers like that which we had already done for the prisoners of war. I told His Excellency that just as soon as Mr. Leonard could work out satisfactory plans he would present them to the staff for approval and that I was very anxious to know whether he had any objections to our undertaking such a work. The chief of staff replied that on the contrary he was very much interested and would be glad to help in any way possible. The conversation ended there.

The following day he sent the chief adjutant of the staff to my quarters to inform me that he, the chief of staff, would place at our disposal an apartment in Irkutsk, furnished and with light and heat supplied, for the headquarters of our work. This apartment has a drawing room which will seat over three hundred people. Also, that he would place at our disposal a new

barrack just completed near the heart of the city for the gymnasium and general center for the work for Russian soldiers, and finally that he himself would like to be a member of the central committee for this soldiers' work. The adjutant, himself an exceptionally fine and active Christian man, a captain in the Russian army, offered to translate for us Fosdick's "The Manhood of the Master" into Russian and to lead a normal Bible class of Russian officers in that course.

The day after this, General Chmiroff, Commander of the Garrison at Irkutsk Voenny Gorodok, with his wife and daughters, took tea with me. When I spoke of our plans for a work for Russian soldiers he was immediately enthusiastic and said, "Come out tomorrow—I will send my *troika* (three horse carriage) for Mr. Leonard and we will choose a barrack in the camp immediately." Mr. Leonard went the following day and the General in person conducted him through the camp, where we had already been working for prisoners of war for two years, and plans were immediately drawn up for the opening of the work.

Russian Soldiers Try to Help Themselves

At Krasnojarsk in Siberia our secretary, Robert Leonard, who had been working for prisoners of war, was approached by the Soldiers' Committee for a subscription to a club-house which they wished to equip for themselves. Mr. Leonard explained to them the work and spirit of the Young Men's Christian Association and thereupon was immediately elected a member of the Executive Committee of their club. We expect this work to develop soon into a regular Association.

The Convicts a Menace to Russia

One day at Irkutsk Mr. Leonard was approached by Colonel Sisterperve, director of the department of prisons in the Irkutsk Military District, for assistance in caring for the one hundred thousand convicts released from the penal colonies and penitentiaries of the district. Colonel Sisterperve said, "I do not come for money, although we certainly need that also, but I come to ask your society to help us in providing the cultural and moral side of our work for these released convicts. Some of them are undoubtedly confirmed criminals and will have to be sent back to jail, but I want to save as many as possible of them from that fate. We already have a barrack for these men at 715 Drugina, where they receive food and clothing and are sent on from here to points towards Russia, but what they need is education, a trade, and some moral force to strengthen them for the new life." The following day Mr. Leonard and Mr. Moran had a long session with the colonel, and went extensively into plans for assisting him in starting a welfare house and trades school in the city of

Irkutsk, for the care and reclamation of these Russian convicts who, if left alone, are one of Russia's greatest menaces.

Sport in Siberia

Mr. Gott, who is an old college athlete, secured from the authorities permission to construct a running track and athletic field in the park at the heart of the town, in front of the Governor's mansion. When the track was completed, he put on his old college track suit and went out to show the men how to use it—on the principle that when in Russia one must always demonstrate everything, in order to get the men to take it up. The best he could do around the track was one minute and four seconds. Four Cossacks then wished to try. They had never run a race before—in fact had never seen one. They had on their military boots and heavy uniforms, but they pulled off their jackets and started around at a hot pace. All four got in under a minute, which promises well for the future of Russia in the Olympic games.

"Why Can't We Get In?"

At Tomsk, the educational center of Siberia, Donald Lowrie secured the use of a building much like a regular Association building called, *"The Narodnia Dom,"* or People's House, which had been built for a sort of settlement work, but never used. The work for soldiers was so successful that the men of the labor unions said, "But why cannot we get in on this thing? That house is for the people of the town and we want our share also of this work." So it was arranged for the building to be used two days each week by the men of the working class. Thus practically a city Association has been established. Mr. Lowrie uses the competitive method a great deal. There are not only athletic competitions, which are very popular now in Russia, but also competition in attendance at educational classes. The work has done much in maintaining a steady discipline in the garrison at Tomsk and Mr. Lowrie was asked to speak at a patriotic demonstration on the departure of a recent group of local soldiers from Tomsk for the front.

Russian Soldiers Show Enthusiasm

The following is from one of Mr. Lowrie's reports:

The work for soldiers is getting under way here with three schools already started. There are athletic fields laid out, football teams, *lapta,* and wrestling, and writing tents for all ten companies in this garrison. We had a most enthusiastic greeting Sunday afternoon at the mass meeting, when the adjutant of the garrison announced the work and said it had been made possible only by our aid. The soldiers cheered, tossed me in the air on their hands, and generally made us welcome.

The Opportunity in Russia

The opening for work among civilians makes a strong impression on all the men. Mr. Lowrie writes:

"I believe, with all my heart, that just now is open to us an opportunity which may never come again. It looks to me like a chance to put the Christian impress on the leaders of Russia of the next generation, and I shall feel that a critical and strategic opportunity has been lost, if we do not do all in our power to take immediate advantage of this opening. Ever since I have been in Russia, I have been praying for a chance to do real Association work for Russian men and boys, and the doors are swinging open.

"We had a lot of trouble getting the carpenter to understand what we wanted made in the line of apparatus, and he finally turned out something like a milking-stool for bases, and two very good canoe-paddles for bats. The clubs we had to make over, but we just drove the legs of the milking-stools down into the ground, and had some fine firm bases. Now please remember that I have been in Russia about ten months, and that the only Russian lessons I have ever had time for were ten I took in Petrograd—then you will have some idea of what these poor soldiers have to endure to learn the new games, when there is no one but myself to be instructor. But we get along, and the men are really learning very quickly. It is great to see the way they develop the team spirit, once they get the competition idea."

Mr. George M. Day also appreciates the opportunity:

"We need fresh men and fresh money," he writes, "for the brilliant openings for service among the Russian soldiers, among the Russian workmen, and among the young women of Petrograd. The opportunity for large-visioned service in Russia's behalf, which is literally thrust on the Young Men's Christian Association of America at the present moment, calls all the great and the good in us to respond to a mighty and noble people's invitation in this onward work of the new democracy. May we not be found wanting when weighed in the balance with Russia's glorious freedom and opportunity."

The Red Triangle at Moscow

On the 27th of July (by the Russian calendar) there stood in the beautiful grove of trees directly across from the great summer camp for soldiers near Petrovski Park in Moscow a brick house, which had served as a dwelling for the military governor of the Moscow district in times past, but which through the early summer had been closed to all persons. The door handles of brass, the water faucet spouts of nickel, the tables and chairs of cane and wood, all had been removed, and the interior was bare of any furniture or ornamentation. Cobwebs and stale air

were primary evidences that life in the brick house had long been absent.

Late in the afternoon of that day the Young Men's Christian Associations received their permission to take over the house and grounds for the work among the thousands of soldiers encamped nearby. The next evening at six o'clock a flood of Russians poured in through the doors, each one taking time, however, to glance at the big red Triangle sign which was posted over the front door. Inside they found prepared for them a writing room with stationery and writing utensils to be given by the attendant to each one who desired; next a reading room for those who wished to see the latest news and illustrated papers and magazines; then a sort of sun parlor with game tables and musical instruments; two rooms for study and school work, and an office and supply room. On the other side of the main lobby was a room which was not yet complete with athletic and sport pictures and equipment; further on two tea rooms, where tea and sugar could be procured for 3 kopeks a glass; and at the rear space for the secretaries, the Russian workers, and for kitchen and supply purposes.

No one ever will quite be able to tell just how the trick was done in one day; the Russian city newspapers commented on the "American" speed, which had taken a building one day and opened it the next. Of course there were many things lacking, and during the next few days, by steady plugging, several new activities were added and the original ones systematized. A bowling alley, several games of quoits, a library of 1,500 books, many more tables and chairs to meet the increasing demands for reading and writing space, new musical instruments, and all sorts of athletic material, were among the added features.

Then work was begun on the athletic and game fields, for which we obtained permission after much counsel with various authorities. Four football fields and a volley ball and a basket ball field were quickly prepared, and came into immediate use. The only difficulty was in getting enough leaders to take care of the crowds of aspirants and enthusiasts for exercise and sport. Red triangle flags marked the boundary and corners of each field.

At the same time one of the new Pathe Cinematograph machines was put into service in an open air theater which we had constructed. The cooperation of the Camp Theater Committee enabled us to give our performances sometimes indoors and sometimes out of doors, and every attempt was made to secure the best sort of programs.

An average evening finds the Army Young Men's Christian Association in Moscow's troop camp serving over 5,000 men directly—3,200 or more at the moving pictures, another 400 in sport or watching the games, and at least 1,600 more using the

facilities of the hut in one way or another. Ten days are past, and more than 4,000 cups of tea have been served to thirsty Slavs; 2,500 "red-triangled" sheets of paper and envelopes have been distributed; two battalions departing for the front have been presented with harmoniums, writing paper, and a few books; several hundred men have rubbed the papers and magazines into a veritable pulp of torn covers and wrinkled pages; and the *Soldatski Klub* of the Association is rapidly becoming a well-known camp institution.

There are a hundred and one interesting details to describe, if one only had time and space. For instance, two large signs at the entrance request the men to clean their boots before coming in. And it is really encouraging to see how the Russian soldiers scrupulously observe not only this admonition but many others relating to the cleanliness of the building and premises. The workers have been taught to keep everything clean, bright, and orderly about the house, and it is not at all difficult to secure the aid of the soldiers in this matter, once they grasp the idea. A series of very attractive posters designed by Mr. Twose has been one of the chief methods of putting our work and our ideals before the men in the camp.

The phonograph starts within a minute after we open the house in the late afternoon, and is the last activity to stop at closing time. It is rather an interesting commentary on the care with which the soldiers use the machine to note that only one record has been smashed in the ten days of hard use; and most of the soldier-operators were attempting to run the machine for the first time in their lives.

The cinematograph is set up in an oval shaped open space, where the avenue of trees running to the house widens into a junction of lanes. The screen is stretched high up on a wood frame where all persons within a hundred yards of the picture may easily see from a seat on the grass or some fence. One observes with great interest the different notes in the hum of conversation about various types of films. If it be a film drama or detective story one can hear every click of the shutter and crank; if the film is about a distant country or about some agricultural process there is an intermittent hum of interjectory remarks marked by a tense interest; but if a comedy is shown one hears only a series of spasmodic roars, a thunder of hearty laughter quite typical of Slavic nature.

CRAWFORD WHEELER.

Latest News from Russia

For us there is but one choice. The American Young Men's Christian Association men in Russia are willing to give their lives and fortunes for Russia and for the victory of freedom and the Allies. It isn't always easy sailing over here. We haven't even

received our official permission yet, but we are going forward confident that the results will dissolve all criticism.

A week ago the Commander of the Brigade called and on going away told his Assistant that we ought to be given twice as large a place for our war work, as we already had too many soldiers for our accommodations. This commander surprised me the next day by calling a meeting of all the heads of his regiments and asking what they could do to help us. These generals and colonels had been so impressed by our work that they wanted to help all they could.

Yesterday I had a long conference with Gen. Brusiloff, the former General-in-Chief. He not only approved heartily of our plans, but stated that he would be glad to cooperate to the fullest extent with us.

The other day I met with committees of all the soldiers in Moscow and we laid plans for our winter work. We are expecting to receive a large building in the center of the city for the work. Men from the aviation corps and from the munition plants have already requested that we take over their clubs, because they have seen that we are doing a more efficient work than they can do.

A letter from Heald just received indicates that they have at last started work on their building at Minsk with the full approval of the military authorities. I plan to visit them soon and if possible take Heald on with me for the work in Kiev.

Three days ago I sent Leonard to the front near Kiev to organize the work among one of the regiments there. Lowrie is with us for a day or two to get into the swing of things and then I expect to send him on to Odessa, where I have already got in touch with influential leaders.

I wish you would convey to the American people the fact that we who are thrown in closest touch with the Russian soldiers believe in them. Even the most uneducated among them have good common sense, which is inevitably coming to the top. It would dissolve the doubts of our most pessimistic Americans could they but see the Battalions of Death as they daily march to the front, expecting never to come back. The Russian is going to stick it through. He has suffered much and he is willing to suffer more, but he is going to fight the fight for freedom through, even if he loses Petrograd or Kiev in doing so. Surely the American people will catch the vision of this great nation and extend the helping hand. Prices are soaring here; the need is great. I know that America will be ready with the millions of dollars for Young Men's Christian Association work in Russia.

JEROME DAVIS.

A postscript states that full official permission for the work both at the front and throughout Russia has been received.

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

Why the Work Goes On

One of our secretaries from Siberia writes: "The prisoners in all of the camps which I visit beg us not to desert them, saying, often with tears in their voices, 'You are the only friend we have.'

"Again and again the Russian officers said to me: 'You are now at war with Germany. How is it you can continue to work for your enemies?' My reply was always the same. 'I am here as a representative of the World's Young Men's Christian Association, an international organization. I am working for these prisoners not as an American, but as a representative of a world brotherhood. Moreover, it is a Young Men's *Christian* Association, and Christ said, "Love your enemies." Therefore, we cannot stop.' In every case this answer was entirely satisfactory and final. They always replied after a moment's thought, 'Yes, Christ said, "Love your enemies."'

"One day I went through this conversation with the officers of the general staff at Irkutsk. That afternoon I was taken to one of the camps by the adjutant in a big blue military automobile for an inspection of our work. I overheard the Russian officer ask the adjutant this same question, 'How is it these Americans can work for their enemies?' and was pleased to hear him give my answer as his own. 'It is an International and a *Christian* Association. Christ said, "Love your enemies." Certainly they will be allowed to continue.'"

Appreciation from the Family Reisinger

To the War Prisoners' Aid Young Men's Christian Association:

Again the noble men who have been devoting themselves to the Samaritan work for war prisoners have dried the tears of a mother who, long ago, had given up all hope ever to hear again from her son, Josef Reisinger, war prisoner in East Siberia, who some time ago had been reported as missing. His father had almost fallen into despair when quite unexpectedly there arrived a letter from the Young Men's Christian Association containing the blissful message which caused inexpressible joy. Surely the assistants of the Association would have felt inspired and encouraged had they seen how this letter was read and re-read with sparkling eyes and how it is still being shown and praised to every acquaintance and how it has brought relief to some hearts.

Alas! people are too slow and awkward in putting pen to paper to express their thanks in writing.

Thus the Association goes on working as a real Christian servant without seeing the blessings created by its activity. One day, however, out of the mouth of Him who was a prisoner to make us free, we will hear the words of praise:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few, I will place thee over many. Enter thou into thy Master's joy."

Respectfully yours,
BETTY SCHMIEDHAMMER.
in the name of the family Reisinger.

Vienna, 30th June, 1917.

An Appeal from a Priest

Chaplain von Lukats, a Hungarian priest, who had been the active chairman of the educational work of the Association at one of the camps in Siberia, was transferred to another camp on the borders of Mongolia, far from a railroad. Some weeks later he wrote to one of our secretaries from his new post, "Will you not come down here also and do for this camp what you have done for the prisoners in Pjestchanka? I do not know to whom else to turn. You are the only friend we have."

Grateful Prisoners

The following is a translation of a letter from prisoners of war at Andischan in Turkestan to Mr. Jerome Davis, our secretary there, expressing their gratitude for the work that has been done for them.

"Thanks to all who have devoted head and hand to the service of the good cause, thanks especially to the Young Men's Christian Association and its representative, Mr. Davis, who have supported the cause financially and by their activities, according to the words of the Saviour, 'I was a hungered and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink.' The speaker at the Sunday service reminded his hearers of the words of the great Apostle: 'Be of the same mind one toward another. . . . If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men,' urging them through true comradeship to render mutual aid to one another, while undergoing the hard fate of imprisonment. We hope to God that He will shorten the time of trial and will be able to give a speedy peace."

ROUMANIA

FOR SOLDIERS

Jassy, Moldavia, Roumania.

Wm. H. Morgan and I have reported fully to Harte, who, we presume, is at Petrograd. We have had very favorable expe-

riences here thus far with regard to getting into touch with the highest authorities and in really seeing the condition of the country. Her Majesty the Queen has received us three times in conference concerning relief work chiefly and His Majesty the King has expressed his approval in general of plans for demonstrating Association work in one of the regiments. We are leaving this afternoon for Odessa where we expect to make large purchases of equipment for our army work and of relief supplies.

We count daily upon the prayerful fellowship of you men. We feel the thrill of pioneer work and we thank God for His very present guidance in it all. Success seems conditioned upon railroads. Unless we can get supplies in from Russia and America our remaining here would seem to be in vain. With thousands of men ill with typhus, and cholera likely to come as summer advances, with hospitals so poorly supplied with the barest medical and surgical necessities, with the seeming prevailing spiritual torpor, with the peasantry so hard pressed by war conditions, with the misery and poverty of the two hundred or more thousand of refugees, with these and many other interesting though painful conditions, we have a great door and effectual opened unto us, and there are many adversaries. We want you to do your best to help us get at them.

FRED FIELD GOODSELL.

A Trip to Jassy

At eleven I was at the Palace for conference with H.R.H. The Crown Prince. He stated that he had discussed matters with His Majesty The King, the Chief of the General Staff, the War Minister, and others, and that all were interested and wanted us to go ahead. We then talked things over and came to the following conclusions:

1. That the Council for Army Work should be formed by the Crown Prince.

2. That we would try to maintain a supply department in the city.

3. That in the front part of the building or barrack there would be an officers' store for the sale at cost of such supplies as are needed by officers, provided we could import them from our own or other countries.

4. That we would establish a hut in the largest encampment in Jassy as a demonstration, the hut to have—in addition to the large room for concerts, reading and writing, school and classes—a restaurant, clothing and shoe repair departments, bath department, disinfectant plant, and quarters for our workers.

5. That we would procure if possible a large tent, several small tents, a motor lorry, a motor kitchen, and a motor disinfectant plant for work at the front.

6. We further agreed that if we could secure expert workers for boys we would undertake to help the Roumanian boys employed in digging trenches for the Russians, and that the Boy Scouts would assist in this work and also in serving and in other ways in the central plant.

The Crown Prince called in a young staff officer, who agreed to assist in the work.

After the conference, I had the use of Mr. Baker's motor for the evening and went out with Davis for a bit of fresh air in the country about Jassy. On returning to the room at about seven-thirty it was a great pleasure to greet Mr. Goodsell, who had had a thirty-six hour journey from Odessa. In heavy boots, leather leggings, golden brown corduroys, with unshaven face and very dusty, he was not a pleasant sight, but he was a pleasant sight to me. After Goodsell had bathed, shaved, and dressed we went to dinner at the Popot. Goodsell was looking very well. We talked over our business at dinner and until late that night. I learned that Messrs. Goodsell and Morgan had secured the good will of the War Minister for their work and were cooperating with the British Red Cross and the Roumanian organization helping orphans. They had had a most interesting motor trip under the direction of Prince Bibesco accompanied by Mr. Baker. On the basis of this tour they prepared a rather extensive list of supplies urgently needed. Lady Barclay, the wife of the British Minister, had spoken to His Majesty The King concerning the army work. They were assured of His Majesty's good will and were planning to purchase a tent to be put up in a regiment to be named by the King.

I was presented to His Majesty King Ferdinand I., who conversed with me for some minutes concerning our work and the conditions of the Roumanian prisoners of war in Bulgaria. His Majesty expressed his interest in our plans and seemed to be delighted over the progress we had made to date. At three o'clock Mr. Goodsell and I met the Crown Prince and the two members he had selected for the Welfare Council. In this conference the council for our work was named Roumanian Welfare Council, Young Men's Christian Associations, North America, under the patronage of Her Majesty The Queen, and we were informed that we could have any vacant store in the city as our headquarters and supply department. The site was assigned us for the first hut, and we were assured that we could begin work on it immediately. We also talked over the problem of work for the boys who are digging trenches, and we agreed to at once do everything in our power to secure a worker and clothing outfits for these boys. After the conference I had just time to motor to the station and catch the train to Moghieleff.

A. C. Harte.

Appeal from the British Red Cross

The Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England.
Jassi, Roumania, June 20, 1917.

Dear Mr. Harte:

On my last trip I visited one of the convalescent camps consisting of five huts, each hut intended for 100 soldiers. I found 120 beds in each, no mattresses, no pillows, no blankets. Under such conditions I feel that our allies will lose many soldiers, and their loss is ours, too.

Can I impress upon you the importance of sending more invalid foods? I have been told clearly that we are not allowed to send foods from England; perhaps you can from America. I suggest the following: meat extracts (all kinds), milk, arrowroot, cornflour, cocoa, chocolate, calf's foot jelly—in fact anything suitable for a sick man.

I am yours very sincerely,

(Signed) Arthur Baker.

Later News from Roumania

August 1st, 1917.

Soon after Mr. Harte left here in June the government requisitioned a small building for us which would serve for: (a) a warehouse for storing goods purchased with funds of the Rockefeller Foundation for relief work, and supplies for the Army Association work; (b) a storeroom, where officers might purchase certain things, and where tea might occasionally be served; and (c) a room to serve as our central office.

The hut for our first piece of army work is now under way and we hope to hold the opening exercises in the near future. I shall probably spend the major part of my time at this hut.

Interest in the Association's aid is met in increasing degree on almost every hand. Only recently, for example, the wife of one of the generals drove up in a car and asked that I direct her to the "hut," so that she might see it and learn more about our work. Quite a number of women have expressed their eagerness to help in the work, so they will likely be on hand from day to day at the hut. The Crown Prince will also have assigned to us boy scouts to help.

Her Majesty's doctor called recently to see us—and the Queen herself later saw Mr. Goodsell—concerning a home here in Jassy for soldiers passing to and fro who need a place to spend the night and something to eat. Her Majesty requests that we agree to direct the same after she completes it.

Day before yesterday Col. Gorscky called to see if we could not start work immediately with his 30,000 men (recruits) at ———, where instruction for the First Army is given.

There is no lack of opportunity; I trust we shall make a real contribution to a real need.

W. H. Morgan.

ITALY

FOR SOLDIERS

With the Italian Army

Prince Borghese and Father Genocchi have been studying the question of how our Association can cooperate most efficiently in the welfare work already being conducted for the Italian Army under the direction of the head chaplain, Dr. Giovanni Menozzi.

Father Genocchi informs me that they already have 140 Case del Soldato, in which this welfare work is being conducted, but that Dr. Menozzi would most cordially welcome our cooperation, which would be equally favored by the Government officials interested. Two forms of aid are especially needed: first, a few experienced American or English secretaries, who could assist Chaplain Menozzi in the supervision and development of this work for the Italian soldiers, in the 140 centers now occupied and in the others which should be developed at the earliest possible moment; *second,* funds to meet the increasing needs.

M. B. Rideout.

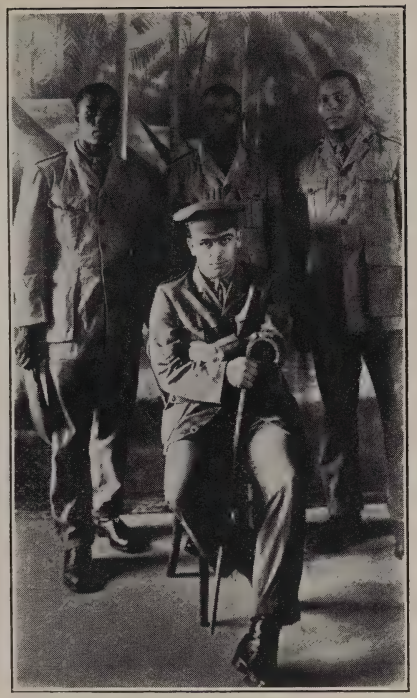
Huts have been established in several cities where recruits congregate in great numbers and where the need of them is especially felt. This is peculiarly true of Naples, where the young soldiers are exposed to every sort of temptation.

A Commission to Italy

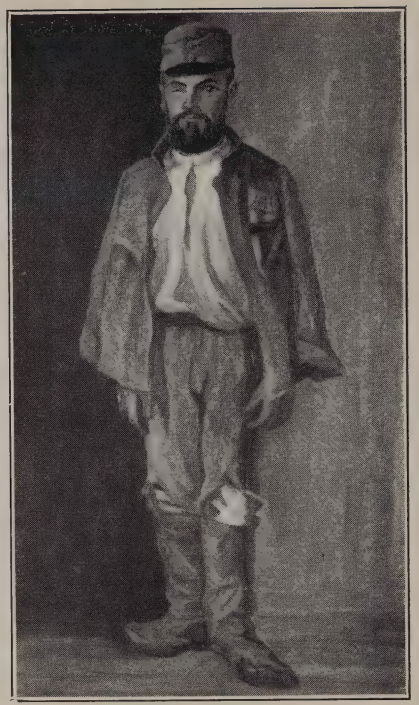
On Friday, Sept. 7th, in company with Professor Patterson of the English Association, Mr. Rideout and Captain Garda, I motored to Traviso in order to see General Zaccone, Intendant General of the Italian army. He entertained us at luncheon after which I submitted to him copies of papers describing the work of the Association.

General Zaccone seemed much impressed with the scope of our work. He expressed himself as quite in favor of inviting the Association to work in the Italian army, but he explained that he must submit the matter to higher authorities. He promised however to recommend strongly that we be invited to work in Italy. Still, I understood that the real authority would come from General Zaccone, and that others ordinarily accept his recommendations. General Zaccone promised to wire me the result before I left for America.

In interviews with Father Menozzi, the Head Chaplain of the



American Negro Secretaries with Major Webster are Serving the African Carriers



The Association Establishes Tailor and Shoe Shops in the Prison Camps

A Foyer in France

Little by little, in this friendly atmosphere, they come back to life

From Pig Sty to Club House
Renovated and rebuilt by Prisoner-of-War Officers at Irkutsk, Siberia, under Association leadership

Along the Front towards Beersheba

In a "First-Class" Open Truck through the Wilderness of Sinai

Twelve Camel-Loads

The Canteen opened at three and was sold out by five

Roman Church with the Italian army, on Friday and Saturday evenings, we discussed matters at length. He expressed the wish that we might cooperate together in every way. In his "Casas" no secretaries are maintained, the building being looked after by Italian soldiers detailed for the purpose. He expressed himself as entirely in harmony with the idea that any new buildings which we might undertake to provide should be managed by our secretaries placed in charge, that all such buildings should be labelled with the red Triangle and with the name, "Y. M. C. A." He seemed anxious to lend every assistance which might make for the better comfort and help of the Italian soldiers.

F. B. Sayre.

General Zaccone's Telegram

Paris, Sept. 17, 1917.

On return from Italy of our Association mission headed by Sayre Intendant General Zaccone has telegraphed Sayre as follows: "Inform you have communicated your programme to the commander in chief who accepts the maximum cooperation of your Association." Sayre is proceeding London to confer with Yapp who McCowan says desires to cooperate on big scale. From England Sayre will proceed New York confer with you. Meanwhile suggest you recruit strongest possible Italian speaking personnel for prompt action on Sayre's arrival.

D. A. Davis.

Inquiries from Ministry of War

One of the most encouraging signs of our success lies in the fact that the Ministry of War is taking an interest in our religious campaign. Mr. James G. Gray writes as follows under date of July 14th, 1917:

"This very day in response to a circular from the Italian War Office I handed in my reply, giving the figures for the distribution of Scriptures accomplished by us in the past two and one-half years, and indicating our prospects of adding other 240,000 copies the next six months, giving at the same time proof of the extraordinary interest taken by the Italian soldiers in these free gifts from friends in the United States. I assured the Director of this office that, ere the year closed, our Scriptures distributed since 1915 would amount to 628,679, of which 100,000 have been provided by the Sunday School Union of America, and the remaining 528,679 by generous and warm friends of Italy through the World's Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, represented by Dr. J. R. Mott and others."

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

In addition to Avezzano and Padula, the two first prison camps in which Association barracks were built, arrangements have now been made to erect them in several others—Servigliano, Fonte d'Amore, Casale d'Alta Nura, and Vittoria. Everywhere the officers in charge of the camps showed the utmost interest in the work and willingness to cooperate in every possible way.

FRANCE

FOR SOLDIERS

The Fourth Winter

The following cablegram has been received by the War Work Council from our office in Paris:

"Pershing's statement truer now than in June. The French Commander-in-chief counts on our promised men and money. Will America fail France at the crucial moment when heroic French soldiers are beginning for our sake the fourth winter of unspeakable suffering?"

DAVIS.

Results of the Foyers du Soldat

The moral results obtained by the Foyers du Soldat, conducted in the French army by French Protestants, continue to be most admirable. All the reports point to a constant diminution of drunkenness and immorality as a result of their efforts, a state of things which is recognized by the authorities and by many admissions of officers. But there is another side to their work, in which they may exert a very definite influence on the successful prosecution of the war, which is revealed in the following letters. The "cafard" is the army name for a state of mind produced in the soldiers by the hardships of the campaign. It is one of extreme pessimism and discouragement, and at times reaches to a willingness to let everything go, to make peace at any price. When it is considered that these men spend days in trenches half filled with icy water, with few or no warm meals, and have insufficient sleep in dug-outs on damp straw, it is not surprising that their courage should waver because of their physical exhaustion.

The later reports indicate a great diminution in the cases of *cafard,* owing to the improved material conditions because of better weather, but the season is approaching when it will return again, and then there will be felt more than ever a need for the Foyers, since the resisting power of the soldiers will have been reduced by one more year of exposure. As is shown in the letters, the Foyers can do a work of the utmost importance in

curing the *cafard,* not only by the physical comfort which they procure for the men, but by the encouragement of the directors, which has had the most excellent effect on the men's minds.

It may be added that evidence of the influence of the Foyers in this respect might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Foyer 34.

Our chief effort, above everything else, is to revive the spirit of those who suffer from the *cafard.* It is incontestable, and we must not conceal it, that a very real weariness and uneasiness, the causes of which are perfectly well known, are now seen among the soldiers. The most improbable and even grotesque rumors are accepted without examination. The men's minds are disordered, and it is urgently necessary to reestablish the simplest and, apparently, most indisputable truths.

Foyer 46.

A few days ago a regiment of *tirailleurs* passed through here, so that we had some of them at the Foyer. They were all physically and morally exhausted, for they came from one of the most terrible points on the front. I invited a little party of them to come into my office for a cup of tea. Prostrated by the superhuman fatigue, they sat for a while without speaking, then little by little, in this friendly atmosphere they came back to life, like half-drowned men, and opened their hearts. I shall all my life see a sergeant saying, as he rose to leave, "In spite of everything we must have courage, hope, confidence." The few minutes passed in the Foyer had brought them back to life.

That the French Government is in earnest in its approval of the work being done is proved by the fact that they have authorized 500 additional American secretaries to work with the French Armies. These are being sent forward as rapidly as they could be secured. One hundred and twenty-five Foyers are now under construction for the French army.

The Directors

I cannot too often emphasize the vital importance of this living power in our work. The value of the Foyers consists above everything in the moral strengthening which it brings to the men, and its importance grows as the war lengthens out. After having at first regarded the Foyers as places of amusement for the men, the commander-in-chief now understands better their moral and educational value. He has learned to know and appreciate the moral value of our directors and it often happens that our friends are questioned or consulted by the general staffs on different points concerning the morale of the soldiers. "In this matter you can do," was said to one of our directors, "what we chiefs, on account of our position itself, are not able to do." "But the

morale of the men," exclaimed an inspector-general, in talking with one of our directors, "is now eighty per cent of the war."

This question of leadership, the most important of all, remains always the most difficult to solve. It is not merely a question of designating the men; these men must be qualified, and in proportion as their number grows, the enlistment becomes more difficult. We are at present considering the necessity of having 150 new directors in order to carry out our projected extension. At present we have only some forty in view. More than ever we must rely upon the help and guidance of God, that we may be led to find these co-workers on whom the progress of the work depends.

Besides the Foyers at the front, those in the rear and at the munition factories have likewise continued to develop, although to a less extent. We are examining the question of Foyers which we have been asked to establish for foreign workmen, among others Chinese and Arabians, who in certain industrial centers form a real population. The Americans have led us to hope that they may be able to send us some leaders, former missionaries, who speak Chinese and Arabic. A letter recently received from the War Ministry authorizes us to employ American directors, under certain conditions, in the Foyers at the rear and at the front.

The Cooperation of the United States

Since the entry of the United States into the war, the cooperation of our American friends has been confirmed in quite a new way and to a considerable extent.

In the month of July, we received the visit of several representatives of the Young Men's Christian Associations of America who had come to France to organize the work among the American troops. Numerous meetings took place for the purpose of establishing a general standing-ground and for coordinating efforts in such a way that, while leaving to the American work and the French work respectively their district organizations and their own character, unity of action and mutual help could be secured. The support given to these projects by General Pershing, with whom, in company with Mr. Davis, I had a lengthy conversation, will certainly facilitate the realization of them.

We have planned for the purchase of twenty-five motor wagons, so as to be able with our own means to carry on the transport and erection of huts, from the place of their origin to the remotest points at the front. From all this will come a great saving of time which will enable us to create between now and the end of the year a hundred new Foyers—a total of about 200 Foyers, embracing all the sectors at the front and some of the most important military agglomerations in the rear.

We have already placed an order for 200 large huts of 22 x 90 feet. Each Foyer will comprise two huts joined in the form of an H by a closed passage and provided with all the necessary materials.

We must give an order, amongst others, for 35 miles of patent covering for the roofs, for from 400 to 500 stoves, 2,500 yards of stove-piping, 5,000 tables, and 10,000 benches; and at the present time orders for materials cannot be made as in time of peace.

In order to assure the provisioning of the canteens and stores, which have also become a necessity and which contribute towards making the Foyer the center of the life of the cantonment, we have decided to establish a central storehouse in the neighborhood of Paris, necessitating a floating capital in goods of about 500,000 francs. We have secured the cooperation of an important food supply association, through which a large part of our purchases will pass.

It has been necessary finally to develop considerably the central administration of the Foyers. We have hired in the center of Paris three stories of a large building, in which our offices will be installed after September, comprising, grouped around the Central Direction and depending upon it, three principal departments: materials and transport, canteens and provisioning, library and publications. I am keeping the general direction of the work and have with me as first assistants Messrs. Boissonnas and Davis assigned by the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations.

EM. SAUTTER.

FOR PRISONERS

German and Austrian Prisoners in France

Our reception in the prison camps of France was very cordial. Everywhere we were warmly received and treated with the utmost courtesy. I have a great deal of admiration for the French officers in charge of the prison camps which we visited. Without exception, they impressed me with their intense interest in the welfare of the prisoners in their care—large-hearted, humane men, who evidently were used to weighing every question on its merits. It is a fine art to handle successfully a large body of prisoners, especially the polyglot Austrian nationalities. Any one who has visited numbers of prison camps can feel as soon as he enters the gate whether or not everything is running smoothly. Safely to guard, feed, house, clothe, bathe, keep well, and employ in useful occupations, a heterogeneous mass of war prisoners, recent enemies, and old enemies among themselves at home, is indeed a problem. I have noticed one striking thing—this problem is growing more and more difficult with the pro-

longation of the war. The men are getting discouraged. Some are losing hope, and many are on the verge of desperation. Others have become so dulled that they are mere automatons, human machines who respond without thinking—their souls are dead. "When will the war end?" "Will we have peace soon?" "Oh, it is so long!" "I have been a prisoner since 1914," they say in such pitiful tones that go right through your heart. It seems like a personal reproach. That longing look in their eyes often haunts me when I try to sleep.

The German asserts his superiority in prison, and intimidates any who try to claim that all prisoners are equal if not free. There is no democracy among prisoners where Austrians, Slavs, Hungarians, and Germans are mixed together.

In one camp we visited we were told that fresh oranges were received from Barcelona, and the officers distributed them equally among the prisoners. The next consignment came with instructions that these were for German prisoners only—the Austrians were not in it. Without exception the Germans in every camp we visited had a plenty of good books to read. In fact, in one camp there were over 4,000 volumes, with an expert librarian who gave his full time to the classifying and care of the library. How about the Austrians who did not read German, the Czechs, Serbs, Magyars, Poles, Slovaks, Roumanians, Croatians, etc.? Well, there is not one library for them in all the camps we visited. Occasionally we found a book or two, which were personal property, but in several camps they told me there was not a single book. The reason for this is that the Austrian government will not allow books to go out to her own subjects who are prisoners in foreign countries, especially to the Czechs and Slavic peoples who are in political disfavor.

At Bordeaux A we attended the concert and show one Sunday evening. In order to entertain the thousand men each performance was given twice, as the Association barrack accommodates only five hundred men at one time. It was a wonderful sight—words fail me to give you the picture—those men crowded into the hall, occupying every inch of space, listening with rapt attention to the really fine orchestra. When the choir sang some of the old home songs with an indescribable feeling and pathos that only a prisoner can express, my own eyes were moist, and I saw the tears coursing down the cheeks of those sad men, who, in spirit, were free again in the homeland with loved ones, while their bodies were imprisoned in a foreign country. And then the horse play, the fun-producing vaudeville began. They had learned the secret of *multum in parvo,* and with scant equipment their performance provoked roar after roar of applause, and the poor, broken men forgot themselves, relaxed into normal beings for a time. I turned to Johnson and said, "This one performance alone is worth all this barrack cost. One cannot esti-

mate the value in dollars and cents of the pleasure and real joy an evening's program such as this gives to a lot of weary-hearted men, imprisoned for nearly three years in a barbed wire enclosure." I only wish that the generous donors who have given their money so liberally to this noble work could have been present.

ANTHONY W. CHEZ.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

FOR SOLDIERS

Ambassador Bryce's Opinion

July 7th, 1917.

E. C. Carter, Esq.
My dear Sir:

I have heard from every quarter including many naval and military authorities, the warmest acknowledgment of the excellent work done by the Young Men's Christian Association during these three terrible years of war, for the British and Canadian and Australian soldiers both in the camps here and at home and among the troops on the various fighting fronts. Many plans have been devised, many methods successfully employed, to provide for their benefit, comforts, recreation, literature of the right sorts and many other wholesome influences. I believe that the American Association, which will have the advantage of our experience, which will be worked with true American energy, and which may command even larger funds than we have had, may render the greatest possible services in France to those American soldiers whom Britain and France rejoice to welcome as their Allies in this fight for Right and Freedom.

Believe me,

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) JAMES BRYCE.

Summary

1. On August 8th the Canadian Association was carrying its work in

Tents	54
Dugouts	9
Huts	15
Miscellaneous buildings	18
Cellars	5
Making a total of	101 buildings, dugouts, etc.
	60 different centers.

2. Altogether, at the present time, there are over 450 different centers in France where work is being carried on for the British and Canadian troops.

3. There are 1,500 Association centers in Great Britain and France; 58 in Egypt; 45 in India; 47 in Mesopotamia; 35 in Salonica and the Mediterranean; 30 in British East Africa.

4. In one center 15,000 eggs were sold in one week.

5. In one dugout on the British front 26,000 cups of tea were sold in one week.

6. In another dugout 450 litres of hot chocolate were served in one night.

7. During ten months the amount of sales by the Young Men's Christian Association in the Canadian armies alone amounted to over 8,000,000 francs.

8. Every week 120,000 letterheads and 60,000 envelopes are distributed free to the Canadian soldiers in France.

INDIA

The Association in Bombay

Every hospital is covered by a special committee. For the Indian troops there is a committee of leading Indian citizens as well as Europeans. An entertainment committee, headed by the Major-General, last month conducted more than 120 cinema shows and concerts, using three large motion picture machines almost constantly. Another committee meets all the troopships. The military authorities have turned over for our use a large room at one of the docks which would seat 3,000 men. All the troopships berth opposite this large room and the soldiers are allowed to visit it in relays of five or six hundred. The room is equipped with a supper bar, a writing table, where hundreds of letters are written, a piano, and a little store. Thus the British soldiers are first introduced to India by the Young Men's Christian Association. You can imagine how glad the boys are to disembark after spending two months on a crowded troopship, scarcely touching land during the whole period.

EGYPT

The West Desert

About a hundred and fifty miles west of Alexandria, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and among the sands of the Lybian Desert, lies Mersa Metruh, where there is a British garrison. The nearest city is over a hundred miles away, wood costs $25 a cord, and it costs fifteen cents a pint to condense fresh from

sea-water. For the soldier there is nothing visible but the sea before him, the desert behind him and above him a pitiless sun. The mail comes only once in a week and not always then. No wonder that each successive garrison sinks into a state of dull apathy and the Association is justly proud of the fact that so far only one man has gone mad from the dreariness of the life.

For as the task of the Young Men's Christian Association varies with each new set of surroundings, so its job here is to rouse the men and keep them interested. Cinema films, mostly comic, and gramophone records, mostly ragtime, are potent factors here as elsewhere, and occasionally a group is found who take an interest in more intellectual things, and classes are formed. The canteen is the most popular feature of the work; it is near the beach and the men drop in after bathing for cocoa and biscuits, lemonade or milk, chocolate or cigarettes. How great is the moral support of these material things is shown in this broiling cantonment just as it is in the icy water of the French trenches; the men who go from Metruh to camps where there is no Association say that they miss the cocoa and biscuits more than anything else.

The devotional work is carried on in perfect harmony with the regular chaplain; it varies greatly, as does the educational work, with the character of each succeeding garrison. But all over Egypt, the main object to be sought is to draw the men out of themselves, and all work is directed to this result. The story of one such effort follows.

A Mirth Making Mission

The beginning of the year found one of the secretaries touring the camps along the coast from Alexandria to the Tripoli frontier with a compact portable projector, a storage battery for light, and some 12,000 feet of film comprising the means for a much appreciated service. After the first trip none but American films were taken; they were the best liked even though they were old.

The camps visited were 75, 100, 170, and 400 miles distant from the nearest daily paper or shop window or white women and children.

The troops had been out there from six months to a year. Mail—the only link with home—came but once a week, and about Christmas time those weeks were months long. The men had read everything in camp that was worth reading and much that was not. They had talked and argued and joked with each other until one knew his tent-mate as well as he knew himself. They had whistled themselves into unpopularity with popular airs. They had played the few games available until both men and games were played out.

There was nothing new to do, nothing new to see. In their words they were "abso-bloomin' -utely fed up with everything."

They had never thought to see a moving picture show way out in the desert. It came as an unexpected treat. Probably not since they were children did they find such hearty enjoyment in such simple entertainment. With laughter they shook off their load of depression. A murmur and a sigh of gratification greeted the name of each popular star; an uproar of laughter began when Charlie Chaplin wobbled into sight; chuckles continued until the next film was shown. Slap-stick comedy justified itself; it "had the punch" that was needed thoroughly to rouse the men.

The following day and for many a day afterwards they were brighter of eye, cheerier of countenance, and in better spirits generally than they had been before taking the Cinema Cure. The entertainment was something more than a mere amusement. It proved to be an excellent tonic.

A Letter from a Worker in Egypt

Cairo, August 19, 1917.

The result of Mr. Jessop's visit to "Ethiopia" and the regions beyond has been most gratifying, bearing fruit in the opening of four Young Men's Christian Association centers in places where the work has never before been seen—Khartoum, Fort Sudan, Bara, and Gebeib. So much interested have the military become in the latter place that they have contributed nearly $1,000 for a hut, which is, I believe, finished.

We have just opened a new center near Alexandria where the men for months have been longing for an Association. Finally five weeks ago the wife of one of the members of our Committee and I were sent and we succeeded in getting things running.

The center, consisting of two huts, one for reading, writing, entertainments, and meetings, and the other for a canteen, is in full swing. The men flock to it. Hundreds are there every evening. They had nowhere to go before. At the canteen we sell tea, mineral waters, (500 dozen in about ten days), sandwiches, cakes of many varieties, rice and fruit, minced beef on bread, fresh fruit, chocolate, cigarettes, and sundries. The take-in of our record evening so far was $180 and our average night yields over $100. When you consider that most things bought are a piastre (5 cents) or a half piastre, you have an idea of how much the place is appreciated. . . .

Just here I went to the hospital to visit one of our secretaries who has had tubercular trouble. While there I found another who had just come in from up the line after an attack of heart trouble. He will not be able to take up the work again nor will Watson, the one with tuberculosis. Mr. Syd Chonch has just had to take a month's holiday, and because of a breakdown Harold,

his brother, will have to go when Syd comes back. Parker, one of the men up the line, is in the hospital and word came down not long ago that if the Association did not insist upon Griffith's taking a holiday, his brigade would send him away.

The trouble is that we are so fearfully undermanned. Across the Sinai Peninsula and in Palestine often one man has to work three centers. There is not a man we have who is not working to his limit, which in a country like this helps neither the man nor the work. We have written and cabled so often for help from America that it seems almost useless to do so any more. We hear of the royal way in which the American Association is equipping American troops for overseas service and I was going to say "our hearts burn with envy." But that is not true. We only "desire a few of the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table," and that to keep the work alive.

The Association is needed in France and England, but in the East it is needed more. In France if the troops fall back from the firing line a short distance they reach a village of some sort and get a change of food and scene, but it is here in the great lonely stretches of the desert that its ministry—the touch of home in camp and near the trenches—is needed most.

We have thirty centers east of the Canal, 150 miles and more from a lemon, a postage stamp, anything! For months at a time the men have to remain where they can get nothing in the way of what we call comforts, except what the Association can give them. Their daily ration is liberal, but the monotony of the life and food is very trying, and often the food goes untouched. To give some variety to the men on the desert, we serve in our centers there free lime juice by day and free cocoa in the evenings. One man walked from his camp, three miles away, to get a mug of cocoa and arrived too late. The next night he arrived again, only to find that it was *khalas* (finished) once more. The third time he started earlier and got his cocoa. In speaking of it afterwards, he said that that drink was worth the fifteen miles he had tramped for it.

The supervising secretary of this district often begins work at three A. M. and goes on until ten P. M., finding his meals where he can. During the movement of troops, cocoa is often served through the night. One secretary I think of, after a hard day's work, gave out cocoa from midnight on for two or three hours, and then literally fell into his bunk. He had been there only about an hour when another lot of tired, thirsty men came by who begged for a drink, so he turned out, made fresh stuff, and was as busy as ever.

This work is suffering now for lack of men, and a part of it will have to be abandoned if help does not come soon from somewhere. From this time on it is to America with her millions of young men that we must look for workers.

July 4, 1917.

I have just returned from the Palestine front where I had the privilege of looking into the old city of Gaza and viewing the hill up which Samson carried the gates. We have dug-outs within two miles of this old city and extending along a front of fifteen miles towards Beersheba. I visited each one of them and was tremendously impressed with the work our men are doing right in the trenches between our own and the enemy artillery fire, subject to bombing from aeroplanes and many of them swept by machine-gun fire at intervals. Boyd has the three dug-outs nearest Gaza and I had hoped that such a position right in the thick of it would make him satisfied to stay on in Egypt, but he feels that he must return home and join up, so we expect to lose him within a very short time.

All the way from Kantara to Belah—a matter of 220 kilometres—at every camp the most prominent building is the Association. In some places we have several large marquees, at El Arish a large wooden hut, and at three of the other posts we have rest-camps for officers. On the coast we are well established in two regular rest-camps for the men. Last week I was asked by the Australian military authorities to go with one of their officers to Port Said and El Arish and report on the site of a rest-camp for Australian troops. They are asking the Association to take charge of running the entertainments and recreation in the camp and the Australian Young Men's Christian Association have promised to back us financially.

W. Jessop.

The Red Triangle In Palestine

The "long, long trail" must surely have taken on a new meaning for many of the troops comprising the Egyptian Expeditionary Force who have marched across the desert of Sinai to the present front before Gaza. Now, however, the military railway (which is recognized as such a magnificent feat) is open the whole way from Kantara East on the Canal to Deir-el-Belah in Palestine and the "long, long trail" can be covered in thirteen hours in a "first class" open truck—but even that is none too comfortable.

The "Red Triangle" has followed the trail tenaciously. When in the early days of the Sinai Campaign the troops were encamped in large bodies along the whole length of the east bank of the Suez Canal the familiar sign of the "Y.M." was the first seen in any camp. As the Turks were gradually forced back from Romani into Palestine our troops were massed along the railway from Kantara. As they advanced, so the Association pushed on, and within a short time of any halt the "Red Triangle" would

emerge from "somewhere" with marquees, equipment, and all the comforts so well known and so tremendously appreciated. At the important stations along the line—Kantara, Romani, Bir-el-Abd, Mazar, El Arish, Rafa, Khan Yunis and now at Deir-el-Belah—the Young Men's Christian Association has established large centers, including one marquee for recreation, concerts, and meetings and another for canteen, together with a small devotional tent. In connection with the four latter places, officers' rest-camps have also been established, and both officers and men are not slow in showing their appreciation for the comforts supplied by the Association while they journey along the trail into Palestine, or while they are encamped near these stations.

Death of a Modern Crusader

The first loss from the ranks of the Young Men's Christian Association with the Egyptian expeditionary force in the person of Mr. William Webster Sant is announced with deep regret. He was serving under the "Red Triangle" in the support trenches of a British Infantry Division before Gaza when he was taken ill with dysentery. He knew of the lack of workers and endeavored to "carry on," but his condition became so serious that he was taken back to an Australian hospital at El Arish and after a few days passed away on the morning of June 20th.

The funeral took place in the military cemetery the same afternoon, and was attended by Mr. William Jessop, general secretary, Mr. W. Owens, supervising secretary with eastern force, and Mr. Harbridge, secretary at El Arish. Mr. Sant's home is at East Liverpool, Ohio, and at the outbreak of the war he was a Rhodes Scholar at Lincoln College, Oxford, when he volunteered for service abroad with the Young Men's Christian Association. He has served with the forces on the Canal and in the advance across Sinai for nearly eighteen months. The loss of "Bill" Sant is felt keenly by his fellow secretaries and he was universally liked by officers and men with whom he worked. His cheery disposition, unselfish spirit, and willingness to do anything that would be of service to the men won him esteem which makes his loss the more severe.

UNITED STATES

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

The Young Men's Christian Association has stationed secretaries and begun work at every one of the three prisoner-of-war camps and the two internment stations in this country. It is a pleasure to report that the Association has had hearty cooperation on the part of the military and immigration officials in

charge of these camps and that the men interned have, with but few exceptions, responded most quickly and enthusiastically to our offers to begin work among them.

At Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia

Early in June Mr. E. O. Jacob, who had during the past year been one of the secretaries of the International Committee at work in the Prison Camps of Germany, was appointed by the War Department to be secretary in charge of Association work in the prisoner-of-war camp at Fort Oglethorpe. Although not having any special building in which to begin his work, he was able, without much delay, to organize an Association Committee from among the men to promote the various lines of activity. It consisted of six men, one each representing the civilians, the enlisted men, the petty officers, and the warrant officers, one from the orchestra, and one to act as secretary of the educational courses. We will let Mr. Jacob himself report on the lines of work which he was able to undertake:

"1. *Religious work.* Church services with the German Lutheran pastor from the city and with the help of the band will be held every two weeks. On the alternate Sundays we shall have a more informal meeting, which I shall normally lead. The two groups for religious discussion now enroll upwards of twenty-five men and should continue to grow as heretofore.

2. *Educational work.* New classes in addition to those already in operation, in French and German subjects, will be started and the removal will be the occasion of re-enrolling all the students for the fall work. I have found three or four civilian prisoners who make fair teachers, thus relieving both the Chaplain and myself of a considerable part of this work.

3. *Gardening.* In order to encourage this most useful way of giving the men employment, I have offered prizes of $5, $3 and $1 for the best vegetable gardens, and $3, $1.50 and $1 for the three best flower gardens in the new camp. I have also promised to furnish the seed, if that could not be done by the authorities. Furthermore, to encourage as many as possible to take part in the contests, I have offered a prize for the company that has the best set of gardens, as well as of bushes and vines about its building.

4. *Athletics.* The authorities have put at the disposal of the men a large athletic field, but have not of course funds for furnishing the equipment. I take it that we shall be able to do this. I have asked the athletic committee to furnish me a list of the requirements and will be able to give you the figures in a few days.

5. *Music.* There are in the camp three musical organizations —a choral society, an orchestra, and a band—for which we will probably furnish music and attend to the replacing of instruments."

At Fort McPherson, Georgia

At about the same time that Mr. Jacob went to Fort Oglethorpe, Dr. Louis E. Wolferz, who also had returned from Europe where he had been engaged during the past year in prisoner-of-war work in Germany, was sent to Fort McPherson to organize the work in the prisoner-of-war camp there. Dr. Wolferz had from the first the heartiest cooperation of the Commandant and his staff and was able in a very short time to get started the usual activities that the Young Men's Christian Association has found helpful in prison camps.

He found a demand among the warrant officers in the camp for English classes and at once organized two large classes among them. The men in this camp when he went there were most of them officers and crew from the German liner "Cecelie," and were exceptionally friendly toward Dr. Wolferz in every suggestion that he brought to them in regard to the work. Religious services were held for the men and several Bible classes organized.

Very shortly after Dr. Wolferz's arrival, the new barracks which had been under construction for the prisoners of war were completed, and the men were transferred to their new quarters. Permission was granted by the Colonel in charge of the camp and a location selected, in conference with him, for an Association building. We decided to erect type F building, exactly like the buildings of that type in our Army Y. M. C. A. camps, the Association furnishing the lumber and other material and the men doing the work. It seemed best, after talking matters over with the officers of the camp, that we should allow the men a small wage for their work. We were fortunate enough to find among the men an experienced builder to serve as foreman.

Space prevents our giving full reports from the other camps, where a like work is being done. The appended letter from Mr. Nelson, now at Fort McPherson, gives the latest news from that camp.

The New Building At Camp McPherson

I think every person in the camp was present: officers, petty officers, sailors and civilians, Colonel Van Orsdale, the Chaplain, Major Clarke (Adjutant), Capt. Campbell, Capt. Goodale, Lieut. Wallen, and Lieut. Porterfield (the new censor)—all were there. Services were begun with "Wir treten und beten," sung by the audience. Chaplain Brown offered a dedicatory prayer, and then made a splendid talk in English, which many of the men can follow. It was thought better for them to explain to their fellows later than to use an interpreter, as Chaplain Brown feared he could not speak through an interpreter. Colonel Van Orsdale very briefly thanked the Young Men's Christian Association for its work in this camp, expressed his appreciation for its work

throughout the world, and thanked the individuals who had erected the building.

Chief Petty Officer Haake then replied on behalf of the prisoners, thanking the officers, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the carpenters. He announced that a small payment will be asked of each man, but that those without means will be allowed to enjoy the same privileges as those who pay.

A concert, piano and strings, followed. At intervals it was interrupted, and three reels of pictures were shown. The first was a short one, 200 feet, showing life in this camp. The men knew it had been made, but not that it would be shown last night. That was Capt. Campbell's suggestion, and judging by the responses from the men, it was a most happy one.

As the Quarter-Master, Capt. Small, remarked, the new building puts to shame the other structures in the camp. It is very handsome, inside and out, and apparently very well constructed, all the work having been done by the prisoners.

CLAUD D. NELSON.

BELGIUM

Needs of Association Members

Camp Fort III 166,
Fortification of St. Maurice,
September 2, 1917.

To the International Committee, Young Men's Christian Association, Geneva.

Gentlemen and Honored Brethren:

The Belgian National Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, knowing of my journey to Switzerland, have entrusted to me the assurance of their fraternal affection and of their gratitude for the sympathy which you have so often shown us and of late yet again.

Our president, M. Adolph Buyssens, had already written to thank you for the good gift you transmitted to us from the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States. At the height of the exchange we received 11,000 francs. Will you tell our friends in America how grateful we are for the generous aid which they have given us in these sorrowful and difficult times through which we are passing. Our Associations know how much gratitude the Belgian people owe to the people of America for having organized their commissariat (Commission for Belgian Relief). They know that if in future they shall have been able to pay a part of their debt of service, to make the most necessary repairs to their quarters, to pay for their heating and lighting during 1917, and to diminish their debts contracted since the

"Servian and Russian Prisoners in Germany Get Few Food Parcels from Home"

2,000 Servian Boys at Braunau, Austria, are Receiving Special Food and Care through the Association

Exchange of Wounded Russian Prisoners
They gave their accordeons supplied for the journey by our Secretary, to wounded Germans for the return journey

Association Canteens in the African Jungle
From this point the goods are packed on men's backs

beginning of the war, they owe it to the good will and assistance of our comrades in the United States.

We have prepared a budget of the needs of our Belgian Association. It amounts to about 60,000 francs. We have just received it (on the first of June). We have made use of the sum received to pay the debts contracted by the smaller Associations, and to diminish the deficits of the larger Associations at Brussels and Antwerp. We have also consecrated a part of the sum received to the more intensive evangelical work in the very bosom of our Association. We have engaged five Association secretaries, each of whom has his own particular work. There is one for the province of Liege, Mon. D. Lejeune of Nessonvaux, two for the district of Charleroy, MM. Elie Lombart of Jumet and Octave Berteau of Courcelles; two for the department of Mons, MM. Desire Urbain of Ruaregnon and Huge of Cuesmes, appointed by the National Committee on nomination from the district committee. They have been at work for three months and their effort has already produced excellent results. They are addressing themselves to the task of the conversion of the members of our Associations, and nothing is more necessary at a moment when the situation of Belgium is so critical and when one never knows whether he shall be alive tomorrow. There have been a number of deaths among our members deported into Germany, and many families have been plunged into sorrow or into agony. One young man of our church, former member of the Association at Paris, was shot in April for high treason, as they say over there. Before his death he wrote to his parents, to his wife, and to his brother letters of moving simplicity in which he said he had lived with God for three months, and he asked his brother to take Jesus Christ as his ideal. He told his brother that he had learned to know Christ at the Association in Paris. I think it was Dürrlemann who made the chief impression on him. All of these experiences have created an atmosphere of seriousness which makes men's hearts accessible to the Gospel.

Also our secretaries have already succeeded in doing much good. They have reestablished a number of Associations which had been dissolved; they have organized meetings for young men, and even a retreat which took place at Jumet the last Sunday in July and which did much good.

The material situation of our members remains most difficult and precarious. The ration of bread is insufficient and there have been no potatoes for five months. Everyone is hungry. In time one accustoms himself to it. But those who have to perform manual labor, like miners, suffer much. It often happens that men have to lay off one or two days a week on account of their enfeebled condition, or else knock off work before the end of the day.

The communal support is well employed but is insufficient.

What is 50 or even 60 centimes[1] a day when flour, meat, dried beans cost 10 francs a kilo; milk 60 centimes a litre, eggs 60 centimes apiece, butter (in the kit) 16 francs a kilo.

If you could make this known to our American friends you would render us a service. Will you also tell them that the Associations at Brussels and Antwerp have a deficit of 8,000 francs and 5,000 francs respectively, and that we would like to be able to continue to maintain our district secretaries, who have accomplished so much. We pay them only 75 francs per month; but we cannot continue them beyond the 30th of November unless some one comes to our assistance.

I add that living is so expensive that many of our members no longer have any shoes and must go to church in *sabots*. Clothing is also lacking and can not be purchased except at exorbitant prices.

Please excuse the tone of this letter, which seems to me to be very mendicant, at least for ordinary times. Our excuse is that we see our friends suffer, and that we ourselves have suffered with them.

Will you accept, gentlemen and honored brethren, the assurance of our great gratitude and of our most cordial regards.

In the name of the Belgian National Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

An Unusual Group

In one of the groups at Aschach 160 Servian cadets have been assembled from all the camps. Upon our first visit to Aschach, Mr. MacNaughten and I saw at once that the presence of this group of Servians, many of whom, before the war, had been university students, presented an unusual opportunity and we at once talked over the matter with the Commandant. He agreed that we should provide for them first of all.

Plans were perfected for the readaptation of a barrack, using one half of the building for a reading room and library and an office for the secretary, the other half for school rooms. The inner walls were all covered with natural pine and also the slanting roofs with a high ceiling, so that when finished the rooms were unusually attractive.

Equipment was sent from our central office, books were secured, and a program of activities worked out with the com-

[1] Fifty centimes, nine cents; flour, meat, beans, etc., costs 72 cents a pound; an egg 11 cents; butter costs $1.20 a pound.

mittee which the cadets had selected to take charge of all Association activities. As many of these students read several modern languages, we sent them standard literature in German, French, and English, as well as in their native tongue. Among them are also mechanical and engineering students for whom we ordered scientific books. The young man who has charge of the school has been a specialist on philosophical lines; he has discovered others of a like mind and they have formed a seminar.

On the evening of April 9th we held our opening exercises. The cadets have a fine orchestra and glee club. They arranged a program of vocal and instrumental music. It was an inspiring sight to see that group of splendid young fellows together in their new barrack, all eager to make the best of the opportunity for self-improvement. The chairman of the committee, a young banker in Belgrad, introduced the secretary, who spoke in his still somewhat imperfect German on the opportunities for self-improvement during the war.

The director of the school then announced his courses. One hundred and twenty-five of the men had already enrolled in one or more lines of study. Classes have begun in German, French, Italian, and English and, surprising to note, they have among their own number many who speak enough of each of these languages to be able at least to lead a group in the study. Some twenty-five have ordered equipment for bookkeeping, and another group wants to begin mechanical drawing. As already stated, other groups or seminars are to be organized if we can provide them with the necessary books. So enthusiastic were the cadets over their new prospects that when the secretary left they gave him a good rousing Servian cheer, as a mark of their appreciation of what the Association has brought them.

AMOS A. EBERSOLE.

Russian and Servian Boys in Austria

The term "Prison Group" is scarcely applicable to a place where school is in session from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon; where melodious harmonies from the music hall can be heard at almost any hour of the day; where scores of happy shoemakers bring cheer, not only through making feet warmer but also by the accompanying southland melodies; where the sewing machines are humming like the old country saw mill; where busy carpenter boys are sawing and pounding with delight; where hundreds are in the playhouse in mental tussle over some puzzle or game; where the pale-faced chaps take three free shots at the nigger babies; where they can attend a first class theater performance, a band concert or a "movie" nearly any evening; and where a big brother comes nearly every day with candy in his pockets or food parcels in his arms, and a heart full of love

to all, expressed by a smile that never wears off, as he goes to the little musician or student or shoe-maker or carpenter, putting his big arm over his little shoulder, radiating a brotherlike spirit of love, and telling him that his mother will be proud of her boy when he returns because he has been so industrious while they have been parted.

CLARENCE W. BARTZ.

Secretaries in the Making

As I look back over the activity of the Association at Zalaegerszeg, I realize that the largest single factor in the work has been a well equipped Association barrack. First there must be mentioned the faithful efforts of two Moscow boys who entered the army as volunteers and now, after almost three years of life in prison, day after day give themselves over to unselfish work for their fellowmen. Alexander Jarof, the chairman of the cabinet, a man who has won the good will of all in camp, is daily advising and helping in the personal problems of the stream of prisoners that has come in and gone out of the camp through all these months. Besides doing this service he has been the right hand of the secretary in all his dealings with the prisoners and committees. His room-mate is Waldimir Chochloff, who has kept regular hours at the library window, not only passing out books to the file of men who wait, but seeking to place the right book in the right man's hands. The neatness, order, and exactness of his record in the library are worthy of commendation.

RAYMOND J. REITZEL.

A Token of Appreciation

As an example of the men's appreciation, I beg leave to quote you their own thought-out words as they were given to me at a New Year's luncheon of the "One Year's Volunteers":

Dear Mr. Reitzel:

The Russian One Year's Volunteers of the prisoner-of-war camp in Zalaegerszeg are happy to have an opportunity to thank you for all you have done for us. We well know and appreciate that you left home and friends for our sake, in order to bring light and some variety into our abandoned lives. Before you came we had nothing to help our spiritual progress, nothing to give our minds a little change. Then you came and brought to us "One Year's Volunteers," as well as to the other soldiers, the possibility to spend our time in a pleasant and useful way.

We shall never forget the friendship extended to us by you and your country and we beg of you to express our warmest thanks and greetings to your country and to the War Prisoners' Aid of the Young Men's Christian Association and to accept this little present as a modest token of our gratitude.

GERMANY

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

Allied Prisoners in Germany

The work continues. The German Government has agreed to permit the continuation of Association work for prisoners of war in Germany, as the following cable message shows:

Copenhagen, Sept. 14, 17.

Germany agrees eleven secretaries and Hoffman continue war prisoners work. Hoffman may visit Americans. Have agreed World's Committee plan. Forwarding same today. Reporting war prisoner food problem and conferences on same by post. HARTE.

The eleven secretaries mentioned are neutrals, chiefly Swiss and Scandinavians, and are working under the direction of Conrad Hoffman, who is an American, and who, according to the agreement, is permitted to visit the American prisoners.

Americans Imprisoned

Stockholm, May 4th.

"I have just learned that the International Red Cross at Geneva has the names and addresses of about one hundred Americans who are prisoners of war in Germany. Will you kindly get these names for me so that I can at once get into communication with them and send them parcels? Please leave no stone unturned to get this accomplished by *return post,* or in other words, do it as you would like to have it done if you were the individual interned."

HARTE.

In response to the above telegram from Dr. A. C. Harte of the International Committee, Mr. White, an American secretary now working among the 17,000 French and British prisoners of war interned in Switzerland, took the matter up. After many negotiations, the result is reported under date of June 18th by Mr. Wilson, our secretary at Copenhagen:

"Parcels as indicated below are sent regularly to the hundred or more Americans held as prisoners of war in Germany. These parcels are paid for by the funds of the International Committee and sent by our secretaries in Copenhagen and Stockholm."

The parcels contain:

1 *Sort Ceres Brod*—rye bread	0.35
2 *Hveteloff*—wheat loaf	0.40
⅓ *boks melk*—1 can milk	0.35
¼ kg. Kaffe—coffee	1.00
½ kg. Ost—cheese	1.80
¼ kg. Baffinndo—sugar	0.33

1 Sardina afoil—oil sardines	0.55
1 pk. Corn flakes	0.90
¼ kg. Smer—butter	0.98
1 gl. Sylbetse—preserves	0.95
& Kart.—carton	0.40
	8.81

Where the welfare committees believe that we should send underwear and clothing, I recommend that we send the enlisted men at once, instead of the monthly allowance, wearing apparel up to the cost of twenty-five crowns, and for the officers up to the cost of fifty crowns. No money should be sent to the men to whom we are sending both parcels and wearing apparel, except on the very urgent recommendation of the welfare committee.

E. G. Wilson.

From One of the Least of These

Brandenburg, Germany,
June 17, 1917.

Mr. White.
Dear Sir:

I am taking the liberty to write to you because a friend of yours, Monsieur Legros, has given me your name and told me to write.

I am an American boy from N. Y. state. I have been captured since the 10th of March and have become acquainted with Mr. Legros here in the camp.

Mr. Legros tells me that you would send me some clothing as I have only that which I was wearing when captured and it is becoming worn. I am just about the average sized boy of 15 years' age. I am about 5 ft. 3 in. tall, and my chest measure is 33 in. My shoes are size 7.

Thanking you for your trouble in reading this letter,

Yours respectfully,

William Parker.

To which Mr. Legros adds:

Dear Sir:

Will you excuse me if I address you the letter of an American boy. He is with me, but I do not possess any coat and *shoes truly* necessary for him.

I beg your pardon for my bad English. I learn, but it is difficult to write after only six weeks' studying.

I will take notice of your kindness for the parcels that you

will send for your countrymen, my little protege; I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again after the war.

I remain your very devoted and affectionate

Yours sincerely

(Signed) René Legros
Sergent, President du Comite
Francais de Secours
Brandenburg on Havel.

From a British Soldier in a German Prison

Mr. Hoffman accompanied us on a visit to the school, a very different one from that you saw last August—organized, developed, established, with more than a thousand students now, with a music room, a laboratory, a busy office, and much steady work. You remember our want was space then, and you gave us the hall with class rooms. We received them, or some of them at least, and in one I have been allowed to teach Italian. When you came the lessons were given in the open air, the pupils writing on their knees. Thanks to you and some other Americans, our little room has a comfortable air, and in place of a dozen students there are seven times that number. Those who were learning then are commenting on Dante now and are half way through the "Purgatorio." That is the history of one section only. Think what fruit the seed you sowed has borne. Our Italian library numbers 200 volumes.

M. S. Prichard.

For Starving Roumanian Prisoners

I am writing you on behalf of one of the lazarets, viz. in Tuchel where there are over three hundred invalids many of them Roumanians, the remainder Russians. The essential need is for food, as 30 to 40 are dying daily from lack of the necessary nourishment. I do not know what can be done, but pray that immediate aid can be given. I have asked for the names of the chairmen of the committee which I will send you at once and trust some arrangements can be made to send them a collective shipment at regular intervals.

Conrad Hoffman.

PATH OF GOLD

A path of gold—oh build it quick and straight
For mercy's feet to tread!
There is no time to wait—
Each minute pulses red
From Freedom's wounded heart.
Make haste and do your part.
Swift as they are, your gifts will be too late
To help the dead.
But there are those who live, whom you can spare
A little of the agony they bear
For you—that's true; have you not thought how true?
For you.
These, who have learned how much body and soul endure,
Their church-bells were as sweet as ours,
Their gardens were as glad with flowers,
Their women were as pure,
Their children sang and laughed and played
As merry and as unafraid—
Oh, little heads bowed on the desks, as though
The lesson being hard, you fell asleep!
We shudder and we weep—but tears are cheap.
More, more than tears must pay the debt we owe
To those whose bleeding breasts have been our shield,
A wall that will not yield.
God knows this moment is too deep for hate.
The need is great—it calls us to be great.
Our hand shall comfort those whom it must strike.
For wounded friend and wounded foe alike
A path of gold—oh, build it quick and straight!

—AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

STRICTLY PRIVATE—NOT TO BE PRINTED

FOR THE MILLIONS OF MEN NOW UNDER ARMS

NUMBER THIRTEEN

Copyright, 1918, by
The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations

FOREWORD

All those who have had the privilege of reading the numbers of this series of confidential pamphlets will welcome this additional collection of extracts from the great volume of letters and reports which have been received during recent months. The scanning of these pages, with their vivid record of practical constructive service, will call forth responsive interest on the part of all. Members of the various Governments concerned, as well as military leaders and civilians who have had opportunity to see this work on behalf of soldiers and prisoners of war, bear the strongest possible testimony as to its great value and efficiency.

JOHN R. MOTT

347 Madison Avenue, New York City
June 10, 1918

THE SECRET CHART

by Junius

From the *London Observer*, June 24, 1917.

"You see that yellow curve," said the Staff Officer; "that is the German line of wastage, and that other red curve is their line of recruitment. If I could show you the figures, it would tell you more about the issues of the War than all the speculations of the arm-chair strategists. But that," he added sternly, "is a secret."

"Modern war, then," I replied, "is an exact science. You reckon up the men on one side and the men on the other, and the guns and aeroplanes, and you form your equation."

He laughed. "What about Ypres," he said, "where 50,000 British held up four times as many Germans? What about the Marne, where they had five guns to our one?"

"Then victory," I said, "is not always on the side of the big battalions?"

"It is, and it isn't," he replied. "There's something else. You cannot chart it, you cannot weigh it, you cannot express it in any military figures. But Napoleon knew what it was and he called it 'morale.' I cannot define for you exactly what 'morale' is, but I can tell you it comes in many different ways. I have known 'morale' to be found in a cup of hot coffee. That sounds unromantic, but think what it means to a man who has had ten hours of consecutive shelling. I have seen 'morale' created by a man taking a big risk. I have seen it sustained by a man merely writing a letter home, just before he went into action."

"You can describe 'morale,'" he continued, "in a score of ways, little and big. It may come from the faith in a future life or from the thought that one is protecting the loved ones at home. But if you want a short and easy definition of 'morale' you will find a good one in the four letters Y. M. C. A."

He took me to a window and showed me men trooping into a Y. M. C. A. hut. "Those are men," he said, "who will be going up to the front line tomorrow. Some of them will be playing games, and let no man laugh at a game as a preparation for battle. Others will be writing home, others will be attending divine service, but each in his own way will be finding and strengthening his 'morale' in the comradeship of his fellows beneath the symbol of the Red Triangle and the inspiration for which it stands.

"All this is a thing which cannot show on my charts. But it is also a thing which is going to turn the balance in our favor. Go back and tell the people at home that a dry soldier, concerned alone with military calculations, believes that the Young Men's Christian Association is playing a far bigger part in winning the war than any mere civilian can recognize. I do not speak to you as a philanthropist. That is not my job. But I want to see an end to this horrible business, and if a soldier's words have any weight, tell them to help the Association to carry on."

FRANCE

THE ARMY

"I take this occasion to renew the thanks which were addressed by my predecessors to the French-American Union, and to assure them of all my support in the work of moral and material assistance which you pursue in favor of our fighting men."

(Signed) CLEMENCEAU,
Prime Minister.

When our Huguenot brethren began their work in the Foyers du Soldat during the fall of 1914, their experiment was regarded with scepticism by the military authorities, when it was not distrusted as possibly a religious propaganda. Still, it was given a fair chance and the officers watched its result with open minds. They came to the Foyers, saw what was being done, studied the effect on their troops, and finally became whole-heartedly converted to their usefulness. In consequence of this, at the end of last winter the Association was invited to increase the Foyer work indefinitely.

It was decided to multiply the work by five, which would have given some 300 Foyers in the French army, but during the fall the French government requested a further increase, offering to provide 1,300 huts as fast as the Association could man them. At present there are over 600 Foyers in operation, and the French commander-in-chief gives a list of some 550 places where furnished barracks are ready, as soon as American secretaries can be provided to open them. These secretaries are going to France at the rate of about twenty-five a week.

Moreover, it is not only in France that the work is appreciated at its proper value. Late in January, M. Sautter, the French director of the Foyers, wrote that he had been requested to start work for the army at Salonica, while a few days previously he had received a visit from an officer sent by the general commanding in Morocco, with the request that he would start fifty Foyers for the troops there. It would be impossible to imagine a more

complete vindication of the wisdom of those who undertook the work.

The opportunity to be of service not only to the French army but indirectly to the French people is measureless. D. A. Davis, American director of the Foyer work, feels this very deeply, as is shown in the following letter:

February 25, 1918.

"The French Ministry of War and the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army are urging us to create at the earliest possible moment 1,072 new Foyers; this, with the number of Foyers existing, will bring the total to over 1,400. The Government is giving us the barracks, furnished with tables, benches, stoves, and lights, and arranged according to our orders. They are giving us free of charge coal for heating the barracks and gasoline or kerosene for lighting the barracks. They have given us facilities for buying all supplies for our canteens from the Quartermaster's Department, delivered to the place required. They are giving us transportation free by rail and by auto for such articles as we furnish ourselves, such as letter-paper, books, magazines and games. The military authorities detail from one to four men to help in keeping the barracks clean and in serving the hot drinks. The Cinéma aux Armées is cooperating to the fullest possible extent to put on programs which will be interesting and instructive in our Foyers. Even after all these permissions were granted and after the Ministry of War had delegated a special man to take care of our requests in the War Ministry and after a special Liaison officer had been appointed with the Grand Quartier General, the Commander-in-Chief sent a special delegate to know if really we were getting all the facilities that we needed for the rapid prosecution of our work. Both M. Clemenceau, the Prime Minister of France, and General Pétain, the Commander-in-Chief have visited several of our Foyers recently and have declared themselves highly delighted with what they saw.

Why are such unheard-of facilities being put at our disposal and why are we being urged by the authorities to create these Foyers more rapidly? First of all, because the military authorities realize that the work we are doing has a vital relationship to the winning of the war. I am convinced that, after having seen the change that a Foyer produces on the morale of the men in a camp, the importance of the work we are doing cannot be overemphasized. The Army realizes this and realizes that our Association has the experience and the methods for giving the men that moral stamina and encouragement which keeps them in fighting trim.

As important as our work is from the military point of view, it is equally so from the point of view of producing mutual understanding between France and America. Every one of our 150 men, who are actually in our 325 existing Foyers along the French

front, is to the French military and civil population an incarnation of the United States of America. In these men the boys and girls of the villages as well as the soldiers see America. The results which are already being accomplished along the lines of making the best we have in America known to the soldiers and people of France are remarkable, and I assure you are very different from what is being done by some of our troops over here towards making America known to the French. As Mr. Boyden, editor of the *American Magazine,* who has been in one of our Foyers for about six weeks, said: "The Foyers are the greatest school imaginable for training diplomats." There is no way in which Americans can so completely understand the French language, the French people, and the spirit of France as by living alone in the midst of the soldiers, because, after all, the soldiers of France are the civilians of France. Our men are learning invaluable lessons from the French soldier. At the same time, without any boastfulness or undue pride, they are helping French soldiers to understand how serious America is in this war, what efforts we are making, the spirit of our institutions, and something of the genius of our people. The delicacy of the situation of the American secretary in the French work makes it extremely important that we have only men of the highest qualities.

The third point in the significance of the work we are doing for the French Army lies in the promotion of brotherhood among all the peoples who are here in France at the present time, and who are working under the direction of the French Army. We are actually carrying on work for Chinese, Annamites, Poles, Russians, Senegalese, Malgaches, Moroccans, Algerians, Portuguese and Italians. There are still other nationalities that we may be able to reach. Nine out of ten of these strangers in France have only the vaguest idea of why they are here. Many of them think it is only to slay, or to make shells for destruction. Few of them know anything of our Western civilization. They have been brought from their homes in Central Africa, the islands of the sea, and other distant lands in the name of labor and civilization. Under the circumstances, the Government can do very little in the way of teaching our civilization to these men; the Young Men's Christian Association can, if it will, do much. To you, who for many years have been living and dreaming in the terms of the world, I need not emphasize the eternal importance of our using the opportunity which lies before us at the present time. The very fact that these backward peoples have been brought across the sea has opened their minds. They are beginning to ask questions, they are beginning to wonder, and the chains of habit and custom which have held them in their own lands are being broken; they are more approachable here than they ever were in their own lands. If we succeed in getting them to understand the first principles of Christian service, God only knows what importance this

may have for the future of Christianity when these people return to their own lands. The opportunity is ours to teach an unforgettable lesson in brotherhood and good will. The Red Triangle paper bearing our name is now being distributed over France and to the ends of the earth through the Foyers du Soldat at the rate of 10,000,000 per month. Through our libraries, through our English classes, and, above all, through the personality of the high-grade men we actually have in the service, an incalculable influence is being exerted for good.

In the Foyers in smaller cantonments of 500 to 800 soldiers, we are placing two women directrices, one French and one American. In this cooperation we need strong, capable, cultured American women, from 30 to 55 years of age, who speak French or at least have a good knowledge of the language, women who will give to their Foyers the real home atmosphere and who will use tact and judgment in handling men and in working side by side with French women. We want to send our best type of American womanhood to the French army. They serve hot drinks at the canteen, organize concerts and cinéma exhibitions, hand out games and letter paper, teach English classes to officers and soldiers, and direct and manage their Foyers. We can use ten women at once and five a week hereafter. Our most valuable workers are women who are well educated, have traveled or can easily adapt themselves to any conditions, or have had experience in social service work, teaching, or home-making."

THE FOYERS

When the larger program was initiated last fall, American secretaries took part in the French work for the first time in considerable numbers. Often they spoke little or no French, but that did not matter; as Mr. Davis wrote, they were there for action, not talk. Their relations with their French fellow-secretaries were, on the whole, excellent. The French Regional Director of the Fourth Army is greatly pleased. He writes:

"Let me tell you frankly that my impressions as to the aid brought by our American friends to the French Foyers is excellent. Monsieur A. gets on perfectly with Monsieur B.

The American secretaries themselves are more than happy at the opportunity for service which the work affords them. There is scarcely a pessimistic or discouraged note heard anywhere, and on all sides there is evidence of the cordial cooperation of the French officers. Here is what just a few of the secretaries say; it is characteristic of their reports as a whole:

"The Foyer is bound to be popular here as it is absolutely the sole place of diversion for the poilus. They have begun at once to feel at home, and fill the place at every opportunity. The

crowd was so great on Christmas night that our new floor gave way in three places.

"I assure you that I am perfectly satisfied to be right here, it is a splendid opportunity for service."

"We have just had some troops in, they were here a week. This was the first Foyer they had seen and they were simply carried away with it, they re-christened it *'Le Rêve du Poilu'* ('The Poilu's Dream'). The hut was packed every night. A poilu told me that at supper all was silence, for each one was racing through the meal to get to the Foyer and have a place. When they left yesterday, every one of the officers looked me up to say goodbye and thanked me for what I had done for their poilus. It made me feel good. We are putting up our canteen this week, I find that it is indispensable. The poilu likes to spend money and to talk about America."

"One of the soldiers who speaks some English said last night when I referred to the all-pervasive dampness and other unsatisfactory conditions. 'It does not matter when you give such a cordial welcome. The men like the American way of being friendly.' "

"Just as I was packing up to leave, a captain, with the Legion of Honour pinned on his breast, came over, took one of my hands in both of his, and with tears in his eyes made me a most touching and patriotic speech of thanks. He not only thanked me for coming into the Foyer work, but thanked God for the many gracious things that the Americans had done to help France and the many kind hearts in America who had done so much to help lighten France's burden. He concluded by saying, 'With such allies as England and America, the victory must be ours. *Vive l'Amerique! Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France!*' "

Our Women

A new feature this winter has been the work of American women in the Foyers. The Reverend J. M. Wodfin, Associate Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Temperance, after an exhaustive inspection of the American area, wrote: "The women workers in the canteens (American) keep before the men the vision of America's pure womanhood, which is a tremendous influence in keeping the men true to the ideals of the American home." The noble women who are serving in the French Foyers are doing the same work for the poilu and at the same time, by introducing him to what is best in American womanhood, are helping to an understanding of American ideals which is of the highest value. More than that, they are giving their lives to the cause.

Miss Martin, of Terre Haute, was killed recently by a German bomb dropped on non-combatants in Paris. Later Miss Davis, of Rockville Center, Long Island, was killed at the front. "Greater love hath no man than this!" The following letter from Miss Bowler shows how the work impresses the women engaged in it:

"We live in a nice little one-story house with a shell hole in the kitchen ceiling, bricked up, and our little landlady keeps our rooms as clean as possible and cooks for us. Praise be—we each have a stove which gives us a fire in the mornings and another to sit beside when we come home at night.

"And now to tell you of our work. It seems to me to be about as fine a thing as all this weary war has produced, and second in necessity only to the care of the wounded. It is called the Foyer du Soldat, literally the Soldiers' Fireside (Hearth) and has, in a small way, tried to give the soldiers a little legitimate recreation. Now that we are in the war, the American Y. M. C. A. is backing and developing the work with money and men, and now with women, too. Of course, we work under the French directors. The French army has officially expressed its desire to see the Foyers introduced and certainly it is a joy to serve these men who have held the enemy from our throat for three years, and today are enabling us to have the precious time to train our men before they enter the trenches.

"Next door is the café, now our canteen. There is a bar in one end, and a black hole beyond for a kitchen. The plaster is tumbling off the walls, and many of the windows are out. Here we serve chocolate and coffee in the morning and coffee at night, give out games and writing paper, and present them with pens and ink to write their endless letters home. How they love to write! They far prefer letter writing to hot coffee or even to the cinema, and there is something infinitely pathetic about these letters marked 'Foyer du Soldat,' going north, south, east, and west to Normandy, Brittany, lovely Touraine, Gascony, or the Côte d'Or or the Midi to find each the real Foyer the poilu has left behind. There is a piano, which, for all its broken keys and being woefully out of tune, is rarely silent, and a graphophone around which many gather. In the evening we sell tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes, which by day are sold in the jolliest little canteen bazaar off one end of the big hall and kept by a sergeant assigned to us for that.

"About the canteen are two writing rooms and a billiard room, never empty. Here, in the evening, I hold my English classes sometimes forty strong. You never knew such eagerness to learn and they ask such searching questions that I have to work hard to prepare my lessons. It is amazing how many speak English.

"All this work has been under way a few months only and has been managed by a French director, aided, for two months,

by an American associate. We, the first women, have been here only ten days. Naturally, being women, we began at once to try to mend and clean up and clear up. We had gotten as far as having some of the windows patched up with waxed linen and planning to whitewash the walls when along came two of our chiefs from Paris. One, the architect, approved all our plans and added more, and now we are planning and painting and scrubbing and whitewashing, mending holes and installing stoves, and hoping and praying that when Christmas comes we may have the house in order.

"And everywhere the interest grows. Twice we have run out of coffee and tobacco. The men crowd in so that all games are taken and they stand behind the tables waiting their turn to write letters. We shall have to spread over into some half-destroyed rooms on the other side. Now and again an officer comes in who has heard of us, to find out what we are doing. Today it was the general who is the Intendant of this whole army which is stationed here. An Intendant is something like a general of the Quartermaster's corps. Such a charming old man, looking something like beloved Papa Joffre! I took him over every inch of the place and he seemed delighted.

"The best of it is the courtesy and appreciation. Here we work, two women, often only one in the building at once, among this crowd of men, and never a rough word or a coarse jest. The first night one said to me, *'Notre café sera meilleur ce soir. Etre servi par des dames comme ça, c'est chic!'* Which means, that their coffee would be better for coming to them from a woman's hand, and when I was trying to hearten some poor lads who were going to the Italian front, one told me I ought to be a general of a division. Bless their hearts! Do you wonder I go to bed, however weary, happier than in many a long day? Which reminds me that it is bed time now and tomorrow is Sunday and no day of rest, but the busiest in the seven and now I must turn in. So good-night."

CHINESE LABORERS WITH THE FRENCH ARMY

The French have brought from the East a number of Chinese laborers, and until last fall these men were without attention of any sort. Last November Mr. J. Huan Si, a Chinese secretary, was sent to look after them, and since then he has been joined by an associate of his own nationality. He says:

"It was on the 22nd of November that I came from Lyons to Feysin to live and to start the Foyer work for the Chinese laborers here, of whom there are nearly one thousand. All of these men came from Northern and Central China. The majority of them have never had an opportunity of going to school at home, and, as a result, they are ignorant both socially and intellectually.

"Mes pauvres gosses (7) me réclament à grands cris ainsi que ma femme aveugle"

The soldier represented in this picture, writing after the death of one of his children, says "My poor children (7) cry out for me, as does also my blind wife"

French and American Soldiers Mingle in Many of the Foyers

Socially they are ignorant not only of the French customs and manners, but also of Chinese etiquette, which, if they were well brought up in, would stand them in good stead even in the midst of polite French company. Since most of these men have been deprived of the opportunities of such a social education, they often do many things in France which would make any Chinese student blush for the conduct of his countrymen. On tramways I not infrequently find that these men, while traveling first class, either talk loud among themselves, or eat peanuts or chestnuts and throw the shells on the floor. Intellectually, they are not only uneducated in the great civilization of the French people, but also ignorant of the literature and history of China. Not a few of them have not even such a knowledge of elementary geography as to know where they are, or the direction of China in relation to Lyons. One man who happened to know that I came from the United States by boat, asked me if he could go to the States by train.

"When I first came, the Chinese laborers were also suspicious of my mission for them. Some of them thought that I came as an adjunct to the French authorities; one of them asked me if I were going to be at the head of their police force. Others thought that I came to sell them goods and merchandise; still others thought that I was appointed by the Chinese Government to settle their grievances against the French authorities. All these misgivings and misunderstandings concerning my mission for them are now eliminated by means of those informal meetings, held at the temporary quarters of the Foyer, during the first two weeks of my arrival on the premises.

"We have already started on our work with the educational section of our program. As the men are free only from six o'clock onward, our classes are scheduled from seven to eight. I usually come to the room by five, and the men generally begin to come by six. Between six and seven, the men pass their time in writing letters, reading magazines, listening to the phonograph, or asking questions on current affairs. At seven, when I am conducting my classes at one end of the room, there are always a number of men writing, reading, or listening to my lectures and quizzes at the other.

"There are, at the present moment, 104 names enrolled in the class in English; 27 in the class in French; 20 in the class in Geography; and 24 in the class in Arithmetic. The men attend their classes regularly. Only classes in Geography and Arithmetic are in session; classes in English and French are to be postponed to some time next week, when I expect that Mr. Vernier will be able to conduct the class in French, and I am expecting to teach the English myself.

"While some of the men are taking advantage of the educational opportunities that the Association is offering them in the

evening, others are to be found at the same time gambling in their barracks, or loafing on the streets. We cannot say that with a larger building we can attract all these men to our building, or do away with gambling or loafing entirely; we can say, however, that with a larger building we may put up some diversions that will counteract the influence of their present immoral surroundings.

"As to the necessity of having another Chinese secretary, it is unnecessary for me to say that I can concentrate my effort and energy only at F———, while the other three places in which Chinese laborers are to be found are entirely neglected. If the second man knows more athletics than I do, and knows how to organize them, so much the better; even if not, my work in cooperation with his will accomplish results far exceeding what I alone can accomplish in twice the amount of time."

The latest report from Mr. Bristol says that Mr. Si has "transformed the spirit of a thousand men, and established the very best relationship with the officials." There is also a promising branch at S——— F———.

Major Wallace's account of the work being done for the Chinese coolies employed by the English in France is so suggestive of the possibilities in this direction that it is worth giving here:

"Some months ago McCowen and myself interviewed Col. Fairfax, the Commanding Officer of the Chinese Labor Corps, in regard to the establishment of Young Men's Christian Association work in his camps. At that time he refused to give official sanction to the scheme, but allowed McCowen to make an unofficial experiment in one camp. This proved so successful that now Col. Fairfax is a keen advocate of our work and is pressing to have the Association established in all the camps.

"McCowen tells me that he will probably need twenty workers in all. I have interviewed the secretaries of all of the British missionary societies and we have already secured six men and hope to get some more but the Labor Corps has absorbed practically all the available British missionaries as regular officers.

"In consultation with McCowen I cabled you as above for five returned secretaries or missionaries. I mean, of course, missionaries or secretaries on furlough from China. The Chinese laborers, by the way, are all Mandarin-speaking men. I hope that you will be able to send these men across at once."

PRISONERS OF WAR

Among the men confined in French prison camps there are two groups which arouse especial sympathy because of their exceptional positions, the Czecho-Slavs and the Poles. Bohemia, the country of the former, the home of John Huss, has been

oppressed and downtrodden by the Austrians and Hungarians literally for hundreds of years, and the treatment of the civilian population since the beginning of this war has been almost as brutal as that of Belgium. The Czechs hate their oppressors, and are driven to fight in the armies of the Central Powers only at the point of the bayonet. Consequently when prisoners they are neglected and are not fairly treated by their German fellow-prisoners in the distribution of such delicacies as have been sent to the prisoners. Last summer Mr. Chez, who speaks their language, visited the Czech prisoners, and found them most grateful. How grateful they are for small favors, and how much a very small favor may mean to men in such a position as theirs, is shown by this message from a little camp at Rives. "It is impossible for us to describe the joy which you have brought to our group of Czecho-Slavs by the sending of an accordion, which will aid in putting to flight the troubled thoughts arising from prison life." Here is what Mr. Chez says of his experience with them:

"I take my hat off to the French commanders of all the camps I have visited. Everywhere the Czech, Serb, Slovak, Croat, Roumanian, and Polish prisoners, who enjoyed the *régime de faveur,* told me of the very kind treatment they receive, and there was a good spirit in all the camps I visited.

"My visit was a happy, pleasant, unexpected, welcome surprise to all the Czech prisoners. For three years they have felt almost neglected, because very little attention has been paid to them as a nationality. So they received me with open arms, and hoped I would come again soon and often. To hear an outsider speak their mother tongue with them was an unalloyed joy. To have a distinguished American Secretary come and call on them especially and give his full time to them alone, was a great honor indeed. As one expressed it, 'We now have hope and know that we are not forgotten.'

"In most places they had several musical instruments; some they had made or bought, and a few had been given by our Association. They played their national hymns, and every man uncovered and stood reverently. And then at my request they sang their old folk songs. They sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' *'Kde Domov Mug'* with such pathos as only prisoners of war who have suffered much and who have been exiled for three years from beloved homeland and dear ones can express. The plain prison barrack with its dirt floor was transformed into a holy place. I stood in reverence and awe before these rough men who had just come from a hard day's work in a nearby factory. They were great souls, in their soiled, coarse garb, whom the hand of Fate had forced into the war against their own wills, and placed in a prisoners' camp. But though the war could hold them as captives and bruise their bodies, it could not crush their souls; the spirit

still lived. To me this is the greatest tangible proof of the immortality of the soul.

"At all the camps previously visited, the universal cry was first for good books and Czech-French grammars; second for musical instruments, especially accordions. I went to every music store in each of the three towns where the depots were located, and found only one accordion. It is better to take some things along when one visits a camp, which is what I did on this trip.

"The depots are far apart and the men are scattered in small groups difficult to reach. Travel is hard and rather expensive. But some one from the outside world came a long way purposely to see them, to talk to them in their native tongue, to bring them a few gifts, and above all to let them know that some one cares for them, that in all this terrible nightmare of war there is still brotherliness—love. I am convinced that it pays. Especially if I happened to be the prisoner, would I consider it worth while. Just suppose, whoever you are who reads this, that you or I were one of them!"

POLISH PRISONERS

"The situation of the Polish prisoners particularly appeals to me. They are victims of circumstance in this war. Brothers are forced to fight against brothers and their country has been turned into a battlefield. Those in France have no quarrel with their captors, and feel particularly friendly toward America. This has afforded a unique opportunity for the American Young Men's Christian Association worker to come in and put new life into discouraged prisoners.

"Six months ago when I began visiting Polish prison camps there was practically no organization in any of them with the exception of two camps of 300 each in the Haute Loire. Since that time practically every camp numbering fifty or more has been well organized, and a new spirit of life has sprung up in them. The usual organization consists of a welfare committee, a choir, an orchestra, an excellent *Sokol* or gymnastic society containing fifty per cent. of the prisoners, and in the larger camps a dramatic society, a special football association, and a temperance society. The gymnastic societies with the little orchestras to furnish music for drills and dances have been the life of the camps during the summer.

"However, the visits of the Young Men's Christian Association secretary have probably been the greatest aid to the prisoners both directly and indirectly, and have done much to transform the life in their camps. With his little cinema, Pathé 'Kok,' and stereopticon lantern he has gone into practically every camp numbering twenty or more prisoners from three to six different times, giving shows in the evening, making talks, holding confer-

ences, giving suggestions for the organization of the camp, and trying in every way to carry a little sympathy, cheer, and courage to the prisoners, and to create more friendly and harmonious relations between them and their guards. The bringing of books and games both to guards and prisoners has done much to foster a friendly spirit between them, and the fact that an American Association secretary has been visiting the camps and working for the welfare of the prisoners has had considerable influence on the French officers, especially effective since no embassy delegate is permitted to visit them. The Commandant Supérieur, and the captains commanding the depots have visited our new headquarters in Paris and have seen something of the work that the Young Men's Christian Association is doing for your soldiers. They have given me perfect freedom to work at all hours of the day or night in the camps, and much hearty cooperation, according me a Polish interpreter when I need one and permitting the Polish chief of the depot, a prisoner, to visit the detachments with me. I dine with the Commandant in the best hotel or with the prisoners in the camp and no one seems to be offended. This freedom and liberty are very gratifying and much appreciated.

"When we first began visiting the camp the prisoners were very unhappy, discouraged, and discontented. Many were in the hospital and an average of about sixty per day were locked up in prison. The whole spirit of the camp is different now, everyone is working, and there has not been a single man from the depot locked up in prison for more than two months. The prisoners are content, the officers are happy over present conditions, and the manufacturers for whom the prisoners work are delighted with their laborers, although they, the employers, show very little appreciation of the benefits they receive from the better conditions prevailing."

AT THE FRONT

The following letter from Mr. Tener, one of the Paris secretaries, gives a fresh glimpse of war as the secretary sees it, and of the work of the English branch of the Association at the front, a work which has gained the enthusiastic praise of the English army, government, and public.

"Last week for the first time in my life I really saw war. With a few associates I was for part of two days in the midst of one of the great and fierce engagements. For two days and nights we slept and ate under active shell fire. The friend who showed us around, and who has been at the front for nearly two years, told us that we had arrived for the two most dramatic days of the war which he at least had seen. All one afternoon we watched one of the greatest artillery engagements the world has known. We were as close to the big guns as I am to this type-

writer. We heard and watched the direction of the fire, and saw also the enemy shells come into the valley searching out our batteries. We were forward of a line of thirteen or fifteen observation balloons. We saw one man jump with his parachute when connection with the ground was severed by a shell. He landed in a tree and I expect came off safe and sound. Overhead there were twenty to forty airplanes maneuvering and fighting with shrapnel bursting all about them. On the roads there was the constant procession of transport to the front line. Men by companies were receiving last instructions from their officers, and then loaded into trucks or marched along the roads to the front lines, preparatory to going over the top in the morning. There was no hurrah, no horseplay, but a strange quiet over the great field of the army. The men were simply going up to face death, to do their duty, without saying anything about it; and one felt that he ought to take off his hat to every last man of them. We sat up that night and could hear the constant boom of the big guns. Before sun up we were out to see the barrage which blazes the way for the men to go over and capture the trenches of the Boche. After a bite of breakfast we went up towards the front again and saw them collecting the prisoners in groups to be marched to the rear, and watched also the walking wounded as they came by truck and train to the dressing stations. The spirit among the wounded chaps is perfectly wonderful. There is no complaining, no whimpering, no struggling to be attended to first. Every one of them, officer as well as man, takes his turn and tries to help his comrade. The thing that gets you is not so much their wounds as the remarkably heroic spirit which the fellows show. You cannot help thinking what a terrific hell they must have been through to come out as they do—torn, bruised, gassed, and bloody. And what heroic souls they must be to have faced this thing not once but several times! The impression you come away with is that here is a colossal power, superb organization, and bull-dog tenacity to see it through. You wonder also that man can stage such a show, for it is a cruel war, and you can't help feeling that what you have seen is all a strange dream that cannot possibly be true.

"It was interesting to see the Association functioning as a part of all this war game. Back at the rest camps the huts were crowded with men, reading, writing or sipping tea. Up towards the front lines there are the Association dugouts, which render a friendly, Christian service to the men who are headed for the trenches. At the dressing stations for the walking wounded the Association provides resting places, and refreshments in the way of tea, chocolate, biscuits, tobacco, and the like, which are served to the men while they are waiting to be dressed. It is all a magnificent service, which is deeply appreciated by men and officers alike. Every one of the secretaries connected with that great army is under shell fire every minute of the day and night. In the

last couple of months ten of the Young Men's Christian Association workers have been wounded and three killed."

RUSSIA

Up to the outbreak of the Bolshevik revolution the prospects for the Association in Russia were wonderfully bright. The Provisional (Kerensky) Government was in hearty sympathy with its work, and gave it every facility, as can be seen by the following letter from Mr. Jerome Davis, written in Petrograd at the end of October:

"I write hurriedly to you this evening in order that you may know the remarkable progress which has been made in our War Work. The work done at Moscow was so successful that we secured a letter of commendation from the Military Commander of the city who is now the Minister of War and a member of the Council of Five. The Chairman of our Committee in Moscow was offered the position of Minister of Justice and personally spoke to Mr. Kerensky about the work. One of the War Commissioners from the front saw the work there and recommended it. Two days ago I saw Mr. Kerensky myself, and after a very favorable conference he granted us blanket permission to work everywhere in Russia and at the front. He stated that he was well acquainted with my work in Moscow.

"Yesterday I sent you this cable 'Permission for Russian front secured, need 300 secretaries and three million dollars for year. Minister of War says Association a big step forward in the life of the Russian soldier. It is needed everywhere.' At one of the fronts alone they asked us to man 200 clubs and at the other front he said 'equip all the centers that you can.' Truly God is throwing open this vast field in a way that even I could hardly dream of six months ago. I pray that we may have the workers ready for the tasks.

"I know that you realize, but I wonder if the American public appreciates, that the Russian soldier has suffered unspeakable hardships for nearly three years in the fight for his country and for us. Yet during all this time he was receiving less than thirty cents a month salary and was denied the privilege of the Young Men's Christian Association, which is serving the Allied armies the world over. Today the bars are down everywhere. We have complete freedom and are limited only by the men, supplies, and money that America can send. Everywhere the towns, cities, and regiments are crying for our work.

"I am glad that almost without exception the men in Russia have jumped into the breach. We have men now at all the crucial centers, Moscow, Minsk, Kiev, Sarny near the front, Odessa, Petrograd, Kazan, and Irkutsk. In Roumania the work is just

getting on its feet and the Queen has offered to provide one central hut free if we will man it.

"I can show you a little of the usefulness of our Association by stating that in Moscow our Young Men's Christian Association served by actual count over 25,000 men a week. At the moving picture performances which we held in the open air there were over 4,000 present. Several hundred soldiers wrote home every night on our stationery. Athletics were organized at each of the regiments. Our school was small but it contained men of the Russian Abraham Lincoln type. I think I can sum the entire work up when I say that the building was packed from opening to closing and yet that nearly every soldier left feeling that he had received some definite help.

"I think the work is firmly started. I do not think it can fail, for God is behind it. I am hoping that you will send out an appeal for all the Associations in America to pray for Russia, her soldiers, and our work just now. I think such prayer will count for more than all else we can do. As our friends and brothers are going to France perhaps to be killed, God help us to do our part in this service for liberty and men."

The same bright outlook still continued in other parts of Russia after things went to pieces in Petrograd. Mr. E. T. Heald wrote in November from Kiev:

"We have also been given rent free a large brick building a block long for our work in the Petchersky Garrison, where it will be favorably located for reaching half of the garrison located in Kiev. The building will be able to accommodate about 3,000 at one time. It will be ready for opening in about ten days. We now have on our staff here a representative of the Duma, another a young lawyer who graduated from Moscow University three years ago and recalls an address given there by an American Association man in 1912, a soldier kino-operator, a *proporschick,* and we expect tomorrow to add a soldier who has been President of the Soldiers' Christian Association here, and who has impressed me as having unusual qualities of leadership both on the platform and in personal service. Three of these men are looking forward to the development of the Association work after the war."

Despite the apparently hopeless turn which matters began to take all over Russia, many of the men were most anxious to go on with the work for so much of the army as held together. Some of them pleaded almost tearfully. One wrote on November 11th, "We don't know that our efforts will be of any great effect in keeping that thin line of troops at the front which prevents an open seeping of prisoners and produce into Germany. But it's a chance worth taking, and you would say so if you were here."

As conditions became more disturbed the Association's secretaries found themselves in the midst of the fighting between the Bolsheviki and the Kerensky forces. And it was not only the secretaries themselves who were involved. Mr. Gott had brought his family to Irkutsk in October, and had been doing an admirable work there, in which his wife shared. The serious position which they occupied in November is shown in this letter:

"Returning from a trip to the prison camps and upon arriving at Irkutsk Station, I found the city under bombardment by the Bolsheviks with three batteries posted on the three hills about the town and the Bolsheviks surrounding the center part of the town where the young officers and Cossacks were holding out with machine guns. The whole business was really serious and the suffering was great. The populace were vacating the town in crowds with the thermometer registering 30 degrees below, Réamur. Many houses were in flames and a large number of men, women, and children had been killed.

"After many unsuccessful attempts, I finally succeeded in joining my family and found them in a high state of nervous excitement, but safe. We remained in the house for four more days under heavy shrapnel firing most of the time, but on Saturday decided to pack up and leave the city. We secured three sleighs and under the cover of the American and Red Cross flags succeeded in reaching the river, where we found the bridge destroyed and had to take a small river boat to get to the other side. After many rough experiences we reached Vladivostok, where the 'Y' secretary, De Witt, met us and placed us in one of his rooms. We then took the boat for Yokohama, where another secretary, Mr. Sneyd, took good care of us."

Mr. C. M. Atherton's letter of November 15th from Moscow gives a graphic picture of conditions there, and the latter part, regarding the study of languages under difficulties, shows the magnificent pluck with which our men are going at their work.

"Last Friday evening I was down town in Skobeleff Square waiting for a car; the square was filled with crowds of people, all arguing over the war situation, when suddenly there was a volley from a machine gun right up the middle of the street. Everybody ran for their lives, droschkys driving madly through the crowds, and people scattering in all directions. I tried to get on a car, but the conductor locked the gates; then I tried to get into a shop, but found all the doors locked; finally I ran after the crowd around a corner, with the machine gun rattling away behind me, found an empty droschky, and got home. I didn't know what it all meant until the next day, and then I found that the Bolsheviki, who want peace, had risen in their might, had seized the telegraph office, post office, railway stations, and newspapers, and that civil war was on between them and the government forces.

Fighting started the next day all over the city, and we have not been able to go out at all.

"Our house lies directly between the opposing forces, and we have been getting it from both sides. Our place has been hit many times; one shell burst right in our yard today, one window has been shot out, and with the noise of cannon, rifle, and machine gun, we find it very difficult to sleep. We hear that most of the beautiful architecture of the Kremlin has been destroyed by shell fire. This morning there were bullet marks all over the house, and blood on every street corner. Just now there is a big battle on, just outside my window; rifles are cracking in every direction, and many shells are bursting. Last night the shelling started a big fire. It burned all night, but is out now. It is very difficult to get food; we haven't any bread, but have managed to get potatoes. We have to do our own cooking here, nobody can go out, and we can see no one on the streets, only the flashes of bursting shells. The shops are nearly all closed, and the few that are open are about sold out.

"We tried to send a cable, letting you know that we were here and safe, but couldn't get it through. One of our men tried to start for Vladivostok today, but the firing is so heavy that he had to turn back after going one block. We are completely isolated, but are plugging away at the language, and hope to start our work when things quiet down.

"We heard today that there was a possibility of a truce within a day or two. I hope it is true—this continual fighting day and night makes it hard to study. We have to keep away from the windows, and have no lights at night, so the time hangs heavily. We can't even walk in the garden, because bullets are flying in every direction."

The Russian army, as such, appears to have completely disbanded. Mr. J. H. Lewis describes the general conditions, which are shown by writers in the public press to be practically general all over Russia:

"The *Tovarish* (literally comrade, but meaning here the common soldier), is traveling now because his uniform entitles him to go anywhere free of charge. He has never traveled before, and this is his great opportunity to see something of his country. Therefore, because there is no one to whom to report down at the front, to whom to give his gun, from whom to ask permission to leave, he has simply packed up his little gunny-sack of food, taken his gun, and strolled off to the nearest railroad track and traveled to his heart's content."

In consequence of this complete breaking up of the army, some of the secretaries, since they had gone to Russia primarily to help the United States in the war, felt that they could be of more use to this country by coming back and going to France or

elsewhere where actual fighting was going on. But most of them take a wider view. They feel that they can be of service in giving stability to conditions in Russia, which may yet make it a factor in the war, and that this will be of great value as a merely military contribution. But they feel that there is a wider field than that—that never has there been a greater opportunity to serve humanity than among these masses of lovable, essentially religious, kindly, but desperately ignorant Russian peasants.

For the Russian seems to be supremely lovable. Dr. A. C. Harte, when asked about the situation in Russia, summed it up in a sentence, "All we can do for the Russians is to love them and to help them." An American consular official, after a leisurely journey of 8,000 miles through the country since the revolution, writes:

"Given a clear vision of duty, these simple, trustful men will do it to the uttermost. . . . Perhaps the simplest explanation of the absorbing phenomena of the Russian soldiers is to say that they are at present raw material—men in the making, but for the moment only children. They are sorely befuddled by the lack of leaders and slogans and standards. . . . The great essentials and affirmations of democracy have not yet taken hold of this conglomerate and simple-minded mass of children. Nevertheless, as surely as the turbid and tortuous Volga finds the shining sea, so surely will Russia one day emerge from her muddled and wavering drifting into the clear calm of a great and purposeful and brotherly national life."—*(National Geographic Magazine.)*

Bishop Lloyd, head of the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions, once made the statement, "The Young Men's Christian Association is the greatest civilizing instrumentality in the world." Our men are living up to this reputation. There is no question that they can do more than anybody else in the world to give the Russian peasant that "clear vision of duty," and help them towards that "great and purposeful and brotherly national life," and their determination to do this finds frequent expression.

"The United States Ambassador, the Consul General for Russia and all other responsible and experienced American men in Russian affairs believe that we can render just as great a service to America as at any time since the Association started work. It is my belief that, even if the Germans come in, the Association by staying and helping can prove to Russia that the United States is backing by her deeds the principles of equality, democracy, and brotherhood which President Wilson maintains are the ideals for which we are fighting. We can demonstrate, by our genuine service to help rebuild Russia, that we are here for quite a different purpose than that which actuates the German interests, who will come in if a separate peace is made. The challenge Russia gives to the world to serve and help a new-born democracy is

one which every patriotic American and every Association interest must accept. Cities and towns are still waiting for our Association work, while the country districts are beginning to ask for our help.

"Yesterday I saw General Brussilov, who urged that our work in Russia be continued. The day before I saw Mr. Malantovich, the Minister of Justice under the Kerensky regime, and he also thought that the best opportunity this Association has ever had lies just ahead.

"We believe that recruiting for men to come to Russia should go steadily forward, but that the emphasis should be laid on the opportunity for humanitarian and Christian service rather than for war work.

"I should like to ask, however, that no matter what happens politically in Russia, you keep as many of us men as are willing to stay here. I for one have come to love Russia in the short period in which I have lived here and I look forward to nothing better than to throw my life into helping the Russian people and helping build a permanent democracy here. We know that the prayers of you and your associates are constantly with Russia in this trying hour in her history. You will be glad to know that the people are flocking back to the churches in greater numbers than at any time since the Revolution."

Mr. Chez writes from Odessa the end of November: "Of all the places I have been none offers such opportunities for serving men as I have found here. I have never before seen men so interested and so appreciative of our work."

Mr. Hollinger writes on December 17th, from Petrograd:

"We feel positive that no social movement nor political program for nations can be successful in advancing the human race without the vitalizing power of Jesus Christ. With Him all is possible. Underneath disorder and continual upheaval there is undoubtedly in Russia a strong and steady foundation of Christian truth, brotherliness, and love for God and men. Upon that foundation the Association can build, and spread with remarkable rapidity as soon as the war is over. I believe that the speed with which our work develops will depend upon our response within the next few months to the manifest call of God to prepare workers for this great field. Optimism based upon political or material conditions gives us no answer adequate for our task. But our faith is based on the rock of knowledge that we have, together with the Christian Church, the one and only remedy which can save this or any nation.

"We are deeply grateful for the opportunity of service in this wonderfully interesting country, and ask for your prayers that we faint not, nor fail in faith, hope, and love."

Mr. A. F. Peterson gives a most interesting series of impressions of the Russian situation as it bears upon the future of Russia and the relation of the Association to this future. He says:

"Our men now in Russia, with their increasing control of the language, can help to mold this new democracy into shape and prove of incalculable value to the waging of American propaganda throughout Russia. They will do this latter by living their high type of lives before the Russians, by their unselfish service, and by their organizing ability.

"If for no other reason than this that our government urgently requests us to remain in Russia, we should stay. The vision of our political leaders includes a longer view ahead than many Americans have. But even if our leaders were in error in their estimate of Russia's future, still the Association should remain just because of their faith in us, for we are under obligations to the government in that they have granted our organization practically unlimited privileges. Should we withdraw now, it would certainly antagonize Washington's policies and have a reaction, I believe, on our work throughout the world. It would be a big step backward. The situation there is fraught with staggering possibilities, many of which deal not only with our Allied cause, but with the future of humanity. It is not beyond our imagination to think the present action on the part of the Petrograd usurpers will undergo changes. This party does not represent real Russia in my estimation, and a condition might arise soon in which our organization could step into a breach and prove of inestimable service, to the Allied cause, to Russia, to America. I feel deeply the importance of our small group of men in Russia. I believe they can go a long way in showing to that section of the universe America's real aim in this war, as I understand we are not fighting to humiliate and injure the German people—we have a higher aim than that.

"Russia, too, has more faith in America than in any foreign country. We can justify that faith. I also understand our backers desire our men to stay, and urge our remaining. This fact is extremely important, in considering our stewardship of funds from the public.

"Here's a personal incident that might throw a little light on this matter and show the attitude of the Slavs themselves. *En route* from Moscow, I saw two regiments of Serbs at the junction points, Bologda, who were trying to get to France via Archangel. I talked to many of them. When they learned I was returning to America, invariably they would show surprise and ask, 'Why above all times, do you return now? This is the time the Slavs need you, if ever they needed American sympathy and help.'

"If Bolshevikism was originally pro-German, it has gotten beyond the stage of being controlled by our enemy, for it is now

a national movement. The program of the present regime is to induce revolution socially throughout the world and let the common people come into their own by overthrowing the capitalistic and imperialistic control which now obtains. For the ordinary formalities of international dealings, Trotsky has declared that he does not 'care a damn.' The bourgeoisie almost all believe the Bolsheviki are pro-German, but few others do. It is a frankly revolutionary group with a world-wide program, that of abolishing capitalistic and imperialistic governments and establishing governments of the laboring classes instead. In some respects a real organization seems to be springing up, in which intelligent laborers and soldiers are doing very well. The dynamite of the situation in Russia lies not in any immediate reaction, but rather in the fact that forces have been loosed which are getting beyond control, the army being chief of these forces.

"Russia is demoralized, disorganized, and in the opinion of every Association man with whom I talked, needs our sympathy, faith, and help. America must be patient and show a large degree of the spirit of fairness for which we are so justly known. A democracy is endeavoring to materialize over there, which is surely representative of the soil if ever a government was. They want to see the vast resources developed for the benefit of the Russian people. They want to have a direct part in the industrial life of the country and they want peace.

"The Young Women's Christian Association secretaries are the bravest lot of women I believe I have ever seen. In face of discouragements of all kinds, they persevered and not only increased their classes at Petrograd even during the week of revolution, but actually started to organize a big work in Moscow *during that very week*. They are concentrating on girls of the higher type at first and later will institute all the regular activities and classes. They all feel it a privilege to be in Russia at this time and are very optimistic as to the future."

Mr. James H. Lewis says under date of February 28th, 1918:

"Personally, I believe that Russia is in more need today than she ever was before. I am also very sure that we cannot wisely help as an Association along the lines on which we had hoped to move. Her people are done with this war and it is an utter impossibility to persuade those men to go back into the trenches and fight. It is significant that in every declaration made by Trotsky or Lenine since the German advance, there is always the statement somewhere that the bourgeoisie of Russia shall be especially dealt with. But the people must remain in Russia. The 180,000,000 cannot be moved; and regardless of who controls the government for the time being, the people must stay where they are. The five or even ten million men who wear uniforms and who carry

guns around with them may wander about over the country for the next year or two and probably the entire place will be in an awful state of anarchy. However, this merely accentuates the need of the people who do remain in the towns and villages, because the fields will not be cultivated up to their normal percentage, and the factories will not be turning out clothing with which people may cover their bodies. If we can, as an Association, put in not fifty or sixty, but 200 or 500 secretaries to help in organizing relief work, practically along the lines of the Red Cross and not impossibly under the Red Cross for the time being, I think we should render the most helpful service to Russia at this time. It may be necessary, however, that this point of view be presented anew to the men who are still remaining in Russia, because I must admit that part of this is growing in upon me after being away from the heat of the battle for a short time and I fear that our brains are clouded a little sometimes when we are under the strain. I am quite sure from my living and sleeping and eating with these very men who are causing all the riot in Russia today that they will be interested in no propaganda of religion which is not ninety-nine per cent applied. They have been fed up with superstition, as they have been fed up with the war. Now is the opportunity to prove that this war which America is waging is really in a true sense a holy war, not a holy war in the sense that any flag shall fly over any other piece of land—but that we are fighting a war in order that all peoples everywhere may have a new birth of real freedom, that the working man who toils in the factory and the soldier who fights in the trenches and those who carry the heavy burdens back of the lines may come into such love and fellowship with each other that the world will truly become a place in which the children of God will live in brotherhood and fellowship."

Petrograd

The most recent letters from Russia do not change the impression which is made by the above reports. Mr. Davis, writing from Petrograd, says:

"Council of soldiers and working men's deputies accepted bad German peace terms because the deputies felt that Russia was defenseless. Hope America is sympathetic.

"The Young Men's Christian Association secretaries displayed great courage in remaining till the last in spite of the German advance, and the officers tell me we have every reason to be proud of all our men. The German press has already been attracted by the work which we have been doing for the Russian soldiers and has printed exaggerated accounts of it for their papers. Should I wish to present you with a picture of the work which we have been doing, I would send you a copy.

"The attacks in the Russian papers have been more frequent

of late against our Association. Those who seem to be behind them are Jews from America. I think anything we can do to give the true facts as to our democratic basis and stop the falsehoods which are given out about our work should be done. Anything which could be used here to show the appreciation of the laboring man for the Young Men's Christian Association would be useful.

"The secretaries are widely scattered. Story is in Stockholm, Burri in Copenhagen, Halsey in Archangel, others in Samara.

"The Russian government has now officially asked me to take charge of the feeding points for soldiers returning from the front. We will do this the best we can, putting on a small work at the cities in the south and two good demonstration places in Moscow and Petrograd."

Western Front

Campbell writes of the soldiers' hut in Minsk: "The Polish people seem to be proud of it. It is being used by their officers and soldiers alike. It is a splendid reminder to them of the friendship of our country for them and of our willingness to help.

"The work we are doing for the Poles is for a reserve, but a loyal army. If the springtime brings the opportunity, they will form one of the strongest units on the Russian front. Anyway, we have an opportunity to bind 60,000 Polish soldiers to our own country with the strongest cords of undying love."

Atkinson reports from Zalescia: "From my own short experience at the hut, and judging from the happy results of my poor efforts there, I am convinced that there is a tremendous field for a permanent Young Men's Christian Association in this country.

Hedden reported from Block Post: "My experience has convinced me that the American secretaries can get support and aid from the committees where the cultural commissions are helpless. Perhaps it is because the Americans are willing to risk their money on the chance of doing some good and leaving the huts for schools for the children of the villages after the soldiers go. Wherever I have gone, I have received a cordial welcome from the soldiers' committees in three divisions and two brigades. In each place the committees and men expressed appreciation and gratitude for the genuine friendship and aid of America.

"Our country still retains most of its glamor for the Russian soldier, in spite of the mud-slinging which has been going on for six months; and everywhere in camps, committees, and in the box cars I have found the soldiers eager to hear about and believe in America's aims in this war. I do not mean that we can make these men fight.

"The theater of my club is jammed to the doors for every performance, and I get an opportunity to talk to many soldiers, all of whom express real gratitude for America's good will. They

4,000 Wounded Convalescent British Soldiers in Egypt are Rapidly Recovering Normal Health Under the Expert Leadership of G. G. Deaver, the American Physical Director

Association Headquarters at a Base in Egypt

During the British Advance in Palestine, Association Secretaries Saved Many Wounded by Providing Light Refreshments

An Association Hut in Rumania

The German Prisoners of War in Great Britain Continue to Welcome the Help of American Secretaries

are eager to learn about America; and as soon as I can get my tea room ready, and get oil for the lamps and stoves to heat the place, I shall have one more evidence of America's friendship."

Czecho-Slovak Army

Miller reports, Jan. 13th: "The soldiers are billeted in the soldiers' homes, where they sleep on the floor. Often they have no light in the evening and, having no place where they can go, are compelled to sit there in the dark, and think—and they have very few pleasant things to think about.

"Then the band played 'America,' while every one in the room stood at attention, and the thrills ran up and down my spine. I shall never forget it."

Atherton writes, on Jan. 10th to 23rd: "The spirit of the men is wonderful—they worked voluntarily until twelve o'clock last night, decorating, in order to have everything spick and span today. Everybody is saying what a shame it is that we should have to leave, but that is the fortune of war. The men are simply crazy for what we can give them, and I believe it will be a good thing for us to move, because, besides having the whole regiment together there (it is all scattered here) we shall be able to get things there we can't get here. One thing is sure, our work among the Czechs is going to be a grand thing, and if Bohemia is made free at the end of the war, it will pave the way for a great work in Bohemia."

Tiflis

Craig writes, Jan. 17th and 30th: "You will understand how little is known of our work down here when I tell you that one of the conditions upon which the Commissaire gave us permission to work was that we would not 'sell alcohol, run any gambling propositions, or conduct political propaganda.'

"We are having urgent calls for the work at Erzerum (Turkey), and Urumia (Persia). The consul strongly advises Erzerum will be an extremely important point, but a very critical one because of its position on the front."

Kiev

On Jan. 22nd and Feb. 4th, Heald writes from Kiev: "Today conditions are much worse than they were three months ago. Disorganization has proceeded much further, and our Association work suffers from increased handicaps and difficulties. And the effective aid of our government seems as far off as before along the lines I felt it was needed.

"Nevertheless, my viewpoint has changed as to the policy of the Association, and I now believe we ought to stay on. I believe still that we ought to encourage the government to undertake broad and widespread constructive efforts to assist Russia

in restoring order, transportation, trade, and industry, and to counteract what is destructive. But, while continuing to urge this, I think we should continue as long and as far as we are allowed, to develop an Association program adjusted to the needs of the times."

Odessa

From Lowrie's report for December: "One little fellow who goes about trailing a great coat that is big enough for him to crawl in and out of without unfastening it, gave me his age as eleven. When asked if he had a home, he replied, Yes, that his home was in the army. 'Any parents?' No, the father had been shot in battle, and—'Well, how about Mama?' He answered, 'Mama? Oh, she has gone to live with God, and I am a soldier now.' This little tale did not seem other than ordinary to him, and soon we were discussing the program for Christmas night. A big sign was fastened up in the hallway, attracting a group eager to read it. After they had satisfied themselves of its contents, the little soldier laboriously spelled out *yolka,* Christmas tree; then with a genuine expression of glee he came back as fast as his big pair of army shoes would let him run, and asked if it was true that a *yolka* would be there on Christmas night, and he was told one would be there."

Moscow

Noyes writes on February 1st: "We are just in the convalescent stage of a revolution, as the Bolsheviks took the city after three days of fighting. A revolution is a good deal like the chicken pox; you don't feel badly but you can't go out of doors."

Noyes's revolution must have been a light case. A recent photograph of the hotel in which the Association secretaries remained during the fighting in Moscow would seem to indicate that indoors was not much more comfortable than out.

Practical Help

A good example of how the Association men hope to be able to help Russia to get up and stand alone is shown by something which recently happened in Paris. A committee of Russians in France had published a paper called *"Le Soldat-Citoyen Russe en France"* till the Bolsheviki signed the peace treaty, when the French government, which had supported it financially, withdrew its subvention, and the paper had to discontinue publication. Since this was the only paper in France in Russian, and since there is practically no Russian literature of any kind in France, it seemed exceedingly important to the Association authorities in Paris to assist in the publishing of this paper. As Mr. D. A. Davis wrote, they want "to give these men (Russians), who are far from their country and entirely upset as far as their

thinking is concerned, some ideas of what liberty, a democratic government, and Christianity really mean."

The paper has now been revived, with the approval of the French authorities, through the financial assistance of the Association, which has undertaken to support a daily (Sundays excepted), for a two months' trial. It will, of course, be pro-Ally in sentiment, and its aim, explicitly stated, is "to give to the readers the elementary and most necessary notions of political and social life, of different forms of democratic state organizations, the principal events of universal history and a just idea of freedom, discipline, rights, duties, etc. As far as war and peace questions are concerned, whatever is published in the paper shall agree with the principles proclaimed by President Wilson."

Here is the editorial with which the paper inaugurated its revival and explained its policy, on February 24th:

"COMRADES:

From today our paper will appear regularly, thanks to the friendly assistance of our American allies in the person of the Young Men's Christian Association, which organization is already known to you by its activity in establishing soldier huts.

Our editorial staff remains as before. It remains absolutely independent and will devote itself to carry out the wishes of our democratic organization which created it.

The representatives of this American society assured us that the American people, notwithstanding all that has occurred in Russia, continue to feel toward the Russian people very warm sympathy, and requested that we all should see in their support of this journal an expression of this sympathy.

In this terrible time through which we are passing, this support and this sympathy are especially precious to us.

We will never forget it and, in the name of all of you, we send our American friends our warm Russian 'Thank-you.'

(Signed) EDITORIAL COMMISSION."

The Latest News

Mr. E. T. Heald, who was stationed at Kiev, writes of conditions as he saw them in that sorely-tried city, and on his trip across Siberia. This is the latest report from Russia:

"Vladivostok, March 18, 1918.

"Mrs. Heald and I left Kiev thirty days ago today, six days after the Bolsheviks had finished their twelve-day battle against the Ukrainians, resulting in their capture of the city. It was the bloodiest, most destructive, and more barbarous fight which any Russian city has suffered thus far. Estimates of number killed differ between 2,000 and 9,000. I should judge 5,000 to be conservative. Every section of this city of a million population suffered severe damage from machine guns and three- and six-

inch cannon. During the last four days the Bolsheviks kept up a terrific bombardment of the city with six-inch cannon. The whole Petchersky region in which our big hut was located was in ruins that reminded me of pictures of the French front. Our hut by a miracle escaped, with only three shells through the roof. Consul Jenkins advised us to quit the work and get out at once. At the same time we got letters from the Moscow office urging us to stay. I turned the affairs over to one of the Russian secretaries, Ivan Ivanovitch Kirkitschenko, in whom I had every confidence, having first established relations with the new Bolshevik authorities that allowed the continuance of the work. In view of the Moscow letters, Mr. Alpin and his Russian wife stayed on. Mr. Kenneth W. Miller was with the Bohemians at Djitonni and Atherton with the Bohemians at Berditschev at last accounts when I left.

"The situation in the Ukraine was simply impossible for the continuance of our work. The fight put an end to all our educational classes which we had organized and had opened up the night the fight began with over 300 enrolled in ten different subjects. Most of the soldiers who had enrolled were either killed, or joined the Bolshevik army and left the city after the fight, or were freed from military service. Practically no garrison was left in Kiev, where there had been 40,000 soldiers normally. At least one of the teachers whom we had lined up was killed. The general atmosphere in Kiev was that there would soon be a new turn of fortune and another battle with the Austro-German forces allied with the Ukraines against the Bolsheviks. According to reports such happened soon after we left, and the Ukraine is now Austrian territory. The last act of the Ukraine Rada before the Bolsheviks took the city was to issue their Fifth Universal, declaring the Ukraine united to Austria, and calling on the latter for military assistance.

"I saw Christensen at Krasnojarsk and the Danish Vice-Consul at Irkutsk. They both reported all in order among the prison camps—they reported no effort on the part of the prisoners to return home. We passed one trainload of prisoners in Siberia bound west but I did not see any arms on them, though reports were plentiful that they were armed to the teeth. Christensen said he didn't think they would reach Germany, citing a previous train-load destined for Denmark which got shunted off to the Black Sea. Gott was off on a trip when I passed through Irkutsk, so failed to get information from him.

"If American soldiers come to Russia I would be glad to work with them, but there is no Russian army whatever left to work with, and I see no prospect of there being any."

RUMANIA

The prospects for Rumania, which was in fact a part of the Russian field, were excellent last autumn. The Association had a hut a couple of miles outside of Jassy, the capital, where there were usually some 7,000 soldiers, and the Queen of Rumania was anxious to put up and furnish one in Jassy itself, which would contain a canteen and a recreation hall and baths, and which would furnish beds for soldiers passing through the city who had no place to sleep. It was also hoped that American aid might secure the establishment of a rural industrial orphanage, a most interesting and hopeful scheme, but all of these plans have necessarily been abandoned in the present condition of affairs in the unfortunate little kingdom. Everything, however, indicated that there would be a wonderful future for the Association after the war, and it is to be fervently hoped that this heroic little country will be able to benefit by its service.

ITALY

The condition of affairs in Italy is very little understood in the United States. In no country in the world, perhaps, is agnosticism so widespread, and coupled with it is something with which we are entirely unfamiliar here—an active hatred of religion. Some years ago an American, traveling with a well-educated young Italian was struck by the fact that they could not go into a church to look at the pictures or architecture without the Italian's uttering some sneer at religion. A little inquiry revealed the cause.

The Catholic Church in Italy, as a political institution, has, throughout the whole course of the reconstruction of Italy as a unified nation, been bitterly opposed to the national ideals. As there was practically no church in Italy but the Catholic—for the Waldensians in the Northwest are too few to count—the average Italian, not unnaturally, confounded all religion with the Catholic Church; and as he hated the latter for patriotic reasons, he hated religion too. This created a fertile field for the spread of agnosticism, and it has been estimated that considerably more than fifty per cent. of the Italian people have no religion at all.

This opens a vast field for the Association. Not that it need indulge in propaganda; but the sort of service that it is ready to give, and has given in other countries, will do much to remove this hatred for religion and pave the way for a new spiritual life for the Italian people. Mr. Nollen, in the very thoughtful letter to Dr. Watson which follows, dated March 15th, seems to see clearly the opportunities which lie before the Association.

"In answer to your letter of February 8th, I have sent you

the following cable: *'Can use Italian-American laymen, mature age, good sense, health, and manners, military status must be referred Italian Consul; physical directors needed, supreme opportunity here for best men.'*

"We all appreciate the fundamental importance of securing the right personnel, and the peculiar difficulty created by the need of a knowledge of Italian for practical success in this field. We are feeling painfully in this international crisis the lack of language sense that is characteristic of the average American. It would be ideal to have for this work simon-pure Americans with Association experience who also know Italian, but practically we shall have to manage with Americans of such experience without the language, and Italian-speaking men of the right character and personality who know little of Association work. For good men skilled in physical training the command of Italian is not so important, as they have the advantage of being able to demonstrate their work by object lessons. We are opening up a practically unlimited field for such work here, which will have a tremendous influence after the war. Italy, specially young Italy, is ripe for the wholesome development of healthy sport, and all that is needed is wise and modest guidance. We also see opening before us a most promising opportunity for educational work, and we can use many men who are prepared in this field. The eager cordiality of army leaders, hospital surgeons, and civilians is most heartening. We cannot afford to give these men anything less than the highest grade of service we can command. Modern Italy is one of the youngest of the nations, and is more plastic today to the influence of the best we have to offer than is any other civilized people; while it also commands the noblest of ancient traditions, which may be of inestimable value to us if we are willing to learn of them. The opportunity for mutual influence and cooperation between Italy and the United States seems to me unmatched anywhere else in its promise of great and permanent results.

"The question of military status is important and difficult. According to Italian law, even men naturalized in America and their sons are subject to military service here. I have tried to get a general statement from the army command on the status of sons of emigrants who wish to serve us as secretaries, but evidently each case will be studied on its own merits, and the man must report the full name of his father and mother and the place of his birth or their residence in Italy, so that a local investigation may be made. Every man should therefore be referred directly to his local Italian consul for advice as to his standing, before he is accepted for our work.

"We cannot use here many men whose ability is administrative in a narrow sense. Our organization will not be extensive enough to absorb much more talent of that sort than we now

have. For example, at the present moment I would give ten times as much for a good stenographer as for an office manager. What we need is all-round, healthy, adaptable men who can go out into the field and manage a Casa del Soldato or a store-house or transportation, or who can help in the spread of the very interesting program of corrective gymnastics and recreative games, music, libraries, etc., which we are putting into the hospitals and convalescent homes here, to the great delight of the managing surgeons and nurses as well as of the patients. And if you can find us a first-rate stenographer who can handle Italian and English, please send him or her along by the first and fastest boat.

"I was very glad indeed to receive Dr. Mott's cable announcing as confidential information that he and you were coming over soon and expecting to spend the early part of May with us. We shall be delighted to welcome you and to show you what there is to be seen. I have wired Dr. Mott, asking whether he wishes us to arrange an itinerary beforehand."

The General Situation

Mr. Rideout's letter gives a comprehensive view of the operations in Italy. His suggestion as to the young American aviators is especially important, for the temptations to which they are exposed are peculiarly dangerous, and the aids to resistance which they would find in any American community are absent.

"At the vast Aviation Camp we already have 400 fine young American fellows, nearly all university men, I understand, and more are to join this company soon. Mr. Lowrie, Rector of St. Paul's Church, has visited these men at two different times, and he tells me that their needs are great and very urgent. The very worst temptations are thrown in their way and the life they are compelled to lead seems to make them peculiarly susceptible to their lure. Both our Ambassador and Mr. Lowrie urge that we do all that we can for these men, at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Lowrie assured me that several of the officers, including the Major in charge, and also not a few of the young men themselves, said that they would welcome most gladly the coming of a Young Men's Christian Association secretary among them. It seems very clear that we should have a man located here, as long as our American aviators are in this camp. In the meantime, Dr. Miller will go down and do all he can to stem the tide of dissipation, which is setting in with ever-increasing strength, sweeping splendid fellows off their feet, who have hitherto stood firm for high principles of conduct.

"As you undoubtedly have learned, through reports from Davis and Prof. Sayre, some little time elapsed between the beginning of relationship with Don Minozzi, Director of the 'Case del Soldato' at the Italian front, and the formal request of the military authorities for our cooperation. Our relationships with Don

Minozzi have always been most cordial, and he, as well as General Zaccone, seem very desirous that we begin our work at the front as soon as the favorable moment arrives. As you undoubtedly know, Don Minozzi had organized 140 Case del Soldato and spent a very large sum of money in their equipment. All this was swept away at the time of the invasion.

"I had a very pleasant call from Prince Don Giovanni Borghese, on Thursday of this week. He wished me to tell him fully of our plans to serve the Italian soldiers, and stated it to be his firm conviction that the present invasion of Italy could have been prevented if we had been able to begin our work for the Italian troops one year earlier.

"Prince Borghese wished me to thank you for the very sympathetic interest you manifested in his plan to develop an effective welfare work for Italian emigrants, through the cooperation of the Young Men's Christian Association, assuring me that he was confident that two such men as yourself and Mr. Towson could work out a thoroughly satisfactory plan of organization. The Prince also talked to me at some length about his own welfare work for Italian orphan children, desiring me to give him the benefit of such experience as I had gained in my work as an Association secretary and physical director.

Work for Prisoners. "There are two developments in our prisoners' work, which are worthy of special note: First, after the invasion here in Italy, I received word from the Prisoners' Commission of the Ministry of War, to cease at once the execution of our plans, with regard to the installation of moving picture machines and the giving of moving picture representations in the large concentration camps, during the coming winter. To understand fully why we received this 'polite request,' which amounted, of course, to an order, it is necessary to understand the Italian mind and also, a long series of events, dating from September, 1916, at which time the President of the Prisoners' Commission, General Paclo Spingardi, was subjected to a very severe attack on the part of the public press, the socialists, and the Labor party, because they claimed he was granting too many privileges to the prisoners in his care. It is impossible for the mass of the Italian people to understand the 'cinema,' as they call it, in any other light than that of an amusement, and woe betide the official who encourages amusements for prisoners of war here in Italy, when sorrow and mourning fill the homes throughout this land, and rivers of Italy's best blood flow and must continue to flow in the terrible struggle in which she and her Allies are now engaged.

"The second development of our work for prisoners, worthy of special note, is the increasing number of demands coming from interned civilians in the Island of Sardinia, or in other islands adjacent to the coast. Without hesitation I supplied all the

demands for books, games, musical instruments, etc., but when urgent requests began to pour in for clothing of all kinds, for men, women and children, for blankets, medicines, etc., etc., I felt it my duty to take up the matter with the Ministry of the Interior. The official with whom I had a long conference assured me that the Italian Government was not neglecting its prisoners; that they were supplied with free lodgings, clothing, money with which to buy food, medicines, and that they had even spent as much as 150 Lira to care for the teeth of a single prisoner. He also assured me that they possessed positive proof that the same prisoners who had written to us had sent exactly similar requests to every philanthropic or charitable organization of which they could learn.

"As I had no means of determining whether the requests of these prisoners were justifiable or not, I wrote a letter to the Spanish Ambassador, explaining the entire situation. I received a very kind letter in reply and also a personal visit from the Ambassador's representative. The latter assured me that there were between one and two thousand prisoners in Sardinia who were classified as 'deserters' and therefore they receive no financial support from Austria. The food supply is so short and the prices so high that he felt it would be rather difficult for many of these prisoners to supply themselves with sufficient nourishment from the small sum allowed them. He said also that the clothing sent out by Government was, in his opinion, hardly sufficient to keep prisoners warm, who are interned in the more exposed section of the island. As the representative of the Spanish Embassy travels about the island, and carefully informs himself as to the actual needs of the prisoners, I was promised all the information needed with regard to any prisoner sending requests to our office. I have begun to send clothing to some of the most needy cases, where the requests were vouched for by the Spanish Embassy.

"From the Island of Corfu comes word of great need among Czech prisoners, interned there after their capture by the Servians. There seems to be absolutely no one to look after their needs, and I have asked a very wealthy Czech gentleman, now residing here in Rome, to kindly make investigation and give me a detailed report on conditions in the above-mentioned island. I shall send articles needed as far as it is possible to do so, if reports received warrant such action."

Miss Leavitt's Work in Naples. "While investigating the needs of our sailors and marines, Dr. Miller and I spent as much time as possible studying every phase of Miss Leavitt's work. We found the Casa del Soldato crowded to overflowing with soldiers, and the young ladies, members of the Students' Association, were making clothing for the refugees from the invaded provinces of Italy.

"We attended a Bible class led by Signor Carlo M. Ferreri.

Next to the largest room in Miss Leavitt's apartment was well filled with students of both sexes, who gave the closest attention to Signor Ferreri's excellent development of the study, and manifested their interest by many pertinent questions and answers.

"Miss Leavitt's personal work among the students is, I believe, of the very highest value. The remarkable spiritual growth noted in the lives of many of them is due, I feel sure, to her prayers, her noble example, and the hours spent weekly in private conversation and instruction, for which Miss Leavitt makes most careful, prayerful preparation; work done in this spirit cannot but bear precious fruit, and we have had the joy of seeing such results following Miss Leavitt's labors. May I quote a paragraph from one of her recent communications: 'It is a wonderful experience reading with Signor Musella "Personal Elements in Religious Life." Saturday, as we had the chapter on prayer, he flushed to his hair and exclaimed, "How I would love to grasp the hand of the man who wrote that!" '

"As I close this hastily dictated report, to which I would have gladly given more time and careful thought had it been possible to do so, we are witnessing here in Rome a great demonstration of the people and the government officials in honor of America's declaration of war against Austria. It seems clear that this declaration will open up here a much larger field for our army work. What effect it will have upon our work for prisoners of war, we cannot yet tell."

Health Gymnastics

The Italian authorities have recognized the value of the gymnastic exercises taught by the Association secretaries in restoring wounded soldiers to health, as has been shown in Egypt and elsewhere, and are eager to use our men for the purpose. The field for usefulness here is a wide one; for besides its direct results it will do more than almost anything else to secure the confidence of the Italians, who are as a class very grateful for benefits. When these benefits are conferred in the unselfish manner which marks the work of our secretaries, there will exist between the latter and their patients a friendship which may have very far-reaching results.

The Scriptures

The distribution of Italian versions of the Scriptures among the soldiers has progressed satisfactorily, but is still hampered by the difficulty of obtaining books. The following summary of the work shows what has been done:

"The period covered by this summary, though nominally extending over the greater part of 1917, represents only six and a half months of actual labor in the distribution of the new edi-

tions of the Scriptures among the Italian troops. Early in February we had the joy of receiving Dr. Mott's guarantee of $15,000 for the continuance of the work another year. Of that sum $1,000 were set apart for meeting outlay for transmitting Scriptures to any part of the great field. At once a strong effort was made to secure in Rome or Florence a publisher of the fresh editions thus provided for.

"In spite of all difficulties we have had delivered at our depot in Rome between the end of March and the beginning of November 64,662 Testaments and 109,450 gospels, 174,112 in all. Any day 11,400 more Testaments and 15,000 more gospels may be announced as within reach and safely landed, bringing up our arrivals within the year to 200,512 copies of Scripture. Only one loss we have sustained on the voyage outwards, but it has been fully covered by insurance and the copies will be replaced and transmitted as soon as possible. Besides these we can still count on from 50,000 to 70,000 more Scriptures to complete the purchasing power of the sum provided.

"As formerly, the various churches and missions, along with the colporteurs of the Bible Society, had their share in placing in the hands of eager applicants these copies of the Word of God. It continues to be our habit to prepare each receiver of the gift, while we assure ourselves also of his desire to have it, by instructing him as to the value of its contents and urging him to use it daily. We believe that only thus such work finds its best conditions and secures abiding results, when it is accompanied with both prayer and pains."

EGYPT

The work for the soldiers in outlying camps and in a few central towns, which was described in the last report, is still being carried on, but there are certain other activities which are of the greatest interest. One of these is the work in Cairo, which is as fine an achievement as the Association has accomplished in the war.

All cities where the civilizations of the East and the West touch present peculiar problems of immorality. Cairo has had the reputation of being preeminent in its depravity. Rev. Guy Thornton, chaplain in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, gives a graphic picture of conditions there.

"On New Year's Day, 1915, a friend asked me if I had seen the slums in the Esbekia, and on my replying in the negative volunteered to drive me through them. That drive was an eye-opener. I knew that things were bad, but not how bad. It was a nightmare—inconceivably vile and horribly grotesque. The narrow, evil-smelling, tortuous lanes, literally lined with these poor, degraded women of almost every nationality, the foul cries

of solicitation sounding in a very Babel of tongues, the barbaric dress and ornaments which many of them wore, the flaming lights, the flaunting evils—all combined to produce on the mind of an European an impression of unreality. Things never could be as bad as this, one argued, and therefore it must be a dream. But it was no dream. It was an infinitely awful reality. Each nationality seemed to rival the other in bestiality. Arabs, Egyptians (all Mohammedans; no Coptic girl will be found earning her living by prostitution), Circassians, Greeks, Syrians, Nubians, French, and Italians, were all represented. Thank God, however, there was not one British woman in that motley throng. The government immediately deport any fallen English girl. For over half an hour we drove as fast as possible through street after street and lane after lane before we were clear of the shrieks of invitation, the coarse clamor, and the unspeakable sights of that hell on earth."

Tens of thousands of English, Colonial, and Indian troops were encamped around Cairo, with practically no form of amusement, no way of passing the time. Some of them came from the lonely little stations which are scattered all over Egypt, where they saw nothing but sand and sky, and where the only thing to divert them was the daily—or as likely as not the weekly—mail, or the visits, too few and far between, which could be paid by the traveling Association secretary with his cinema outfit. They came to Cairo hungry for amusement of any sort. Other men in the camps about Cairo were fresh from England or the colonies, for whom everything Oriental was invested with fascination. To all of these men the appeal of the Esbekia was desperately dangerous.

It was then that Mr. William Jessop, organizing secretary of the Cairo Association, rose magnificently to the occasion. Triangle tents were established in every camp, and where the supply of secretaries ran out volunteers were enlisted. The work of supplying refreshments and clean amusements was carried out in the very heart of Cairo, and Chaplain Thompson bears testimony to the character of the work:

"The Young Men's Christian Association at its central office, and by its more than score of tents, proved itself to be in deed and in truth the young man's friend. It rose to each new call for the much-needed expansion of its multifarious activities. Mr. Jessop, ably aided by his worthy helpmate, Mrs. Jessop, toiled as few could toil to provide for the mental, social, and spiritual needs of scores of thousands of troops in Egypt.

"I can speak only of that which I know, and testify to that which I have seen, in the many tents where I was privileged to assist.

"Real, solid spiritual work done by spiritual men rarely, if ever, fails to effect permanent spiritual results. The effects of

the united endeavors of the churches and the Young Men's Christian Association were increasingly apparent. I am by no means certain that I should separate them, for, as I understand, they are one; the Church is the heart which prompts and sustains the hand, the Young Men's Christian Association, in the uplifting of the young manhood of our land."

It is a matter of satisfaction, but not of surprise, that Mr. Jessop has been the recipient of the honor, rare to a civilian, of being twice "mentioned in despatches."

Helouan

The Government turned over to the Association a great building and grounds at Helouan, near Cairo, where we were expected to entertain 1,500 men who had been pronounced unfit for service. These men were to be marched out in the morning and not allowed to leave the grounds till they were marched back in the evening. The job was assigned to Dr. G. G. Deaver, who cheerfully undertook to run "gymnasium work, games of all kinds, movies, vocational work, and hundreds of other things." What is more, he did it! Very quickly his value was recognized by the authorities, as the following letter shows, and he was given the finest reward for such workers as he, the opportunity for wider service.

"I would be much obliged if you would express to your committee, at their next meeting, my sincere thanks for their kindness and consideration in letting me have the services of Dr. Deaver for physical training purposes. I am also extremely grateful for the musical instruments necessary to these exercises which have been so kindly provided by the Y. M. C. A.

"I have been able to judge of his work during the past week, and I consider his system will be an invaluable addition to the training organization at present in vogue, and will materially assist the speedy evacuation of the more complicated cases who pass through this depot. I shall be only too pleased at any time to show members of your committee how the 'Crock' is being turned into the physically fit soldier boy by Dr. Deaver's methods, if they will give me a day's notice.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"Lieut. Col. Commandant, Command Depot,
Abbassia."

Abbassia.
25.2. 1918.

Here is what Dr. Deaver says of his new work:

"Feb. 12, 1918.

"I have been working at a big center and conducting medical gymnastic classes among the wounded. My work has had great

results and I have been asked to take over the entire work of the Aldershot of Egypt.

"There is a camp here consisting of 4,000 men, which will soon be increased to twice that number. All the men are sent from the hospitals to that camp. They are divided into four classes and graded from those under medical treatment to the fit men. The men do not get out of the two lowest classes fast enough and they have applied to 'Dr. G. Gilbert Deaver, U. S. A.' to come and help them out.

"I have gone, and made the following plans, which today they accepted:

" A band of music will be given to me every morning at seven o'clock and the thousand or so men in the third class paraded and under my leadership and with the band, go through an hour's physical drill.

"A hut has been provided and I will equip it with piano and apparatus. From eight o'clock until two I will lead and supervise a gymnastic course for the men in the medical class. I will have two clerks to keep the records and the men will be regraded as my reports show their fitness."

A Marvellous Opportunity

A new branch of work is that among the Indian soldiers. Like the Chinese in France, they were for a long time without adequate care, but at length it was possible to begin work among them, some idea of which is given in the following letter:

"After patiently waiting for two years and a half to open up work among the Indian troops, permission at last was granted last April to do so. However, it was not until towards the end of June that the first Indian secretary arrived in the country. Before this the English secretaries occasionally distributed writing paper or gave a cinema show, but for all practical purposes they were seriously hampered by not knowing the language. So up to this practically nothing was done for the Indian troops scattered in various camps in Egypt, and thus the arrival of an Indian secretary was a welcome addition to the Association staff here.

"The first work opened up was in Suez, as this is the first place where new arrivals from India land. Here a medium-sized mat hut was secured and was furnished with a counter and shelves in one corner for canteen purposes, while a few forms and tables provide ample room for indoor games and letter writing.

"In the early days when the hut was thrown open for our regular work, the nearest town was out-of-bounds on account of plague; consequently there was a very big rush on our small canteen, and, being the only place for any recreation, every day the hut was full to its utmost capacity. A good foundation was laid as far as the social service ideal of the Association is concerned, and this is by no means a small thing in the Indian work, where

religious work of any kind is totally forbidden. The town came into bounds after a few weeks, but the hut had firmly established itself and after parade hours men still flock into the hut to spend their spare time playing indoor games or listening to music.

"In addition to this center, the secretary was also able to tackle the two Indian hospitals, but he could not do more than visit them alternately in the afternoon, visiting the patients in their wards, writing their letters, or giving an occasional evening show.

"The routine in the hut is somewhat as follows: The hut opens up every morning at eight. Soon after the morning parade is over the men begin to come in. Cards, chess, draughts, quoits, Parchesi (Indian game) are great favorites, while Indian music from a gramaphone or an Indian harmonium and tom-toms always attract big crowds. The Indian soldier loves to hear music. The hut closes at twelve for three hours in the afternoon. On days when there is no evening parade the ground is used by lovers of football and hockey.

"For the sake of those who do not know anything about the Indian work, it is worth explaining that sometimes it is very difficult to give to the Indian Sepoy an adequate idea of what the Young Men's Christian Association means and what it stands for. The name is foreign to him; there is no such thing in his village home, and perhaps in all his life in India he has never heard of such an institution. When he first comes to the hut, he wonders whether it is some kind of government canteen, or a department of the post office, or some sort of amusement company. However, before long he discovers that the Association stands for all this sort of thing and above all for his friendship and service. In this connection I would like to quote two extracts from a letter written by a fellow-secretary in France, working among the Indian soldiers:

" 'We are the men's friends in a way that no other official can be; in time of trouble they come to us. If they have received any bad news from home, they come straight to us and ask for advice. It is not an uncommon thing when you are going about the camp, to be stopped by a man holding a letter in his hand. "Will you please read this for me?" Every word is read and our man takes it all in most eagerly, and asks if he can come to the tent to talk about it. I have had scores of cases of men coming to my tent at all hours of the day, telling me of their griefs. One comes to say that his land had been taken by somebody in the village; would I write a petition for him to the Deputy Commissioner? He begins by telling who his father was, and generally starts telling of his whole family, anything but the point in question, so I have to put direct questions to him to get all the real facts about the case and write his petition accordingly.

'He puts his thumb-mark on it and the K. O. then forwards it. I know of at least half-a-dozen cases where the men have received a reply from the D. C. that the matter has been attended to, and steps have been taken against the man who has usurped their land. The reply comes to these men direct, and they come to me with a broad smile, so grateful that I had helped them in the matter. What a joy it is to know that you have been instrumental in bringing justice to this man's cause and deliverance to his family from the oppressor.'"

But the real significance of this work for the Indian Sepoy does not lie in the work itself, though that is very valuable. It lies in the changed view of Christianity which these men are going to take back to India with them, and the possibilities here are incalculable. Whether Gurkha, Sikh, Bengali, or what not, the men will go back to their homes with a new standard of Christianity, feeling that it is a matter of deeds, not of dogma, not a question for philosophic discussion but that it means first of all service—friendliness, helpfulness, brotherly love—that the standard was set by Him who said, when He instituted the Communion, "I am among you as he that serveth."

The Sudan

The ever-expanding field of the Association has brought it into the Sudan, the climate of which is so trying to Europeans, but where they have to be stationed in considerable numbers. Mr. McDiarmid writes of it:

"March 19, 1918.

"One of the most serious trials to the men stationed in the Sudan is the climate. For the greater part of the day the men have practically no military duties; that is to say, from 8:30 a.m. throughout the whole day and until five o'clock the next morning, the men have nothing to do for six days a week. Added to this lack of occupation is the fact that in all such places as this where white meets black, and especially in Mohammedan countries, the standard of morality is low. There is, therefore, a double need for the Young Men's Christian Association.

"I have come to regard the Association cinema with something of religious veneration, because I know how often and for how many hundreds of men it has passed away that hour between the evening meal and bedtime when the 'wet' canteen, with its lights and laughter, has such an attraction.

"Speaking generally, the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Sudan has prospered. This is the first year in which work has been attempted in this country, and there are now five huts or rooms, one of which is at a summer hill-station and therefore temporarily closed. The Governor-General of the Sudan has taken a personal interest in our work. The Sudan

Volley Ball in Association Hut at Minsk, Russia

An Association Class in Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, Hadínka Field, Moscow, Russia

THE CHURCH DEFIES THE BOLSHEVIKI IN MOSCOW, NEAR KREMLIN

Government Railways have recognized it to the extent of granting a free first-class pass over all lines to its representative, and the civil and military officials in charge of the various provinces have been most helpful and sympathetic. It is sincerely to be hoped that after the war the Association may be a permanent institution in this country.

"A Bible class was formed some months ago in the barracks at Khartoum and it is still meeting regularly in my own room Sunday by Sunday.

"I am today at Gebeit; arrived yesterday for today's services and tomorrow's sports. Coming down in the train Major Thorburn, the chief military man in the province, asked me whether there was any chance that the Association would do anything for the sailors, naval and merchant, who come to Port-Sudan.

"The troops from Gebeit will shortly go down to Port-Sudan and I shall then close this hut and take the furniture down to the Port and use it in the room at the camp, used last year by the soldiers as a recreation room. But this room in the camp is of no use to the sailors who land at the Port.

PALESTINE

Nothing impresses one so much, in the work of the Association men, in the last few months, as the variety of their achievements. They seem always ready to take advantage of any opportunity for service with which they are presented. Nowhere has anything occurred more thrilling than their work during the advance on Jaffa and Jerusalem, and Mr. Owen's simple story of it is fairly epic.

"Thanks, Cobber, it was bonzer!

" 'To keep the *fit* man fit' in every respect has been one of the aims towards which the Young Men's Christian Association has directed all its energies in every part of the war theater.

"Two months before the Palestine Advance, which ended in the capture of Jaffa and Jerusalem, the Association was asked by General Military Headquarters to depart, for a time, from this principle and to concentrate all its strength in the forthcoming push upon caring for the *unfit* man—wounded and for the time being, physically 'down and out.'

"In the time of waiting and preparation, in the days of marching and trekking along the old Jerusalem road out of Egypt into Palestine—that 'long, long trail awinding' across the scorching sands of Sinai into the plains of the Promised Land, the Association had stood by the boys; and then when the opportunity came of being present to serve them in the 'day of battle,' not hesitating, it sprang to the task.

"The Young Men's Christian Association felt honored by the

duty assigned to it and considered that this would be its definite contribution to any advance that might take place. Many difficulties in the way of organization had to be faced: (1) It was impossible to gauge the number of wounded men that had to be catered for. (2) For military reasons the date of the fight could not be disclosed. (3) It was difficult to know at exactly what parts of the field we would be most needed.

"Notwithstanding, the work of preparation commenced. It was proposed to locate the Red Triangle men at every casualty clearing station in the front-line area and on the lines of communication, along which the men would travel to the base hospitals. Arrangements were made to have biscuits, cakes, cocoa, milk, sugar, cigarettes, chocolate, matches, sandwiches, daily papers, firewood, boilers, urns, etc., at suitable points when needed, and on the eve of the fight they were rushed up into position.

"When the first wounded troops came off the field into the clearing stations, thirty secretaries, with sixty detailed soldiers, were at their respective posts, ready to serve them. When these same wounded men passed down the long lines of communication, they were served again by the ubiquitous Association man with the same ubiquitous menu.

"Altogether the amount given away was as follows:

112,761 cups of cocoa,
105,552 packets of biscuits,
51,050 pieces of cake,
42,875 packets of cigarettes,
23,720 bars of chocolate,

besides matches, newspapers, and sandwiches. The total cost amounted to £1,600."

A description of the service rendered is given by a secretary, who writes as follows:

"Our man-power was concentrated on the feeding of the wounded as they came off the field to the casualty clearing stations and as they journeyed down the line. We erected a marquee and equipped it with tables, forms, deck chairs, reading and writing material, and games for the walking wounded. As they were not allowed to smoke in their wards, here they flocked to have their smoke.

"The commanding officer placed at our disposal three hospital marquees. Each man was carried from the ambulance wagons to our tents and we gave him a good refreshing drink of hot cocoa with cake, biscuits, and cigarettes. Time and again the commanding officer as well as other medical officers congratulated us on our work and its value from a medical point of view. But even had we not this professional testimony, any man who witnessed it could not have failed to see its worth.

"It was a wonderful experience to give these suffering, yet cheerful, boys a cup of cocoa after they had traveled not less than twenty miles in motor ambulances along roads that were rough tracks. To see their faces brighten and to hear their 'Thanks Cobber, that was bonzer!' was a joy.

"Now and then as you leaned over an outstretched figure, you would recognize a man from your brigade and what a difference it made to him! You had helped him when all was well and now you're by his side when he's 'down' with strange faces and much suffering all around him. The whole experience I count as a grand privilege.

"Throughout the whole advance this work was carried on until the last wounded man had passed through.

"The medical officer in charge of all the arrangements for the wounded wrote, 'The Association secretaries have been extraordinarily helpful to me.' The consulting surgeon remarked, 'The Young Men's Christian Association, with its hot cocoa, etc., saved hundreds of lives.'

"The boys themselves—English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Australian, New Zealand—said again and again, 'Good old Y. M., you're treating us like blinking kings.'

"For us it was enough to have had the 'grand privilege' of ministering to these battle-scarred men and to have heard them say in words of touching eloquence, 'Thanks Cobber, it was bonzer!'"

Here is an outline of what Mr. Owens is doing in Palestine, and what he hopes to do. As is the case everywhere, more men are needed; the harvest truly is ready. And the outlook for work after the war appeals to him, as it appeals to everyone, no matter where he is working, and Mr. Owens is laying plans for it already.

Indian Work. "I told you in my last letter that I was fixing Bakkal with the 75th Division. I saw the Division and they were keen on having him, and I am arranging his equipment. Meantime, he has a very substantial Indian work in Jerusalem. There are about 1,000 Indians garrisoned there and he has a recreation room going for them. Besides this, parties of Indians from the 75th Division are being brought up to Jerusalem from Ramleh to see the sights and Bakkal takes charge of them and acts as their official guide.

Secretaries. "There is need for more, even working on a minimum basis. The scheme I am working on is this: Main centers, one secretary with each Mounted Brigade, one secretary with each Infantry Division. To work out this scheme I am four secretaries short and you will readily admit that one secretary to one Infantry Division (20,000) is little enough. Although we

can give it a go on what we have, I am pointing this out to show the need there is.

After-War Work in Palestine. "Both in Jaffa and Jerusalem, civilians are requesting that the Association do something for them now. I think it is a fine opportunity to get going in this regard and this is one of the reasons for which I am anxious for you to come up. There are many Syrians here who have come in touch with the Association in Beirut and Jerusalem before the war. Through the municipality I located the plot of ground in Jerusalem and now I have a sign erected on it stating, 'This ground is the property of the Young Men's Christian Association.' Besides this, the members in Jerusalem have saved a piano and furniture from the Turks. If there is anything I can do in the meantime, let me know.

Association Lorries. "Trowbridge informed me the other day that you were negotiating with the Standard Oil Company for five lorries, two of which are to go to him. More than ever there is need for this kind of transport here. The Army canteens have three lorries and thirty Ford cars. It would help us considerably if we had lorries to shift our stuff."

PRISONERS

The work for prisoners in the Central Empires goes on as heretofore under Mr. Hoffman and his assistants, but with increasing difficulty because of the growing shortage of supplies. As Mr. Hoffman says in one of his letters, "It is not easy, when one comes to a camp, and asks the prisoners relative to the organization of school and other activities, to be confronted with the reply, 'Give us bread first and then we will organize schools, etc.' This is not an exaggeration. True, the condition applies primarily to the Servian, Rumanian and Russian prisoners, but the addition of several thousand Italian prisoners is a new problem, as communication with the Italian Red Cross indicates that the latter cannot furnish supplies for the Italian prisoners."

The permission to bring in foodstuffs has been obtained, and since January 1st the Association has provided more than 150 tons of provisions, chiefly for the Italian and Slav prisoners. The English and French are cared for directly by their own countries, under organizations long in existence; but Italy cannot provide for her prisoners, it appears, and as for the Slavs, there is no Servia any more, while Rumania and Russia are so disorganized that they cannot feed their own populations, let alone sending food to their imprisoned compatriots, while many Austrian Slavs, as has been seen, are regarded as deserters. Mr. Hoffman's letter, written shortly before Christmas, describes the general condition of the work in Germany and Austria:

"Wilson has just written me that Harte is in the U. S. I hope that he will be able to arrange matters for the prisoners of war which he has in hand. We just *must* get the permission to receive food from America for the prisoners.

"This week I succeeded in securing permission to draw books from the Royal Library for the purpose of sending them to the students among the prisoners, who are anxious to continue their research reference reading. I know that there will be many a prisoner grateful for the opportunity. I have also twelve sets of phonograph records, twenty plates to a set. These I will distribute among the camps so that each of the twelve camps can have a change of program every month of the year. I have had two so-called elite series made up for the officers' camps. Schools are being organized and we are being called upon to furnish school supplies. In a number of camps we are supplying lantern slides to illustrate the lectures which the prisoners are holding and giving themselves.

"As I wrote to you last Sunday, I expected two new secretaries this week. One arrived and the other is scheduled to arrive tomorrow. I have been busy with the one, giving him the necessary instructions preparatory to his beginning active work in the camps. He will prove another good man. And I know the man from Switzerland will also make good. With him we will have nine men at work and three more to come. It is a veritable cosmopolitan group—four Danes, three Swiss, three Swedes, and two Norwegians, not to mention 'yours truly.'

"Our Christmas plans are progressing finely and everything indicates that we are going to be able in a large way really to bring the prisoners a little Christmas joy; of course, all that we can possibly do will only be a drop in the bucket in comparison with what should be done if all the prisoners are to be reached. As it is, we are spending something like Marks 200,000 for our Christmas supplies alone. From Sweden, Denmark, and Norway we are expecting several thousand individual parcels, including sufficient so that we can give each of the three hundred and more children in the camps a parcel all their own. I have succeeded in getting 2,000 candles (everyone is wondering how and where I got them) so that we can give each camp at least a few. All that is missing now is permission for me to visit a number of camps, but unfortunately there is no hope in that direction.

"I am planning definitely now to have my Sunday school class come to my room for a little Christmas entertainment. I have been buying up sweets and saving whatever I could get, and have enough now so that I can give each one two pieces of candy, an apple, and a small piece of cake. I have saved enough cocoa so that I can serve cocoa; they will be told to bring their own cups. I am hoping I can scare up a can of condensed milk, otherwise I will have to use water.

"I am having difficulty deciding what to give for gifts. You ought to see the prices they are asking for things now. Old rubbish that has been stored away for years is making its reappearance at prices that stagger one.

"I am hoping that all the secretaries will get here before Christmas, as we are anxious to serve the greatest possible number of men then; God knows the men will need the cheer and comfort we hope to be able to bring them. We have made elaborate plans for our Christmas entertainment, and have thousands of little Christmas bags for men in the hospitals. We have ordered a big case for practically every camp from Wilson and sincerely pray that he will be able to get the necessary permissions to buy up the supplies as well as ship them. When you were here we used to talk about the difficulties in getting such supplies. You ought to be here now. All the neutral countries seem to be on the ration system now, much the same as Germany and others of the warring countries have been for many months.

"In Switzerland people are getting less bread per day than the people in Germany. Even Denmark, the land of milk and butter, has now introduced butter cards. If the war should go into another winter, I fear all Europe will suffer from famine."

SWITZERLAND

The internment camps in Switzerland, where sick and wounded troops of various countries are confined preparatory to being exchanged, have given the opportunity for much valuable work. The physical training which has proven so valuable in the convalescent camps in Egypt and Italy, in improving the men's health, will be especially useful here, where practically every man is an invalid. Mr. Lauterbach writes from Interlaken:

"We are open week days from 12:30 to 2:30, 7:00 to 10:00 P. M. During these hours our rooms are full. They are expecting 400 privates soon. Friday morning forty-five French officers arrived direct from Germany. Saturday morning they had a meeting in our room for them at the Foyer. They could all be seated comfortably with about ten tables which were not removed. So you see we have a splendid room for them. Lt. Colonel Duchine said at the meeting that the Foyer was a splendid thing, that they were having much less trouble with their men, especially with drunkenness. Last evening at one time there were seventeen officers there, playing cards, chess, reading papers, and drinking chocolate or coffee.

"When you first suggested this work I must confess it did not appeal strongly to me. I wanted to get out where I would have to work and probably not be so comfortably situated. We are comfortable, but I would not want more work at present. The men come in so much larger numbers than we expected that it has

taken work to get things in shape and get supplies. On Sundays especially the interned come in from a dozen little towns outside. It is a central place where Swiss, as well as interned, visit frequently and it is being watched by the World's Committee.

"At our conference in Lausanne last week, although it was all in French and I gave my little talk in English and Mr. Horner translated it, they were intensely interested in what I said and what our plans were. It will be possible to have billiard, chess, toumeau, football and baseball—if the French and English interned play baseball, or is baseball truly an American game only?"

The "Foyer des Allies" at Salvan

(From a Lausanne paper.)

"Desiring to express their sentiments of affection and esteem to the soldiers of the Entente, the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America—called the Y. M. C. A.—have given the interned allies two very comfortable Foyers. They have entrusted the organization and supervision of these two homes to the *Commission Romande des Internes* and the opening of the first one took place on Saturday last at Salvan.

"A brilliant sun was smiling over the ceremony. One saw, grouping themselves in the open air, in spite of the ice which already covered the roads, a band of some two hundred men whose blue uniforms harmonized with the azure tints of the Valaisian sky. Among the speakers heard by the population on the Central Square were: Canon Trolliet, representing his parish; Dr. Hecker, representing the American Young Men's Christian Association; Mr. Th. Geisendorf, President of the *Commission Romande des Internes,* and Captain Bohy, delegated by the Swiss military authorities. In impressive words, Lieutenant Colonel Resseguier, representing the French Embassy, and Sergeant Duval, for the French interned, thanked those who had taken the initiative of the Foyer. Then the Swiss Hymn and the Marseillaise were sung with much feeling, and afterwards the rooms for non-alcoholic drinks, games, correspondence, and continuation school were visited. A leader appointed by the *Commission Romande des Internes* will be the living uniting link between all the guests of the Foyer so eagerly desired. Needless to say that the pastries without flour offered by our countrywomen, as expert as they are generous, as well as the supply of chocolate (given by Messrs. Cailler) have been tasted with much delight.

"Just as the American, Genevese, and Vaudois delegates were leaving the village made famous by Javelle and Du Bois-Melly, a beam of sunshine was still gilding the mountains crowned with fresh snow. It seemed to them that a little more light and warmth

would henceforth illuminate and gladden the winter solitude of our guests."

Work for Slavs

This is what is being done in some of the camps for Serbs and Russians:

"In the Association's barracks at Nagymegyer a space was reserved for a camp altar. Later on, this space was decorated with pictures and quite recently partitioned off. A splendid altar cloth adorns the table in the middle and small candlesticks and icons have been supplied. On the occasion of the Christmas celebrations a 'manger' was carried about the camp, according to Servian custom. Christmas trees and decorations, as well as other gifts, were supplied by the Association in Nagymegyer. Icons, which were likewise tokens from us to the prisoners, were distributed by the Field Curate. When I recently visited the camp hospital, I observed how much these tokens were appreciated by the prisoners, for almost every one of the invalids wore the little cross. The Russians bury their dead with such little crosses around their necks.

"I remember with pleasure the joy with which the Russian Bibles and New Testaments, prayer books and religious literature were welcomed in Dunaszerdahely camp. At the request of the field curate of the Italian officers' camp, we likewise supplied Catholic Italian literature for them. The Jews were also supplied with religious literature of their creed. The German-Russians received their necessary books. We secured the religious Easter bread from Dunaszerdahely.

"For some time a Servian teacher held Sunday Bible classes in Nagymegyer, which were considered by many Servians as a great necessity during their prison life. In the camp religious lectures are held every Sunday morning, for which we supplied the necessary books. A conversation with a Servian doctor proved to me how much religious interest is shown by the intelligent classes.

"As soon as the War Ministry had given permission to readapt a barrack for this purpose, we organized a splendid school, which in a Russian teacher's own words, 'was more beautiful than he had ever dreamed to see it.' There are classes for the illiterate as well as for the advanced in arithmetic, geography, history, and higher mathematics. A glance into their copy books will prove what diligent pupils the Russians are. It is wonderful to observe how those Russian prisoners after their day's work try to satisfy their longing for education in the evenings, especially so during the winter months.

"Dunaszerdahely was supplied with many books by the Red Cross and the Aid Organization of the Swiss Universities, so that

the books which were supplied by our Association formed only a part of the library.

"At Nagymegyer, on the other hand, the library with very few exceptions is entirely a creation of our own. This library comprises books of all sorts and descriptions, German, French, English, Hungarian, the latter being also used with pleasure by the officers of the camp. The library is open all days of the week, and crowds of prisoners are waiting for their turn to receive the much-desired books. In both camps we have readapted reading rooms which are well attended, especially during the winter months. In Dunaszerdahely the Russians have adorned the room with interesting statistics in graphic descriptions; there are also portraits of men of letters, musicians, and painters. 'We are heartily grateful for your coming,' said one of the Russian volunteers. 'We are feeling so happy in your barrack.'

"To the library belongs the book-binding department. All the books are regularly bound, in order to preserve them and some of the covers are made from the cardboard boxes of our *Liebesgaben* packages.

"We had cocoa daily distributed in the camp of Dunaszerdahely for many weeks. In many cases, bacon and *Liebesgaben* were distributed to the tubercular invalids. The needy prisoners can at any time apply for assistance to the aid committee, who keep a small stock of goods for this purpose.

"Food packages have not only been distributed to the most needy, but all prisoners have their share in shipments received from neutral countries. Each prisoner wishing to make a purchase is booked on a list and when his turn comes, he can provide himself with bacon, biscuits, bread, crackers, macaroni, tobacco, or condensed milk. What is not sold in one day is generally used by us as relief for the needy. In such a way we can often assist many prisoners in days of sickness and trouble. Extra food has also been extended to the Servian boys, aside from the distribution which almost regularly took place in the hospitals on holidays.

A Joyful Reunion

Happily there is a bright spot here and there in the lives of the prison secretaries. "A call came for our presence at Boston (old Boston, in England). Under the direction of the Central Committee four American secretaries and two British helped receive three shiploads of British civilians on their home-coming from Ruhleben. We had to wait three days for their arrival, and then worked from morning till late at night without a break even for food, but the experience was well worth the trouble. I cannot go into details, of course, but some scenes on that day I shall never forget. I remember one sturdy old Boston fisherman in particular, who had lived these three years interned in Germany without their leaving any perceptible trace on his brawny frame.

Well, he stalked out of the examination room with a huge kit bag over his shoulder and several parcels under his arm. But he did not go far. Just outside of the door stood his wife and four children. Down fell bags and bundles on the gravel, the kiddies swarmed all over him, and the good woman, who had been waiting there hoping against hope, cried her heart out in his arms. And the crowd just yelled their heads off!"

Catholic Services

Various requests have been made to the Association for assistance in defraying the expenses of Roman Catholic services in camps in England, and the matter was taken up with Cardinal Bourne by Mr. R. L. Ewing, who is in charge of the work for prisoners. The question was referred to headquarters and Mr. Ewing was authorized to aid the Catholic work in the camps. The Association was already assisting Bishop Bury in his work of furnishing Protestant services in the same camp.

SUMMARY

There are about four hundred American secretaries working in the French Foyers, and they are being sent out at the rate of about twenty-five per week, or as fast as accommodations can be secured for them. About 600 Foyers are now open, and 800 more will be opened as soon as men can be found for them. There are also about a dozen men working in the prison camps in France, and for the Chinese.

In Russia there are some sixty men, and this number cannot be greatly increased at present because of the difficulties in transportation. The work of the Association has also been complicated by the release of all prisoners of war by the Bolsheviki. These men—Germans, Austrians, Turks and Bulgarians—are wandering about Russia, some obeying their officers, some mutinous, but all adding to the internal disorder of the country and making it more difficult for the secretaries to accomplish the organizing work on which they rest their hopes for the future.

The force in Italy today is somewhat over forty, and is being increased as rapidly as possible. But this is necessarily slow, for a longer and more intensive training is necessary for the men for this field than for those destined to any other. There are some two hundred in Egypt, about forty in Palestine, and some half dozen working in the prison camps in the United Kingdom. In the camps in the Central Empires there are about fifteen men, under Mr. Hoffman, the only American allowed to remain.

It is notable that the first two of our workers to be killed were women. Besides these there have been four deaths by disease or accident.

STRICTLY PRIVATE—NOT TO BE PRINTED

FOR THE MILLIONS OF MEN NOW UNDER ARMS

NUMBER FOURTEEN

Copyright, 1919, by
The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations

FOREWORD

One of the most significant, fascinating and fruitful activities in the entire range of welfare work on behalf of the various armies engaged in the World War has been that of the *Foyers du Soldat Union Franco-Americaine Young Men's Christian Association.* From its very beginnings near the commencement of the war it expanded steadily until shortly before the close of the struggle there was dedicated within the Fortress of Verdun the one thousandth Foyer. Even since the signing of the Armistice this helpful agency has been expanding to other parts of the vast French army still undemobilized and it has also spread to the French navy. From the beginning this undertaking, which has commanded the highest endorsement of the principal military and civil authorities of France, has been financed entirely by discerning American donors. Hundreds of the ablest American men and women workers have blended their experience and sacrifice with those of their French coworkers in achieving the truly notable results. The following pages are filled with extracts from the informal letters and reports of many of these workers.

JOHN R. MOTT.

347 Madison Avenue, New York City.
March 10, 1919.

FOYERS DU SOLDAT

The reports which have from time to time been printed in these pamphlets of the activities of the French Foyers have been full of touching and dramatic incidents, and have given interesting glimpses of the life over there, but it has remained for the American secretaries who have gone over during the last year of the war, to give a comprehensive idea of what that life has been. The following letters have hardly been excelled, as graphic pictures of the last months of the war, by anything which has appeared in print anywhere. Moreover, they reveal the opportunity which there is for the Association to work in France after the war, how much that work is needed, and how warmly it will be welcomed. The evidence of this is all the more striking, because it lies not in premeditated statements but is dropped in casual conversations and by the way.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN SECRETARY'S LETTER

Life in a Foyer du Soldat is peculiarly interesting. For one thing it is so varied. You never know what to expect, at least we never do. We had a stretch of a month's work at V—— when the regiment was *en repos,* when it seemed as if the powers of two women's hearts and hands were utterly inadequate to meet the demands put upon them by the crowds of soldiers moving to and fro through the halls of the old stone house which is our Foyer. Then lo! orders came, the whole great host departed in the night, and the town woke up in the morning to empty streets, and the Foyer to sudden quiet. Breaks like this, however, are breathing spells. You have a little time to look about you and take stock of things, give the old stone house a thorough overhauling, with both men scrubbing and rubbing, while you look about deciding which you will go at first, the much loved and pored-over *illustrés* or the games in need of attention. Housekeeping in a Foyer goes by fits and starts. You never are clean all over at the same time and in perfect repair except at such times when the troops are not. Even your *plantons* come and go as the regiment changes. So it does not do to apply any fixed notions of housekeeping to the running of your Foyer in the old stone house of mediæval France, in the town where there is no drainage except what nature provides in the shape of hills, and which is eked out with gutters which run merrily down the middle of the street and at the back of your garden.

Perhaps it is because our Foyer is in a house instead of in barracks that a certain homelike quality, which the soldiers often speak of, pervades the place. Strangely sensitive many of these French soldiers and often very delicate in feeling! It has been a constant delight to us to find unlooked for qualities of appreciation and responsiveness, a certain fineness of feeling which the rough life of a soldier is scarcely supposed to foster. We have met comparatively little of the beast, and still less of the coarse bluster which rides roughshod over others and others' rights. Nothing we do is ever wasted. No pains we take are lost. Any small personal service is repaid a hundredfold. We gather flowers to make the house attractive and the soldiers come up to admire the *beau bouquet* and to enjoy the fragrance of the roses from a neighboring garden. "Ah!—the Americans love flowers?—so do the French!" and the next day in comes our gay Chasseur with a whole armful of syringa, next day another with more flowers still, until every jug and glass in the Foyer is filled with the spring of outdoors. We have a garden inside our gray walls; perhaps not really a garden, but there are bushes and green things growing and one really splendid old hawthorn; in the corner, in a curiously shaped basin set about with ferns like a grotto, is the fountain, the pride of the garden. At six every evening we play the *jet d'eau,* and Meunier, who discovered the tiny hole where the fountain played of old, and the spigot in the cellar, arranged the *jet d'eau* for us. Now he may be seen any evening with his comrades enjoying the coolness of the garden and watching the tiny fish, then pulling up his chair to one of the round green tables that we set about in the garden for the evening coffee.

Because we are two women in charge and unable therefore to develop the athletics we should otherwise wish to attempt, we are building up our work along the lines where our strength should lie, making our Foyer home as attractive and hospitable in its setting indoors as may be.

I have spoken of the busy times, the times when the kitchen stove brews coffee, thoroughly boiled and black-chicoried in the French fashion, all day long in great *marmites,* and the canteen swings along with drinks and games and gaiety. Then it is upstairs and down from morning till night, seeing that the people who want to read get their books, and the people who want games their games; starting the newcomer who is at a loss just what to get at by a quick choice of the kind of thing it seems he would like; putting the Arabs who can neither read nor write, but would like to do both, at a copy of "La France," "La Belle France"; distributing sheets of letter paper for the home letters which go in an unending stream to all parts of France; back to the Arabs to encourage and set a fresh copy; a few minutes' stop with the many who like to chat and hear from American help how American aid is coming fast and strong. Cinema shows

four nights a week; frequently, visits from courteous and friendly French officers to be greeted and entertained. Never was there such a chance for work to be done which demanded the skill of a wise understanding and sympathies broad and deep. The French soldiers need, and deserve, America's best. They have fought four terrible years. They have suffered the agony of those years. They are deeply appreciative; why have we not more to offer them? The French homes are at stake. Withal they carry themselves right nobly, these soldiers of France, keeping ever a stiff upper lip. All of which are things we have learned in our Foyer experience, living among the French people in the little French town and working with the French soldiers.

Every Foyer has its interesting busy times, but not every Foyer perhaps has as interesting idle times as we do. At least we think so. We have the good fortune to be in a place which is very kindly in its feeling to Americans, and often turns to us when it wants help in translating and other things. Nowadays when I see a gendarme marching one of my compatriots along toward the Foyer I no longer shiver with dread at something disagreeable coming. I know it is probably a case of interpreting to set things straight. The soldier speaks no French, the gendarme speaks no English, and the ways of each are different. We translate, explain each to each, and the difficulty is smoothed away. There are hospitals hereabouts, and friendly sisters in charge who have opened their doors to us. So we have gone inside several French hospitals taking our phonograph to play for the *blessés,* and small packets of Foyer letter paper to lay on each bed. When it came time for the First Communion, the sisters came to us in distress for they had no *"pain béni"* to give to the children, and they considered if we could help. Thanks to the good offices of the Aviation Post near by, a most wonderful loaf was baked, a loaf as big as any ten loaves at home and of course it was fine and white, baked with the wonderful American flour, so the Cathedral had its bread for the Sacrament and the children their treasured *"pain béni."* As for us we had our share too, Protestants though we both are. For our landlady, by what maneuvers we know not, came back with four little crumbs wrapped in her handkerchief which she eagerly placed in our hands. Not long ago a little child was run over by an American cyclist and most horribly injured. The whole town was incensed. The gendarmes came to us to know if all necessary measures of investigation were being taken from the American end and so on. The Foyer was able to act as go-between for both French and American. Now that the child is mending under the care of a specialist in the Red Cross hospital of a neighboring district some good at least has come from the incident in the feeling that the Foyer is here to help in any and all ways.

Despite the fact that the two days of fete, the 4th and the

14th of July, fell upon quiet times when our town was without troops, we nevertheless had our festivals, with the *blessés* of three hospitals for our guests, their *médecins, chefs* and *infirmiers*. The powers, military and civil, helped us out on both these occasions. We had no piano. Two families of townspeople loaned us their cherished pianos to make our holiday music, and three musicians of real ability offered their services in honor of America's great day. It was the French Colonel, who throughout our stay in V—— has been our stronghold of support and steady interest, who did the moving of the piano for us on the Fete of the 4th, Frenchmen carrying it to and fro, while the American Captain and American hands returned the compliment in honor of the 14th of July. On both great days the Foyer was presented with bouquets of red, white, and blue, and crowning all was the *maire's* large floral offering, from which rose proudly four French and American flags each bearing the ribbon of the sister republic.

Thus even in off times life in a Foyer is worth while, always interesting. I have said it bears the charm of a varied activity. What I should like above all things to show are its potentialities for friendly touch with people. The soldiers of France are very grateful. They never make the mistake of taking your service for granted. In their finished and beautiful fashion, they bid us good-by and say, *"Vous avez fait remonter le courage"* ("You have revived our courage"), but in our hearts we know that we are the ones to be thankful—we who have much to learn of a people so rich in gracious human ways, so steeped in quiet endurance, of spirit noble and unquailing.

WHAT ONE MAN HAS BEEN DOING

A friend wrote me the other day and said: "You have written me about your wandering to and fro on the earth, about the wonderful qualities of the French, about the fine fellows you have seen, about the wonderful work, but what do you do? Do you help them physically, mentally, or morally—do you feed them, or do you explain to them the Shorter Catechism?" Well, here are some of the things I have done.

Even the civilians come in for attention. When they were sick they asked me if the doctor was any good; I had never seen him and perhaps could therefore recommend him better. One old lady thought she lost three hundred francs and I must straighten that out. It was the same with the chickens. As the refugees went by my place, so discouraged and crying, and some hardly able to travel, I robbed the canteen a little and gave the children and some old women some chocolate to munch on the way. One old lady was so grateful that she wanted to give me anything she had—ducks, chickens, champagne, just anything. One family had two little pet birds that they wanted to give me,

but I had to advise that they be turned loose, which provoked many more tears. Even when some wanted me to buy their fowls and offered me a duck for three francs, and I took the duck and insisted that it was worth five francs, some of the family cried at parting with the duck. The keys of houses and cellars were given me to guard their possessions for them and to use what I would. Many people would like to have the keys to some of these cellars.

I was the rescuer of the "Babes in the Woods" (the American Boys). Soon I could give them some tobacco, chocolate, cakes, chewing gum, and matches. I could ask what was the price of an egg. I could stop a gun or a fight. I could write a letter for them in French or in English. I could explain to them what they were doing with the French and with French equipment and when they would be in an American army, and how long the war would last, and what street they lived on, and how to spell it, and why they had not gotten an answer to a letter sent a couple of weeks ago, and what was their address. I had an orderly paste their money together again that had worn out or gotten torn in a crap game, and would change their money and take what was so bad that no one else would take it. I gave them boxing gloves, and prizes for the winners, and I gave them horseshoes and footballs. Once I found five in a war railroad junction trying to go from the hospital back to their regiment. It was nearly night. They had had nothing to eat since morning, could not speak a word to the people, had no place to sleep, not a cent of money, did not know where to get a train or when. I found their train did not leave until morning, walked with them across where the town had been and showed them where to take their train and at what time, bought their supper, found them a bed, bought them a couple of loaves of bread for breakfast, left some money at a canteen for coffee next morning and showed them where to get it, found a Foyer run by a Frenchman and took them there to rest and see moving pictures till bedtime, and got about all the gratitude there was in the world.

If you want the world to pass by your door, go to a Foyer in the French army. I have had to deal harshly with a very few and gently with a few more and as an ally with the great bulk. Have had every duty from playing policeman and putting an Arab out of a picture show to presiding over a Sunday negro service. Have arranged concerts and quartettes, football games and croquet grounds, have seen that men had letter paper, magazines, newspapers, picture shows, music, games, sports, services, warm drinks, and a place to loaf. Men have told me that some might criticize the work if they wished but they had seen it work. The poilu has told me that he only wished I had been there the winter before, it would have added so much to a weary time. The Frenchman is tired, very tired, but he is not ready to quit and he

won't quit if he is backed up. Letters come yet from all the fighting front from the soldier who has studied English in my class or written letters in my Foyer to tell me that he has come out alive from another battle, and to thank me for the letter he received from me. Men have come just to ask when they could talk to me. They have given me beautiful canes that I have broken trying to keep off the rats.

I had some British ambulance men in the Foyer and they were almost as glad to see the Foyer as the Frenchmen. They found a place where they could sing, and whether it was for me or not, they sang the same things that even I could sing. They sang "Marching Through Georgia" and I did not sing. When they asked me why, I told them I did not know that piece very well, had never learned it. "Oh, you are from the South, but we sing everything now, the 'Star Spangled Banner' all the time, although it commemorates our defeat."

Here is the view of another woman, essentially constructive:

FIRST DAY IN THE FOYER

It will all be entirely different from anything you expected. Either you will find a Foyer already established and will want to change everything in it, or you will not see how you can possibly start one. Be very patient, ask all the questions you can, make friends, feel your way, *ask people to do things for you;* they want to, they consider you their guest on French soil, and it will win their confidence. Next start some little thing of your own, no matter if it is only showing them a picture of your home and family or an American paper, then the soldiers will begin to talk. If you can paint or carpenter rig up some little improvement in the Foyer, or if there is a piano and you can play, do that. Make good in some little way no matter how trivial, before you start your revolutionary proceedings, then your French director or your military authorities will trust your judgment; besides, by this time you will have found that only about one third of your changes are worth making! Don't wait until you can get what you think is essential. If you can't find a stove, build an oven out of bricks; if you can't get a table stretch a board across two boxes; if you find a billiard table and the Boches have used the legs for kindling wood, get some heavy logs and get the soldiers to help you rig it up. (We did.) Remember there is a great shortage of material in France, but on the other hand you have among the soldiers every kind of artisan, and you can put up a "wanted" sign for a prize fighter, a chimney sweep or a Paderewski and get him before night.

Never ask anybody to do anything that will make him late for meals. Never hurry people; never forget to say *"S'il vous*

plait," or *"Merci";* add *"Mon ami"* to all soldiers, *"Mon colonel"* or *"Mon capitaine"* to the officers, *"Monsieur"* or *"Madame"* to civilians; take plenty of time, and keep on smiling!

There are no normal duties of a director, they are all abnormal. Oh, yes, you must be able to keep track of a little money; everything is in meeting a varying situation, meeting above all an emergency.

It is very important to *speak* a little French, but if you have no pride and a little bit of the gift of gab, you can soon pick up enough. The man who can read Balzac and won't try to speak for fear of making a grammatical error should stay home; he is exactly the kind we don't want. It is of next to no value to be trained in athletics; musical ability is of more importance, but not essential, because there is so much talent in the French army. Of course if you can play in the concert, too, it is a good thing, but the great thing is to have the enterprise to find the talent lying hidden right at hand. They all want to learn English, but a technical teacher will not be more valuable than a man who will take the trouble to write a few phrases on the blackboard and pronounce them for the men.

I should name as qualifications for a director: adaptability, resourcefulness, a habit of meeting many people in a pleasant, cordial manner, and either French or a facility of speech to enable him to pick it up.

And now may I make a suggestion? I know how hard it is for you to get the right people and how with the press of army and government work it is growing increasingly difficult. It seems to me that the requirements in many cases could be met by women, American women of the right kind. I should, through someone like Mr. Sloane or Mr. Coffin, get a recruiting officer, a woman, of forty or fifty say, who was essentially a woman of the world. And then I should try for women of that stripe. In the first place they have nearly all traveled, they are used to meeting all types of people, they know just how to be informal without being undignified, and there is no set of people, not even their husbands or brothers, who speak such good French. But you want the right woman to separate the wheat from the chaff.

ON THE EVE OF A RAID ACROSS NO MAN'S LAND

The great battle is going on all along the Front, here as well as on the Somme, but the thickest of the fight is on the Somme. Every day I am chatting with our French soldiers going to and coming from the Somme. Oh! I tremble with emotion as I see these companies and regiments of poilus, filing and defiling through our village. The other day as they passed me, I cried aloud, "I salute you, O my Poilus," and they smiled and waved back in turn. Yes, we will win this war in spite of Hell and the

Boche. Over a week ago, as I sat down to my mess with a number of French officers, I noticed that my friend on my right, Lieut. X, was not in his usual good spirits. Several plates (and appetizing ones, too, wild boar, for instance) which I had passed to him, had been refused with a "no thank you, I don't think I'll take any." "Well, well," I said, "what is the matter, Lieutenant? Have you got the *cafard?*" (French slang for homesickness, blues, etc.) "No, it's not that, but just as bad," he replied. "No, no," broke out all his fellow officers, "do tell us what is ailing you." And then he told us he was quite blue because he had received orders to transfer some of his guns and, what was worse yet, their crews to the Somme. And the way he shook his head and closed his eyes was pitiful indeed to see. Ah! he knew. Hadn't he made all the campaigns from Charleroi to Verdun, where he had won his palms? "Oh," said the chorus of fellow messmates, "useless to make yourself bad blood over that which you cannot help. You are simply executing orders, *mon vieux* (old man), and you won't help matters by getting the *cafard.*" "Well, forgive me," replied the Lieutenant, "if I have brought this subject up during the meal hour. I know full well I am executing orders, but I love my lads. They are perfectly enthusiastic about going, but I know they go to their death——and then—those letters I will have to write home." And then the tears welled up in a strong French officer's eyes, he, the bravest of the brave.

Yes, this officer loved his boys, a father could scarcely be more solicitous over their welfare than he. Here, too, I know whereof I speak, for I have come in contact with his boys and with him, their officer-father, whom I have learned to love and admire. Oh! the love some of these French officers bear their poilus. After four years of war, our American officers, too, will learn to love their men, "our boys," after they have suffered with them and lain alongside of them in trenches and shell holes.

Last month I gave an impromptu concert in the central hut for some of our American soldiers who had come up into our sector to learn the war game from the French. They were to make a raid that evening, that is to say, they were to let our artillery shoot up and shoot to pieces the German trenches and barbed wire entanglements in front of them and then, as soon as the ground was clear of obstructions, to charge over into the destroyed Boche trenches, under cover of our barrage fire, and bring back as many prisoners as possible. Sometimes when prisoners don't get a move on, they are simply put out of the way, made to "go west," for raiders cannot stay long in the enemy trenches; they must get back to their own before the enemy has time to collect his wits and begin the counterattack. If you were by my side now, you would surely think it was the counterattack. I wish you could hear the whine and whiz of the shells. But

I'll go on in spite of Fritz's noise and hate and we will always go on in spite of him.

Well, the hut was crowded that evening, it was a send-off to the raiders, each raider wearing a white brassard on his right and left arms. It was a mixed crowd, too: poilus and Sammies (our boys won't stand for that name), American officers and French officers. We did our best to jolly our U. S. A. boys. Comic recitations and popular songs were the order and nearly every song had a parody sung to it. Of all the parodies that evening the one that gripped me tight and made me choke with suppressed emotion was the parody on "There's a long, long trail":

"There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Into no man's land in France,
Where the shrapnel shells are bursting
But we must advance
There'll be lots of thrills and fighting
Before our dreams all come true;
But we'll show the darned old Kaiser
What we Yankee boys can do."

And if you've seen "No Man's Land" as I have seen it, you will quiver with emotion when you hear our boys sing that parody. I fully believe it must have affected others that evening as it did me, for no sooner was it sung than a soldier lad (one of the raiders) from down in Georgia came to me and said: "Say, can't you give us something to cheer us?" On the instant, I got in touch with the singer and immediately we struck off to the tune of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," the following refrain:

"Glory, glory to the raiders!
Glory, glory to the raiders!
Glory, glory to the raiders!
As they go over the top!"

Again and again, the whole hut sang it. I was beginning to fancy that I was leading the singing in my erstwhile revival meetings in the Presbytery of Walla Walla. "Repeat the chorus," I kept shouting. "Repeat it again." I would not have given this meeting for a hundred of Billy Sunday's. French officers whom I had invited in for the evening and who were the last to leave the hut, said to me: "Monsieur Ballis, we would not have missed this evening for anything." They were quite moved with what they had heard, seen, and felt. I say "felt," for though no word of religion was mentioned that evening in the hut, the whole atmosphere was one that was surcharged with God, home, and loved

ones. There was religion in the hut without their being aware of it. There was really a subconscious revival on. It was that which had touched our French friends, indeed, everyone present—the indescribably indescribable *something*—and that one and all had enjoyed.

During the seance, another fellow, from Dixie camp, came up to me and left me his gold watch and chain and his mother's address. "If I don't come back tomorrow morning," he said, "you'll write to my mother and send her this watch, won't you?" "Indeed I will, lad," I said. And then others quietly, furtively, gave me their keepsakes to send back home. "What are they giving you, Mr. Ballis," said an officer, "Oh, just some keepsakes to send back home." *"Pauvres types,"* said a French officer (a term of affection meaning "poor dear fellows"), "in a little while they will be used to the game just like us."

But it was getting late, quite past the military closing time. "Boys," I said, "it is getting late and as you file out, lift up the roof of our hut with the refrain, 'Glory, glory to the raiders.'" And as they quietly moved out during the singing of the loud and swelling refrain, I pressed through the jam, shaking hands with every American lad who had been selected for the raid that night. It was with no little emotion, I assure you, that I gripped our lads' hands, quietly whispering to each one in turn, "God bless you!"

It was good that evening after the crowd had gone and the black night was on everywhere, to let my emotions have free play. All that night I thought of "our boys," as I always do when a raid is on, whether the boys be French or American.

At midnight they were to start for the trenches, an hour's hike away. At 3 a.m., the great barrage started. Out of bed I sprang and to the window looking out upon the horizon where "our boys" were to play the game. The sky was red. The great guns boomed and boomed. My shell-pocked house was undergoing a thousand quakes. But it was not of my house but of "my boys," "your boys," I was thinking, sending out to one and all of them in those cold and early hours of the morning, my silent, my honest-to-God prayers, that the great God and Father of them all, do His best for each one of them. Believe me, I had very little sleep that night.

At nine in the morning, as I sauntered down the main street of our shell-torn village, I met the boys returning from the raid. Somehow, all the lads who had left keepsakes with me returned to claim them—and what handshakes we did give! But some of the other boys whom I had known and gripped by the hand did not come back.

Some mothers in America will miss them. Some friends in America will miss them. And yet, I shall not wish these boys back for I am learning here that it is not all of death to die.

Those precious lives have not been in vain. Yes, war is hell, but there is grandeur in it too! And our boys have shown those grand and ennobling qualities of the game. How your hearts would have thrilled with pride a few days ago, could you have witnessed a review of battle-scarred American troops before my hut, bands playing, colors flying, while distinguished French generals bestowed and pinned upon regimental flag and upon the proud breasts of American officers and soldiers the Croix de Guerre for valorous work and deeds performed in the raid I speak of. Said an American boy by my side, who looked on the whole spectacle with no little emotion, "If that is the way they play the game, I am going over the top too!"

The enthusiam and *élan* of our soldiers have certainly been a great inspiration and encouragement to the French. How many a poilu and French officer have told me so!

THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN SECRETARY AFTER THE RETREAT FROM SOISSONS

Life seems to be growing very interesting here, though I still sigh for Soissons. To have to leave your Foyer to the mercies (God save the mark!) of the advancing Boches is a thing not soon forgotten. But each place has its own interest, I find. I had hardly arrived before I found that the army was installing a sort of barracks for men on leave to spend the night. You see there is just one train a day for *permissionnaires,* as the men on leave are called. This leaves at ten in the morning. A man will get leave, wend his way here from wherever his unit is, getting here too late to take the train. The men returning from leave get here by various trains and often find their regiment or whatever formation they belong to has left. There may be no way of their leaving until next day, hence the necessity of some sort of barracks. The Army wanted the Foyer du Soldat to run a canteen in connection with this dormitory. Our regional director authorized it and put me in charge. The commandant in charge of all the men leaving or arriving assigned me an excellent building. It is of course near the station and is just back of the building where the *permissionnaires* sleep. It used to be a sort of barn for storing wheat, so it is all one whitewashed room and has a nice cement floor.

There was a shelf running all the way round and nails below and we left this so that the men on leave could hang their kits and helmets there. We took down the posts in the middle and the shelves there (you see it had been used as temporary barracks at one time) and with the boards made bins for wood and coal. Then our regional director bought us a stove, a big tin *marmite,* basins, dishpans, etc., and I bought some *faience* bowls. Then the

army lent us plenty of board laths on trestles, and rude benches to fit up a counter and the places for the men to write. At this point I went to the Foyer storehouse for the zone and found how much the service had improved during the last month or two, for I got some good posters to put on the walls, a phonograph, a coffee mill, inkstands, pens, blotters, paper, etc., some games of checkers, dominoes and chess, and twenty volumes for a lending library. Also coffee, sugar, chocolate, condensed milk, and matches, and the promise of that scarce article, tobacco, when it should come. So there we were, complete and ready to open, with François, the nice old *cantinier* whom the army had assigned us, beaming. And then there was no coal or wood to be had from the army or anywhere else!

François rose to the emergency. *"Ma foi,* Madame has only to ask to have ten more men to come to clear up the yard, as she asked for ten to clear up the building. There is plenty of old wood lying round. Does Madame think they will trouble themselves to carry it away if Madame asks them to stack it in the canteen?" So we did.

We had signs made with an arrow pointing our way and nailed them up all round the town (by the way I hear we are to have bill posters for the purpose in future), some tobacco arrived, and we had a grand opening day. A week later the German offensive was on, all leave was cancelled, our usefulness temporarily confined to a few old men who work at the station. It was disappointing. *Que voulez vous? C'est la guerre!*

After a day or two of virtual idleness I went up to see if I could do anything whatever at the French hospital and found two tired women nurses running a canteen day and night for the wounded. They give them a little milk or coffee while they wait their turn to be registered; these are the sitting cases, slightly wounded or gassed; the stretcher cases cannot eat or drink as they must be operated on at once. You see it is an evacuation hospital and these men are brought in from the first aid stations, and after a day or so sent out on sanitary trains to base hospitals in the rear. Of course we made it three shifts then, instead of two, and I took the first night to let them both sleep. It was most interesting, and, as these were the lighter cases, not as harrowing as I would have imagined. We had a little food for the ambulance drivers, too, all from the hospital kitchens; many of these men were Americans and were working day and night. I was only on duty three days, as there then came some English women whose work it is to run canteens in hospitals and took over the whole canteen, releasing the nurses, too, who were much needed in the wards.

However, by this time I had heard that it took about three hours a day to load a sanitary train and that the men had to wait in the hot coaches and often needed something to drink. So I

spoke to the *médecin chef* and he was delighted. He arranged for an ambulance to come every day and pick up the *marmites* of cold coffee, cups, pitchers, etc., and to take me.

Fortunately, the first day the American director went with me, for I had no idea what an undertaking it would be. There were about three hundred wounded, one third stretcher cases, and to keep your pitcher replenished, climb up and down into the coaches and keep your eye open all the time not to miss the men who for one reason or another were being loaded into different coaches, was no easy task. We gave each man a piece of paper and an envelope so he could send a line home. They were pathetically grateful and you felt ashamed, it was such a tiny thing to do. I think they were quite as anxious for the paper as for the coffee.

There are many American wounded, but they load into their own trains at another station. Only last week with the great rush of wounded there happened to be many more Americans than French, so there were not enough American trains, and the French lent theirs. You see there are more Americans in this sector than French, which is why there were so many of our wounded. By chance the American director of the Foyer here found out about these French trains loaded with our boys and went to see if he could help. There were only French doctors and orderlies on board, no one spoke English, so he stayed all day interpreting and went all the way to Paris with the train. It was a godsend, because no one but he spoke the two languages. Next day we found our American Red Cross nurse and an aide-interpreter and these two women went with the train. They had been sent to the French hospital to look after any Americans who might be there; there were none, so the *médecin chef* allowed them to go. It was quite a long trip, three days in all. The third day came a new secretary assigned to a nearby Foyer and we sent him. He spoke both languages. Then the emergency was over, and the American trains were here in sufficient numbers. They are so well equipped that there is nothing any one can add to our troops' comfort.

I find those of us who speak French are called on to do all kinds of interpreting for officers, soldiers, and civilians, and the first days here I spent most of my time finding out where hospitals and headquarters were. You so often can put people on the right road. Really it is like running an information bureau as I go down the street.

Leave is once more granted, so my canteen is busy, but we manage to carry on the work for the wounded just the same.

You were good enough to ask me how I made out about living. It is very simple here, because this town has never been captured nor shelled. So I got a tiny apartment and my little landlady from Soissons, alas! a refugee now of course, does my

housekeeping for me. This is even easier than boarding and lodging with her as I did there, or living at a hotel.

AT SOISSONS

You hardly would have known our Foyer last week. We were as quiet as mice. There have been so many troops in town all winter that it seemed to me that a wind had swept them all away. Of course we knew the reason. Headquarters can't stay in a town that is constantly shelled nor can hospitals, and we had, as you know, several sets of each, so that their departure took at least a couple of thousand men, and naturally since the offensive there are no troops *en repos*. At first (we were all pretty tired after last month's rush), we just sat in the sun and read the papers and sold a few cups of chocolate or coffee to the passing ambulance men. The military authorities had forbidden the cinema because they did not want the few men in town assembled where a shell could endanger all, but they said we could keep the Foyer open, so we spent the evenings principally in playing the phonograph. One poilu appeared who could play the piano well, so the Foyer has been really good. We have to whistle to keep our courage up with this terrific advance on Amiens.

Then I woke up one morning feeling rested, much, I am sure, to everyone's regret, for we began to clean house. I spare you details, but our *cantiniers* look at me with reproachful eyes still!

Then the troops, which had been passing in an endless stream of camions, began to go by on foot as well, generally several regiments a day, and you know it has been pretty hot and dusty these days. We just couldn't stand it. We had a little fund for emergency presents from our friends at home, and we started in to make quantities of weak tea and let it cool. We had a great many *marmites*—I suppose an American housekeeper would call them simply boilers, the big ones hold a hundred litres—and we ransacked the attic (our Foyer was an old café) and found three round iron bottles. So we started. But the regiments are not allowed to stop and there is absolutely no way to tell they are coming until they turn the corner half a block away unless they have a band. However, we keep sharp lookout, and by dint of speed and willingness you can get one *marmite* on the pavement as the first men are abreast. Then I shout, *"Preparez vos quarts,"* ("get your tin cups out"), and they break round the boiler like a flood, dipping the cups as they pass. By this time a second boiler has arrived with a table under it, and soon three tables and three *marmites* are in position, and two in use while the third is being replenished. It takes probably fifteen minutes to half an hour for a regiment to pass, depending upon whether it is a full regiment or not. The officers are generally quite glad to allow the

disorder and delay for the sake of the refreshment. The tea, however, didn't hold out, so we bought "coco," which in case you don't know is a sort of powder with a fruit flavor (very vile is the drink it produces), to which you add cold water; but the men like it and you know they prefer Boche bullets to plain water!

And now we have a new activity. The men who were on leave when the offensive broke were unable to get back to their regiments because all the lines were commandeered for the transference of troops, so instead of about fifty a day arriving and going on afoot or by camion until they found their regiments, they have all been held back in the stations and big barracks. Now they can move and they are all returning in a mass. For five days we had from a thousand to two thousand arrive each day. Then while the shelling and bombing were so bad the canteen near the station, being right in line, was ordered to close, so these men had nowhere to come but to us. You can imagine we had some busy moments getting enough coffee and chocolate made. Now once more we are deserted and I am confident that what magazine articles refer to as a new field will open up, and in the meanwhile the hills and dales are covered with wild flowers and I am glad to have a little time to enjoy this corner of *La Belle France.*

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

Of many things which stick in my mind there is one which will probably leave it about the last of any of my French experiences, or rather two; for they happened so close together as to be associated inside my head. As you can tell by examining a map, we're so close to "a certain city" that you can see the ruins of it by going up on the neighboring hill—always with a *laisser passer* however—and during those nerve-racking days the last of May and first of June, we slept in caves, dodged all kinds of things day and night, and collected lots of souvenirs for future long winter nights' tales at home. One morning about 4 or 4.30, after a very lively night, I was awakened out of a cat nap by the sound of one of the liveliest tunes I ever heard played and got up from my cot just in time to see pass down the village street a company or two of French soldiers—tired, dusty, thirsty certainly, and hungry probably, just out of the hell of the trenches which I knew had been under constant fire and assault for days (for I knew whence they came). On they went, behind their band, which was playing a rollicking quickstep, as brave and gallant a little army as the world has ever seen, and left the whole worried and anxious village better for their simple passage there. Think of it, after four long years of constant war. And then, a few minutes after, the shrill whistle (exactly like the piercing whistle of a joyful care-free youngster) of a locomotive on that wonder-

ful little narrow gauge road that wanders, in utter defiance of all rules and laws, natural and otherwise, over the country hereabouts.

And, sir, in those two things you have typified France—France, unconquered and unconquerable.

A MEDLEY OF RACES

You ask us to state our difficulties and dangers. Of course we have them but why under the sun should we talk about them? *I won't!*

We have had here in the past month a most bewildering array of nationalities, with their often wonderful and fearful customs and costumes; little jolly Anamites, with yellow skins and artificially blackened teeth; Moroccans, tall, stately, fierce, and dirty sometimes, with peculiar habits and headdress, but with a cold courage backed up by the most vicious looking weapons I ever saw and both equally and justly feared by the Huns; Senegalese all six feet or over, large well built youngsters, coal black, speaking French (most of them), frequently well educated, among them some beautiful interpreters of the best music, and all with that same infectious and very wide smile that is characteristic of our much more happy-go-lucky brethren of color at home; and then a large group of Polonais—most of these Americans by birth or naturalization and so proud to find another American with whom to chat awhile; hundreds upon hundreds of Italian laborers—mostly half sick and frequently suffering also from *cafard;* no English or Americans; and a very small scattering of French; so when they are here all at once this Foyer is a wonderfully interesting sight and sound.

SEVEN HUNDRED UNEXPECTED GUESTS

Just one more little pen picture if I can visualize it. The other morning (one day last week) at 3 a.m. I was wakened by our *casernier* who came to tell me that in a half hour there would arrive here about seven hundred French soldiers who had come some hundreds of miles by camion over awful roads, completely outdistancing their *cuisine* and it was up to us. There literally wasn't a thing to be bought in this little village except what we could serve, so we "got busy." Promptly at 5.45 we commenced serving hot and cold drinks to one of the tiredest and dirtiest crowds of men we ever saw, and we kept it up without any rest whatever until 8.45 at night, they leaving at 9 for another all-night run to their front line sector—fifteen hours of continuous hard work, nearly 3,000 cups, but well worth it.

FRENCH PSYCHOLOGY

And I'm certainly puzzled to know what to do about one youngster whom I helped over a difficulty, and who simply sticks to it that after the war, he's coming to America to live with me, willy nilly. Then you can ask a simple little question: "What are these Frenchmen thinking about?" Watch me smile. I live with the French, my dear man, twenty-four hours out of every day, and there are many and many times in a week when I'd gladly give the full week's salary for an answer to that same question. All I know is what they say. The important thing is to try to understand them and their point of view ourselves. I'm close enough to the trenches to have heard a little of their side, and I've heard some very interesting little bits of character reading by our "brethren in blue." Always polite though they are, the French are no fools! But if only we men as a whole may live up to the splendid reputation which some of our first coming Young Men's Christian Association and other American men have left us as a legacy, it is a worthy ambition for any man.

The following three letters describe two phases of the great campaign of last summer, the retreat, then the advance after the successful offensive on July 18:

WHEN SECRETARIES WERE REFUGEES

How quickly all one's plans and successes may be overturned, especially by the Boche. Everything was going in first-rate condition when the enemy dashed across the C-des-D and swept on over the A. Work at the front was going great, so was the work at the Foyer, especially athletics. The Poilus had become very enthusiastic over basket ball and indoor baseball, out of doors, especially the former. This we played at first with two crossbars between the two poles as baskets; this instituted a very fast game. How they would slam the ball at the little opening! This developed a sixth man on the team, a tall fellow who could jump and intercept the ball, a goal keeper. Later our carpenters made real baskets with backstops, all of wood, but two barrel hoops. They worked exceedingly well. After they were finished and before they were mounted on the posts, several officers, including the *Major du Cantonnement,* had a great time trying to make baskets. I think I enjoyed my few games of basket ball more than anything else at C. The indoor baseball was very popular and exceedingly funny. We had several ambulance men each night to help us out, and they surely enjoyed it. The principal excitement was found in hitting the runner and sometimes knocking him over. I hope they don't forget if they get a real baseball—but alas! there are mighty few of my friends left, as nearly as

I can find out. Mr. Eyraud had some large shelves built and an excellent library started and I had just received several hundred postcards from America which we had, with much labor, pasted on cardboard around the Foyer and canteen.

The bombardment began at one o'clock in the morning, and after several shells had landed very near and a huge dust, which we thought was gas, arose, we took to the *abri*. We were there off and on until well into the day. Some who were veterans said it was a *fort bombardement*. I never knew anything like it. A house almost next door was burned and our yard yielded a miscellaneous array of shrapnel. In the morning, my *cantinier*, the most good-hearted, willing, and unselfish of men, and I started a fire for chocolate. Then, as the *marmites* were coming about, we went back to the *abri* while the water boiled and on the way had the pleasurable sensation of hearing scraps thud on the ground around us. Mr. Eyraud insisted that I must not let the *cantinier* into the canteen, so we both entered the *abri*. A short time later, after the chocolate was finished, Mr. Eyraud had disappeared and I found him giving out drinks to lost soldiers. We were able to give out a very little tobacco, especially to one small artillery outfit which we met on the road, also nearly a huge kettle of chocolate. All the rest was lost, unless two doctors to whom Mr. Eyraud showed the Foyer and canteen as we were leaving sent any soldiers there to help themselves. Personally, I felt more responsible for my very dear old landlady and her husband than for the supplies, and so pushed their hand-cart down the road rather than lug tobacco. Mr. Eyraud was busy looking out for them and other friends too.

We left C—, with soldiers and refugees, under the fire of machine guns from aeroplanes right overhead. One soldier jumped off his horse's back and into a window to get out of the way. Whether the Boches were in V— or actually across the A— and only a mile away, I have not been able to find out. All left, I believe, but some of the old folks. I found one young girl trying to persuade an old lady to leave and helped her as far as some soldiers. I suppose she stayed there. So did the few dead, including a family of four children and a mother, but not the father. I knew one of the boys.

At F-en-T, I left my colleagues and found Mr. Mayell in his Foyer, hard at work to the fullest extent of the word. He took me to his room to sleep and then went back to work all night. We all went at it the next day. We sold and then gave away coffee all the time, and made it too, as the *plantons* had to leave. We sold and gave away smokes, biscuits, and everything conceivable, and, finally, on hearing the Boches were getting pretty near, we gave away everything, and the stock was big. You never saw such a rough house, windows smashed and all, but the French and British got the stuff, not the Boches. Even books and

kitchen utensils—everything went, and when Wright, Mayell, and I left, there was nothing more to give and very few to give it to, and the machine guns on the aeroplanes were getting busy.

I shall never forget, as we were on the lookout for more bread for the tired, retreating soldiers, seeing Mr. Blanc on the road with a wheelbarrow load of cake chocolate. His helpers had all left and he did not want to spend all his time in the kitchen and, in fact, his Foyer was deserted; so he waylaid the boys with all he had left. But how the crowd tackled the co-operative when it opened for a "free-for-all!"

That evening, we went to C—T and there, with half a dozen directors, French and American, including Mr. Coffin, we served coffee, bread, and cheese to refugees and soldiers, all day and all night and part of the next day. How the private Foyer was bought, how we lodged and cooked in the old chateau, and how we met all kinds of pitiful refugees and tired soldiers en route, are well known—also Hastie and Wright on the coffee stand with the bombs dropping about and Mayell refusing to sleep.

Then we went to M—, Mr. Blanc, Mr. Dufloe, Mr. Mayell, Mr. Wright, and I. On the road we passed some tired Englishmen, to whom one of our number, I think Mayell, gave his purse. We saw them later at M—. We climbed the high hill on the other side of the valley and three of us waited and waited for the others, and finally went along to get drinks started at M—. Later we heard that Wright had stopped to help an old lady and Mayell was looking for Wright. The other three of us went along and opened up that evening. Mr. Blanc took things in charge and was surely "some" hustler. In no time at all, he had found quarters, utensils, and provisions, and I believe Dufloe got quarters for us. So that night for a while we gave away chocolate and coffee which we made in a little house.

Next morning, we served many wounded who were waiting at the station. French, British, and colored troops were there, suffering terribly, but patient. With the help of several ladies, we gave out the drinks, and the men smiled and joked to receive them. One of the ladies was much distressed over a soldier who suffered badly in the mouth. She came and got for him a little of our fresh milk which we had bought from a refugee. Mr. Blanc made arrangements for a canteen at the station, but it was not carried out as the Red Cross took up the work. We had gone to M—1, thinking that the other secretaries and the Red Cross would take the road to M— and we should be of more service in another direction. Even as it was, we found plenty of work for both societies. In M—1, the Red Cross was still under the direction of Major Davis, to whose kindness we owe the possibility of work in C—T, where he gave us tobacco, chocolate, a stove, kettles, etc.

From M—1, after things were started, I went to Paris for

a draft examination, which was delayed since the outbreak of the attack. Since then, the post-refugee days have begun.

I might conclude with a paragraph which will make this a rough and hasty report, roughly covering the principal points of the entire period of Foyer work in France for me. A report is hardly necessary for the ordinary features of the Foyer and canteen; I trust that they went on like other Foyers and canteens which are successful. The concerts run by Mr. Eyraud or a French friend were fine, and so was all in the Foyer. In the canteen we sometimes were rushed and sometimes not. When a group of artillery camped in our yard we got rid of chocolate at extra speed, and so on other occasions. But the two points of especial interest to me were the work at the trenches and the work with the French and Americans together earlier in the year. I am sure that at that time the international good will was increased and many friendships made. In the Foyer, the soldiers of the two great republics read and wrote at the same tables, played cards and checkers together, talked and laughed together, and sang or clustered about the piano in well mixed groups. A French friend had a class in French for Americans, and I had one in English for the French, and we both had many helpers. I shall never forget one American relating his first visit to the trenches in very simple English and very slowly, and then concluding by a brief lecture on New York. I was also especially interested in getting French and Americans to talk and take walks together. It was very interesting to get them talking sign language, if they could use no other means of communication. Once we had quite a competition between an American and a French sleight-of-hand performer. Then for a time I got an American corporal to take my class. In the canteen there was a little pushing the one night that we had American smokes, but, generally, exceedingly good spirits. They pushed remarkably little for the army. The concerts were great. Both French and American orchestras entertained us, and we had several mixed programs. The best one was featured by the attendance of many French and American officers, including two French colonels, a French band, and some ex-Boston prize fighters. We thought best not to have any international athletics, until one day two groups gathered together and started to play. I tried to referee, in spite of my little knowledge of soccer. With the exception of hearing some swearing at the start—"To knock Hell out of the Frenchmen"—I never saw a cleaner game or one in which both sides were more ready to admit fouls. I believe that the best work we can do is to bring the soldiers of any two nations together in real comradeship. We are working not only to win the war but also to make a Christian world which is one in which we all serve humanity, regardless of class, national or racial lines. Unless this war paves the way to international good will and a

union of nations that shall be higher than patriotism itself, in other words, that shall be really according to the Spirit of Christ, it will have failed. May we do our part, not only to destroy Prussian terrorism, but also to build up Christian international good will.

ON THE TRAIL OF VICTORY

We slept uneasily that night. Unconsciously through our sleep we listened for a change in the eternal roar of the cannon. Again and again I woke with a jerk, sure that it had come. But it was only the usual thing, a heavy gun lazily firing from the woods, a round or two from the 75's in the wheatfields, a distant rumbling on the flank. We expected at any moment to be awakened as at other times by a deafening humming sound from a thousand batteries, the terrible hurricane of fire which sweeps the ground before a great attack. Instead, it was an almost silent night, silent except for the unceasing columns which passed along the roads, murmuring, rattling, clanking columns of infantry, cavalry, camions, and tanks. We had gone out in a heavy rain during the evening hours to see them pass.

A cannon by day is a dirty, commonplace thing as it rumbles along in a cloud of dust or, in its tiresome way, splashes you with mud. Even a line of horsemen becomes in time an ordinary sight, something to rail at when you are in a hurry. But at night, when an army moves, the horsemen pass in a solid many-headed column of shrouded figures that impresses you in its force like a battering ram. The camions loom suddenly out of the night and seem to sway and sprawl over the landscape. The infantry rises out of the dark and rolls towards you with a clicking and glittering of steel. You hear the whole mass pant with effort in a long murmur of indistinguishable words. Then come the lumbering tanks craning forward their ponderous bodies, turning and bounding along in the dark while the ground trembles underfoot and words cannot be heard for the heavy grumbling of the uncanny beast. The whole army seems like some prehistoric animal of stupendous weight which pants and groans as it writhes forward.

We had seen all this. We knew that the old forest was jammed with men and that the morrow would be a day named in history. Yet the rain passed, the dawn broke, and all was silent. It was a beautiful day. For the moment the roads were empty. All the strain and effort of the night seemed like a dream, for surely there had been no attack. Our two old soldiers served breakfast which we took in luxurious ease, convinced with them that the battle was still to break. To assure ourselves we strolled up the road and looked across the plateau of waving grain towards Soissons.

All at once, with a thrill that set the blood tingling through us, we saw that not merely a battle but a victory had begun—a

silent victory. The lines of *saucisses* which ran almost over our heads had moved. We looked again. Right and left in the clear sky they were moving forward, all of them. I had seen the Boche *saucisses* advance steadily upon us seven weeks before and the sight was sinister. Now the slow movement of those absurd creatures made me tingle with excitement and savage joy. The battle was on, the troops were driving fast and our place was not behind in that gray, quaint, and empty stone village. My boon companion Ray and I jumped into hectic action. Loaded with sacks, coatless and eager, gas masks and full *bidons* rattling over our shoulders, wearing the helmets of the splendid French division to which we were so proud to belong, we swung aboard the first camion which passed.

We had seen the desperate defense west of Soissons when three German divisions broke fruitlessly against ours, hastily thrown into line. Then it was our glory to retreat sullenly, killing the Boche in masses, holding the line against all odds at any cost, in spite of the bitter knowledge that the enemy was advancing upon the *Ile de France* and that upon our right Paris was their goal. I remembered the day when I had seen Boche aviators low over our heads, picking out the *postes de secours* and showering the wounded with their infernal machine gun bullets. I remembered our retreat at night, the horizon blazing with fired French villages while immense flares went up from explosions in Soissons that seemed volcanoes. It was the silent retreat of brave, unbeaten men, under the oppression of atrocious moral suffering. In my role as a "Y" man I struggled to be cheerful, but the words died on my lips. Occasionally one heard the splendid phrase—*On les aura, quand même.* Once a distinguished soldier with many palms on his cross of war turned and said to me, while the tears fell unrestrained from his eyes: *Dites, M. l'Americain, dites, il est impossible que la France disparaisse, il est impossible, n'est-ce pas?*

Now the sun shone again and the *saucisses* moved fast. Before long we were at the first G. B. D. among the wounded—groaning Arabs, magnificent in battle, silent poilus who suffered with calm philosophy, young Americans proud of being in a fight and joking over their mishaps. "You see this place here? When it gets better they can sew a button in," said one as he lit a cigarette which he had somehow worked in between the bandages. His jaws and teeth were uncertain, but we had to pull him away from the ambulances. He could not see why he should not help put the other boys into the machines. One intrepid fellow was propped up against a tree with both legs gone. He refused a cigarette. "Oh, no! save them for the poor beggars that can't sit up."

We performed the services which seem so trivial and for which suffering men are so pitiably grateful. Hot chocolate was

soon brewed, men smoked, chewed gum, ate biscuits and chocolate. Everyone was driving forward and so were we. On foot and unattached we wormed our way along the roads, ducking under the heads of horses, skirting a rolling kitchen (whose function in battle is to break a wheel on the road), climbed around tanks, batteries, and camions. Occasionally an exultant thrill ran through the advancing columns. *Les Boches, Les Fritz,* was passed from man to man, while over the next hill came a *chasseur d'Afrique* with a joke and a laugh, heading a long train of prisoners.

SCENES OF DESOLATION

The road choked with traffic ran by an old wounded church. The Gothic façade with its worn figures of saints and martyrs stood intact. The hot sun beat down upon the roofless nave. Piles of stone filled the apse and desecrated the altar. A score of men, neglected, lay in pain upon the benches, among them a few Boches, dazed to find themselves there. Beside them lay poilus and several big Senegalese men, unbelievably black, famous for their love of battle. When wounded they either lie in a silence full of dignity or chatter with amusement in their extraordinary French over the absurdity of being hit.

We hurried on over roads well remembered. I saw through blasted trees the massive walls of a shattered and burned chateau. I thought I could distinguish where the room was in which I had passed an uneasy night in the sorrow of the retreat. Boche prisoners were hastily repairing the road before being sent to their pens under the guard of our territorials. All along we passed our steady gray-headed territorials, always there for the hard, monotonous labor which must accompany the fighting side of war.

Next came a little hilltop village which I had left full of pleasant homes with gardens, flowers, and fine trees. It was now a mass of tottering walls, hideous beyond description. "Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return," is true of men and of their works. Massive walls of farm houses and churches, barns and chateaux were sinking back into the yellow-brown native rock from which they had sprung. The hillsides continued the ruins and we hesitated as we looked to judge where nature ended and where man began. The dust and debris of tremendous explosions covered the finely cut blocks. The blanket of verdure which a few years will draw over these wounds will make of them all one indistinguishable mound.

THE FIRST DRESSING STATION

The torrent of men, horses, and machines flowed powerfully on through what was once the village street. Until this moment Ray and I had rushed forward in the glorious spirit of victory.

We seemed to possess ourselves all the force of these moving columns and our feet marched tirelessly on. Even the scenes which we had witnessed in the first *poste de secours* where all was calmly organized had not destroyed the exultation of the great advance. But in the village of Dommiers we stopped and all joy fell. In its place came a fixed gravity, and all personal emotion disappeared before the need for action. For my own part I seemed for a long time unaware of personal existence. I became for the moment an unliving creature, a thing which did not need sleep, food, or thought but which simply moved like an automaton from one need to the next. Beside me Ray worked in the same spirit and we were dimly aware that other men were there, all living together, a sort of extraordinary collective life. This same strange spirit we had seen descend upon groups of men before. It may be pure illusion but it is at least an experience which we have lived.

In a triangle of street and walls under the blazing sunshine we came suddenly upon that which makes humanity hate war. There lay packed together a mass of men, wounded, dying and dead. With the rapid advance and the choking of the roads the medical services were hard put to it, especially as we had the enemy wounded as well as our own. The French with their experience, unhappily so long, did much, but the Americans were new and the service hesitated. Men were lacking, stretchers were lacking, water was lacking. Bleeding men cannot wait and all helpers were furiously at work. The wounded, even the dead, lay everywhere, some in the road itself. Like the rest we fell to work, carrying stretchers, hastily interpreting in needed cases, dressing wounds, giving water and what comes next in the desire of a wounded man, cigarettes. Faint voices called us on every hand and we worked until we were bloodstained like the men themselves. Men of all races lay there side by side. Against one wall, apart, were the Boches. The rest—French, American, Russians, Arabs, Swiss, Armenians—all were brothers.

Human egotism is ferocious and its voice is never quite silent even amid such scenes. I have seen a doctor who, beside the devotion of his colleagues, did not care. I have heard cowardly whines and seen distressing efforts of men, little hurt themselves, to push aside the patient dying here. But, thank God, such things are rare, most rare. The voices that called us were almost always that we might help the other fellow. "Take the sergeant over by the wall first, he's damned hard hit." "Put me in with my pal, can't you?" "Say, 'Y' man, can't you get some water for this chap here?" "Oh say, damn it all, I've been here since morning, what are they sending that other fellow first for?" "I can't feel my leg at all, am I going to get lockjaw, do you think?" One man kept crying out to us: "Damn it, why don't you move that wounded man out of the road? Look at the camions. They are

all going over him." In the center sat a red-headed American shivering from head to foot with shell shock, completely dazed, and unconscious of his surroundings. Beside him with open eyes and bloodstained face lay a Boche who needed no human aid. There were nameless horrors there, too, but happily we were too busy to feel them.

A group of wounded Americans able to walk gathered by an ambulance. Suddenly an explosion shook the ground and we were wrapped in a cloud of dust. An avion buzzed away. As we turned towards the evil roar men staggered and rolled, while figures lay already motionless in the road, dark with blood. As so often, the wounded had been chosen as a mark, but there was no time for anger. Afterwards we remembered that those men dying in front of us had kept us alive. Again, as hard work relieved the pressure and the light American ambulances bore away their loads, we moved forward over the battlefield of a few hours before. We climbed down the walls of a ravine over a German barricade of tables, chairs, beams, baby carriages, everything which a man in a panic might seize to throw between him and a dreaded foe. German signs still marked the roads. *Strengst verboten* caught my eye as a familiar enemy. The wheatfields beyond carried all the marks of fear and flight. I pictured our men in khaki, Zouaves, Arab, Tirailleurs, Legionaries, with all the ferocity of the attack, rushing upon the disorganized Boches, who had dropped all as they ran. There lay guns, knapsacks, cartridge pouches, coats, grenades, and above all helmets, covering the fields like stones on a New England hillside. Man burrows and battery emplacements were there, machine guns, even here and there a cannon. I stopped by one of these and read its motto, *Ultima ratio regis,* striking enough at such a moment. Near by was a burrow full of men, with others about, those who had died to let their comrades escape.

In a dip along the road was a French battery just beginning work. The sight thrilled me, for I had spent two days with these same men on that very spot during the desperate defense against the German offensive through Soissons. Now the emplacements were decorated with a Boche battery and the culvert under the road in which I had slept was the resting place of German dead. An American lay as he had fallen, charging the enemy, frozen in action by sudden death. By the guns Ray found a dying Boche, a vigorous man of about thirty. He called for a priest, but there was no one to listen. We gave him a drink of water for which he thanked us with failing breath.

ANOTHER "POSTE DE SECOURS"

Soon we were in the feverish work of the next *poste de secours.* Here again men by hundreds met the supreme test of

suffering and death. They rarely groaned and rarely spoke. In every stage of suffering they sat or lay, some on stretchers, some on the hard earth with torn clothes and bleeding bodies. Some were ruddy and cheerful, others yellow and exhausted, but in the eyes of all there was a strange eloquence. Those straight, piercing glances, full of unspoken questions, follow me still. Some struggled with horrible fears and unendurable weariness, doubled with pain. Others suffered with the clear-eyed resolution of heroes of antiquity. After such scenes one has small patience with the glib pessimist who details the petty meannesses of the human race.

Slowly the gorgeous sunset faded and the colored lights came no more over the yellow wheatfields. A pale moon gave the earth its own faint luminousness. Work lessened and we grew more conscious of the cannon. The strangest sound in battle is not the fury of the battery close at hand, but the faint sighing in the air which rises and falls but never quite ceases. The sound is more sinister even than that of the "arrivers," the deadly whistle followed by the tearing crash of a heavy shell.

With nightfall came, of course, the avions dropping star shells to find the good places for their bombs. We lay in a little wood by the road and thought, as we heard the infernal buzzing of these wicked insects, that it was scarcely possible for them to pass us by. Happily for us there was a dead tank across the road with a burning reservoir. After due deliberation our invisible foes chose this likely spot for their work and flew home again leaving us to sleep in peace in our little wood. I was glad that I had given no cigarettes to smoke after the falling of the dark. It was cold but the overcoat of a poor chap who had never escaped from his tank kept me warm. I do not know his name but he had a little rosary which his hand had almost worn away.

AMERICAN TROOPS

Again the dawn broke and with it again the fearful passage of the wounded. Again the battle advanced and again we moved forward. We finally reached Chaudun, then a battered target constantly raked with high explosives and gas in great waves of fire. By this time little was left in our sacks. We could still be useful in liaison work between the French and Americans, still give water and a couple of cigarettes to each wounded man, before we were completely out. A providential camion arrived from the American Young Men's Christian Association with a full load. We joined the two secretaries established at a cross road, filled our sacks for our own men, and all the afternoon passed out to eagerly outstretched hands, buns, biscuits, matches, chocolate, tobacco, newspapers, the commonplace things which at home we take or leave with such indifference. The American soldier has

not had the long lessons of privation which have fallen to the lot of the French. With all his glorious energy and courage he suffers when without these little comforts.

Up to the battle and back the men passed with long stories, pockets full of souvenirs, and an extraordinary zest for the work of driving the Boche. They were not hardened troops like our Africans, but vigorous, young athletes, carried away with the thought of striking a terrible blow in the good cause. The steady sadness and cold resolution of our old soldiers were foreign to the spirit of these youngsters. And truly to see them playing at this dreadful war like a game, struck me as very new and very strange. They played hard too, not tenderly, not sentimentally.

NIGHT IN THE FIELD

With the dark came a breathing spell. We ate "monkey meat" picked up by the roadside and something else, with an empty cigarette packing case as a table. I was still in shirt sleeves and the nights were cold. There were no roofs on the village houses and, besides, horses and men lay there where they had fallen. Tanks and cavalry passed in the fields. So where to sleep was a problem—one of the little daily problems one gets used to solving. At last blankets were procured and a place found by a shell hole behind a ruined hangar. Just in front that afternoon I had seen the American troops go over the top less than a kilometer away. The battle was still in full swing; but still we slept. With the dawn we parted and went our several ways.

TEAM MATES

The third day of battle was for me a day of greater service and greater effort, for our camionnette arrived from Paris loaded with good things, and bringing the rest of our team of four. All together we could work; it seemed as if once together all obstacles must give way before us. Ray and I beside Bill and Dan are sober creatures, with more education perhaps than sense, lacking in the picturesquesness of personality which the other two contribute. Bill is a vigorous Irishman of rare wit and resourcefulness, a grandfather with all the youthful vigor of an American corporal. Dan was born a cheerful philosopher, miserable only when idle, one of those happy persons who always know what to do in an emergency. So we flung ourselves into the work of the day; and there was much to do, both agreeable and difficult.

It was pleasant to have the general, whom the division worships, stop to buy a piece of gum as I stood there ragged, dirty, and coatless. It was a rich discovery to know that in a vast ruined farm near by was a well which functioned. To drive there for it in the machine was something. A group of Americans had met a

sudden and terrible death in the road. A tank was lying on its head on the bank. Others clanked across the fields. Guns were being skillfully concealed in the grain.

The farm itself was a vast square of gray stone buildings, half ruined, among them a lofty Gothic barn with buttresses and worn machicolations. We borrowed an artillery mule to turn the pump. We unearthed at last a good wine cask for the precious water. We composed quarrels and persuaded thirsty soldiers to let us take first place.

Through a gust of fire, mostly gas, we returned to establish ourselves with the *poste de secours* in a ruin opposite the sign-board which read "Soissons, 5 Kilometers." There the long day passed, so full of living that it seemed itself a lifetime.

THE CONCLUDING PHASE OF THE BATTLE

Towards night ambulances grew scarce and on that service went Ray and Dan, leaving Bill and me, the two mechanical incompetents, in the ruins. It was necessary to go to one more *poste de secours,* the most advanced. Truly it was a bad place. The road which led there was lined with German bodies. The shells broke wickedly all about the ravine where the *poste* was established. A wrecked ambulance and signs of death, for me the death of a friend, marked the place. The stretcher bearers crawled in and out raising their burdens with difficulty and pain up the steep wooded slopes. In the night, soaked by a cold rain, I crept back to where Bill was constantly on duty. He pretended then to go to bed in a damp and crowded cellar, while I chose a pile of rags outside. In such cases you must warm one side well, turn quickly over and go to sleep at once, repeating the process as often as needed until morning.

It was not yet dawn of the fourth day when we limped stiffly out on the road. Shells broke at intervals over the fields and even sent clinking fragments into the village. We were expecting something at some unknown hour and it came as we looked. Green rockets went up over the whole line, apparently just over the field before our eyes. The answering roar of the barrage told us that our men were once more pushing forward. We watched while the sun rose, fascinated by the great struggle, listening and wondering.

It was the last chapter of the long battle for us. As we waited heavy columns of prisoners with many officers marched down the road. A few higher officers walked haughtily apart. A pause and then little groups of men appeared, dirty, weary, and hungry. It was our own division relieved at last. They were a glorious sight, coming out of the furnace of war, the men who had endured and conquered. Senegalese with gaunt gigantic

frames, chattering and laughing as they slouched along; Tirailleurs, Arab and French, hardy soldiers of many African campaigns; the famous Zouaves; and, finally, tough Legionaries, proud of their unique record of eight army citations and the red, white, and blue *fourragère*.

Of course, the last of our carefully guarded stock was gone in no time, our regiments were soon but a distant cloud of dust and our work was over. We lingered a few hours for such work as we could do among our fellow countrymen. Then there descended upon us an overpowering need of soap and sleep and food. A last time we filled the camionnette with wounded men. It rolled away. We followed slowly, kicking idly at German gas masks and helmets as we walked, light words upon our lips, our minds oppressed with all their visions. The battle was done.

THE GRATITUDE OF A FRENCH REGIONAL DIRECTOR

M. Gouthiez, the Regional Director of the district overrun by the Germans in that advance which was stopped by the second Battle of the Marne, writes to his Foyer directors with legitimate pride regarding the manner in which they conducted themselves. How loath to leave their Foyers they were, and how they hung on, under heavy fire, has already been seen in the foregoing reports:

My Dear Friends:

After the tragic hours which we have passed together, this term of "friends" with which I begin this message is not, believe me, a meaningless formula, but the expression of the close ties which bind me to you, of the esteem and gratitude which I feel towards you.

Of all the organizations for war work, the Franco-American Union alone kept its "Foyers" (huts) open in that advanced region during the heavy fighting, and three traveling canteens were opened at new centers near the battle line between Rheims and Dormans. It is thanks to you that we could accomplish this; you did not spare your strength and did not fear danger. You placed yourselves whole-heartedly at the service of the fighting men at a moment when the cause of the Allies was being sorely tried. You assuredly are among those who have understood all the nobility of the position of a director of a Foyer, who work in our organization with an entire spirit of devotion. I have never known so great happiness as to work with such fellow laborers, and I am sure that you have already felt, during my visits, how much I am attached to you.

Believe me, my dear friends, the Central Direction appreciates as highly as I do, the eminent services which you are rendering to the Franco-American Union. It gives me pleasure to

quote to you this passage from a recent letter from our Director-General Monsieur Sautter:

"I am glad to know that all your fellow workers have so well maintained the honor and the traditions of the Foyers. I beg you to congratulate them all for me, and especially the women directors of Foyer 158."

You all know how hard I try to make your task easy, especially to relieve you of all material worries. In spite of this, your work is very fatiguing, and however much you desire to do much good to those about you, I cannot too earnestly urge some among you to husband your strength till the return of a period of quiet will permit you to take a well-deserved rest.

Go on, dear friends, doing your duty so finely, and believe me, most cordially,

G. GOUTHIEZ,
Regional Director.

ASSOCIATION SECRETARIES IN RECAPTURED ST. MIHIEL

A Letter from Mr. E. A. Ballis to Mr. Casalis.

It was the day after General Pershing entered St. Mihiel, after President Poincaré left the town, that Mr. Rideout and I entered.

We were the second Young Men's Christian Association secretaries to enter St. Mihiel. We had no idea of entering the town so soon, but meeting a number of French officers who were on their way to St. Mihiel, they more than invited us to accompany them; they fairly dragged us with them, so great was their enthusiasm for America and Americans. "At last," said one of these officers, "the chances are fair that I may yet see my old mother"—pointing to a *patelin*, a region north of St. Mihiel. Our enthusiasm and anticipation of entering through the old German lines to the redeemed territory, made us all quite forget the shelltorn roads over which we rode. On arriving in the ancient town we found the tears still hot on the faces of the old men and women. The children also eagerly gathered around us two Americans that day, even the smallest and youngest of them instinctively realizing that it was because of valiant, unselfish, and self-sacrificing America, that joy and freedom were theirs. How it gladdened my heart to be recognized here and there throughout the town by the poilus who had passed through my hut during the year! It was with great pride and joy they would come up to me holding by both hands St. Mihiel lassies and laddies. *"Ah, Monsieur Ballis, vous voilá; quelle belle attaque vous avez faite. Voyez, mes enfants"*—looking at me and Mr. Rideout with moistened eyes—*"c'est à eux qu' on doit que vous êtes francais."* (Never forget that you owe it to these Americans,

that you are French.) It quite thrilled me to hear those words repeated by many of my poilus. I would bite my lips to hold back my emotion. "You understand, Mr. Ballis?" "Oh yes," I would say, "but don't say any more, for it quite overcomes me to hear you say that." And then they would move on, poilus and children giving me a grasp and embrace that meant so much.

All the afternoon we talked with groups of old men and women, women for the most part whose husbands and sons were fighting in the French army, and who were feverishly anticipating their arrival, as the French government permits a three-day furlough to its soldiers to revisit relatives in the redeemed territory. I sat by women who were braiding hemp out of which they made their shoes for the last four years. One woman told me that she had been summoned four times before the Kommandantur. "I hear," said the German Commandant to her, "that you are going to celebrate the 14th of July tomorrow; and how are you going to celebrate? Where are your flags?" "Ah, sir, I need no flags; the flag is in my heart." "And what did the Commandant say to you when you answered him thus?" I said. "Ah, Madame," he replied, "I trust all the women of Germany are as loyal as you."

One of the most interesting events of the day that I spent in St. Mihiel, was my visit to the Hospice, a sort of poorhouse and orphans' home, which, besides sheltering a lot of fatherless and motherless children, also served as a German hospital. "And how did you manage to decorate your hospital so nicely for the troops?" I asked a sister. "How did you manage to resurrect all those flags?" "Ah, it is simple enough to explain. Every time I suspected another requisition was to be made upon us, I had my helper, a good and unsuspecting German soldier, transfer them to other shelves and rooms. Little did he dream that he was storing away for me the decorations that were to celebrate the French and American entry into the town. And sometimes I had to sew my decorations in the bed pads. Somehow the Boches never cut open the bed pads to see what was in them; and so for four years I waited, concealing our decorations which were to decorate our hospital when the troops came back again. And never did I doubt for a moment that our town would be French again," she said. "Ah," continued this dear French sister, "you haven't seen the French soldiers that I have sheltered in this building during the German occupation, have you?" "No," said I, my heart beating a little faster, never suspecting a little trick on the part of this good sister. Finally, arriving at her room she showed me, standing on her mantlepiece, three dolls dressed up as French soldiers. *"Voilà mes polius que j'ai caché des boches. N'est-ce pas qu'ils sont beaux?"*

And what homes have they not deliberately pillaged, wrecked and burned in St. Mihiel! And yet St. Mihiel does not present

the absolute desolation and devastation of Verdun. There were 2,000 civilians who remained in St. Mihiel, hence the desire of the French gunners to spare the population, which desire protected the Germans in their occupation of the town. Before leaving the town the Boches took all that was worth while from the civilians—all their money and their valuable papers; not a mattress was left to them; all the brass and copper and gas-pipes and chandeliers were systematically taken from every building and dwelling. The civilians were left with only a change of clothes. Oh America! Appreciate your blessings. The people of St. Mihiel did theirs that day, as with faces smiling and radiant, they listened to the French band playing on the public square "The Stars and Stripes Forever," the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the "Star Spangled Banner." A French colonel, stepping up to my brother secretary, who was fathering some of the little girls in front of the band concert, said to them: "Children, you owe it to the people that he represents, that you are free. Do you know all they are doing for you?" Yes, the old Lorraine town of St. Mihiel and all France know today that without America's help, they would be lost.

This letter from Dr. Stewart A. McComber, physical director of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and now in the service of the Foyers in France, shows how magnificently the "Y" has "made good" with the French army, and what a field lies open before it in the future.

AMERICAN SPORTS IN FRANCE

It has not taken long for the American soldier to demonstrate to friend and foe alike that he is the fighting man *par excellence*. The short period of time required to transform an American civilian into a fearless indomitable soldier has won the admiration of our allies and the respect of our enemies. No small amount of the credit for this military achievement has been given to the influence of American ideals of physical training and to our widespread participation in sports and games. While there is still much room for improvement at home, it is true that we lead all other nations in this respect.

The French nation has not been slow to recognize the value of our games, both for the training of soldiers and for the development of the physical, mental, and moral qualities so necessary for the rehabilitation of the nation after the war. Already extensive plans have been made and are being put into effect for a comprehensive program of physical training for all the people. Social hygiene occupies a deservedly important place in this program.

After seeing the value of our games as conducted by our army officers, by the Young Men's Christian Association under

the able guidance of Dr. McCurdy, and by the "Y" physical directors associated with Les Foyers du Soldat under direction of Mr. P. R. Carpenter in the French camps, for supporting and renewing the morale of the troops, the idea was speedily adopted by the French War Department. There are now about 500 Association physical directors aiding to develop an American sports program for the poilus. Over a thousand Foyers are in operation and the work is being rapidly extended not only in France but to Saloniki, Corfu, and Morocco. Hundreds of American physical directors are still needed. Large sums of money are needed to buy necessary equipment and to carry on the work. There are boundless opportunities for American money, lives, and ideals to help over here.

There are in France at present eight normal schools of physical training *(Centres Régional d'Instruction Physique)* under the direct supervision of the War Department, and at these schools many of the finest specimens of the youth of France receive their pre-military training as *sous-officiers* and are thereby qualified to assist in the training of the army and for their own advancement in the army. There is also a select school at St. Cyr, which is the West Point of France.

France is looking to the future. The end of the war seems to be in sight. *C'est la guerre* is giving place to *Après la guerre.* The future of the civilian population will soon be of paramount importance. Seven of the eight schools I have mentioned have been organized since June 1, 1918. It is now planned to use them for the training of physical directors for service in the schools and factories of France.

AMERICAN PHYSICAL DIRECTORS IN FRENCH MILITARY SCHOOLS

In August, General Cottez asked Les Foyers du Soldat if it was possible to furnish an American physical director for each of the eight schools to serve as *experts techniques* in the instruction of the officers, *moniteurs,* and students in American sports. Mr. Carpenter at once undertook to find among the 5,000 Young Men's Christian Association men in France, eight men with a technical knowledge of our games, possessed of pedagogical instincts and training and able to speak French well enough to put such a program into operation. I happened to arrive at the psychological moment and for lack of better material had the honor and good fortune to be selected as one of the eight. We all went to Joinville le Pont, near Paris, where is located the oldest school of physical training in France, founded in 1852. There for ten days we put on a program of volley ball, basket ball, baseball, track athletics, and small games, instructing the officers and *moniteurs* in the practice and theory of the sports.

Commandant La Brosse and the other officers took an active part in the games and made a very flattering report to the War Department. Cinematograph pictures were taken of the French vs. the Americans playing the various games. I had the undeserved but peculiar distinction of being photographed while demonstrating American methods and form in high jumping, putting the shot, and starting in the sprints. They are making a detailed study of all sorts of physical activities by projecting cinema pictures on the screen with marked reduction of the speed (*Ralentis* they call them), and it is very interesting and instructive.

Among our pupils were Charpentier and Pommier, the champion boxers of France, and other champions at wrestling, jiu jitsu, bayonet fighting, running, jumping, pole vaulting, weights, etc., so you see we had a notable collection of athletes. They were very much impressed by our methods of doing things and very open minded and eager to learn. I never met a finer, cleaner, and more modest group of athletes in my life.

We had a wonderful time for ten days and then were assigned to the various schools and the War Department issued our credentials and we were detached from the Foyer work to serve as *moniteurs* and technical experts under the French. All eight of our men have had a lot of athletic experience, all have been teachers and coaches, two are artists of a high order of talent, and five, strange to say, have had art training.

I was assigned to the school at Montpellier and on October 1st I left Paris for a fifteen hours' ride to the south of France, where I am having the most interesting experiences of my life.

Montpellier is a quaint old city of over 80,000 inhabitants, situated six miles from the Mediterranean coast, rich in historical interest, and at present the home of thousands of convalescent French soldiers at the many hospitals that have been centered there. The buildings are all of gray stone or of cement with red tiled roofs and fine architecture, there are several wide boulevards and esplanades, but the majority of the streets are narrow and when not paved with stone very dusty, as it had not rained for four months until a week ago Saturday, when we had a fine rain. The dust is fierce when the wind blows. The climate is wonderful otherwise, with fine clear days like our early October weather and rather cold nights. Am very fortunate to get away from the Paris climate.

I have a fine apartment in the city and take two meals a day at the *popote* or mess hall of the *moniteurs* at the school. We get soldiers' diet, which is rather crude both as to quality and method of serving, but then it is war now and one must not complain even if the meat is occasionally so tough that a jackknife makes little impression upon it. We each have a tin plate and cup, a fork and a spoon, plus the jackknife already mentioned. No butter or sugar or milk at all. What I could do to a piece

of chocolate cake or a good piece of apple pie I will leave you to guess.

I received a wonderful reception from the officers and *moniteurs* even when they had not the slightest notion that a new task master had been thrust upon them, for the official notice from the War Department did not reach our Commandant until several days after I had them well organized. In an hour's time we were all *bons camarades.*

At present there are no pupils at the schools, but soon we shall have about two hundred each when the new class of '20 has been assigned. This gave us a fine chance to start teaching the whole faculty, who will later have to instruct the new class under my supervision. They turned over the whole program to me and I lecture twice a day in French on rules and ideals of games, have two English classes a day, and several hours of practice at the games. I tell them they are attending the University McComber and it is a treat to see how eager they are to learn. I never had such inspiring classes in my life. One of them wrote in English on the wall of the *Salle de Conference*: "Wellcome to the teacher and our friend," and I felt that he meant it all even to the extra "l" in welcome. They are delighted at a chance to learn English and make rapid progress.

INTRODUCING YOUNG FRANCE TO AMERICAN SPORT

They are all greatly interested in the games and quickly learn to get a lot of fun out of them, which is the surest way to establish them on a firm footing. The instruction in baseball is necessarily very fundamental, for while they are very adept in using their feet as a result of their training in soccer football, they do not know how to catch a ball with their hands. We use the softer playground ball and are teaching at first the simple old-fashioned game of "scrub" to give them experience and the spirit of the game, and after they have hit a few good wallops they are all very eager to bat. By degrees we introduce the regular game with the soft ball and later we will let the more proficient use the hard ball. We hope to inoculate a new generation with a love for baseball and then in a few years the game will be firmly established. It will have to be a case of natural growth from below upward and those who have tried to introduce the big league idea have already met with disappointment and failure. They learn volley ball very quickly and love it. Volley ball has been officially recognized as an integral part of the program for the physical training of the children of France. Basket ball is a little more difficult to teach but it will become very popular with the young men. We play all these games out of doors. Several of the schools are in the southern part of

France, as these at Antibes and Montpellier, and games can be played outside all winter. Only Joinville has a real gymnasium at present. Four are at seaport cities, such as Dinard, Deauville, Royon, and Antibes, and aquatic sports will be a regular feature of the program for the physical training of the children of France. are eager to learn our American methods and readily admit our superiority in the technique of coaching these events.

All of our officers and *moniteurs* have seen service in the war and nearly all have been wounded and are more or less crippled in one way or another. One of my *moniteurs* told me that he had gone five days in the battle at Verdun without food or drink and eight days without sleep and that finally while marching to the rear he fell unconscious by the roadside.

There are innumerable opportunities to help. The first Sunday I was at Montpellier we had over thirty young girls come to the school to learn volley ball and they are enthusiastic about it. I shall soon have four courts each for volley ball and basket ball and four baseball fields, and I expect to see them all occupied by boys and girls from the city. We are also planning to carry on the work with the Boy Scouts. I had the pleasure of meeting General Sir Baden-Powell yesterday. He is the originator of the boy scout idea in England. Shaking hands with generals is a popular sport over here. My highest record is two in one day and four for the week.

On the day I have already mentioned I had another interesting experience. A French captain whose acquaintance I had made on the train, sent me an invitation to dinner, with a request that I come prepared to teach his two children some American games. I do not need to tell you that I accepted gladly. I found my hosts to be people of refinement and education, living in a lovely villa, had a splendid dinner, and after that seven other children came and with the captain and his wife included we passed a very pleasant afternoon playing volley ball, tag ball and three deep. A general and his wife came and looked on for a while and then we had tea and chocolate and sandwiches served under the tree. When I left I had an invitation to come again and it seemed as if we were already friends of long standing. The reception which an American gets over here is very gratifying and at the same time puts one on his mettle to give them the best there is in him. It is a rare opportunity and a great responsibility to represent our country over here under such circumstances.

THE THOUSANDTH FOYER

For the first time since their organization the Foyers du Soldat got into print on the occasion of the inauguration of the 1000th Foyer at St. Mihiel. The Paris *Illustration* in an intelligent and sympathetic article gives some account of the origin

of the work and the manner of its conduct. It is interesting as an independent French view of our work.

Before the war there existed small Foyers du Soldat, like that at Vincennes, rooms where our soldiers found books, games, and healthful drinks and a moral assistance free from any sectarian influences. Their resources were modest and when mobilization came most of these little clubs found themselves more or less deserted. An enterprising Parisian, M. Emil Sautter, borrowed the title—which, by the way, nobody claimed—with the idea of creating clubs for soldiers as near the fighting front as possible. Two Foyers were opened in January, 1915, on the Vosges front, others followed on different fronts, and then at the rear, and at factories of war material. Their success was so great that at the request of General Headquarters, M. Sautter resolved to extend the work to the whole French front. The 1000th Foyer has just been opened at St. Mihiel, and on this occasion we were invited to visit a Foyer near at hand, which has been in operation for some time—that at the camp of Cercottes, near Orleans.

If the work is of wholly French origin, its wide development is due in great part to the cooperation of our American friends. When the United States entered the war, the great Young Men's Christian Association, whose mission it is to ensure the "moral revictualment" of the American forces, offered its aid to other similar works which existed in the other armies of the Entente. A very liberal agreement was reached without difficulty. The work henceforth assumed the title of *"Foyers du Soldat—Union Franco-Americaine," U. F. A.* It adopted the Association emblem, a triangle indicating "the triple aim of the American Associations—the harmonious development of the mind, the soul, and the body." The Committee continued to work under the presidency of Gen. de Lacroix, with its Director-General, M. Sautter, assisted by three Directors-Adjunct: M. Boissonnas, a Frenchman, and two Americans, Messrs. D. A. Davis and W. S. Coffin. In addition to a subvention which covers almost the total amount of the budget, and rises for the next year to some seven million dollars, the American auxiliary brought also a most precious collaboration in men.

In spite of what one might believe from its title, the Young Men's Christian Association is not concerned with dogmatic matters (*préoccupation confessionelle*). With a mentality no doubt incomprehensible to some of our fellow citizens, too often men of a single religion or a single party, the Americans look at the great principle of Christ, "Love one another," in the spirit in which it was formulated. They dream of a general union of all religions which shall agree once for all to practice, without pettifogging about the details which are accessory to their sects or their beliefs, those moral precepts which no civilized mind can

question. From this one can easily understand what such men can accomplish, coming with the good qualities of their race to the aid of French soldiers.

The Young Men's Christian Association is inspired above all by the idea of *doing service.* Its idea is, with an unselfish patriotic object, to amuse the soldier, to lighten his hours of rest from active service or daily labor, to give him, so far as possible, the illusion of home. To carry out this program, the Association outfits buildings, which it provides itself or which are given by the army. Then it guarantees all the expenses and furnishes writing materials, a library (an average of 200 volumes per Foyer), outdoor and indoor games, illustrated papers, a piano and other musical instruments, a phonograph, cinema, illustrated lectures, musical and literary entertainments, educational courses, and sports.

One particularly striking detail shows the relation which the work bears to the soldier's family. Letter paper is furnished free, but sheet by sheet, in order to avoid waste. The Foyers distribute sixty tons of it a month, which represents some six million letters.

The greatest liberality is shown in the formation of the libraries. Scientific works, which are in great demand, are found side by side with literary works of every school, and in almost every language. Thirty-six dialects are actually spoken at the front. Here, as a matter of curiosity, are those which are represented in the libraries:

English, Italian, Polish, Russian, Turkish, Anamite, Chinese, Japanese, Tonkinese.

Classic Arabic and its dialects: Egyptian, Kabyle, Maghrebin, Moroccan, Sudanese, Tripolitan, Tunisian, Lake Tchad, Peulh (Guinea), and Bambara (Sudan).

Dialects of the Congo: Sango (Oubanghi-Shari), Gwbwaga, Gbangiri, Monjombo (dialects of Oubanghi), Gbea (Mandjia-Mombe tribes), Sfrimu (Batcke country).

So far as possible, and especially at points where there is no military cooperative store, each Foyer has a canteen which sells at cost non-alcoholic drinks, groceries, and small miscellaneous articles.

In the early days, the number of men who were entertained each day in the Foyers was 20,000; today it is more than 250,000, and must continue to grow. For an average of three Foyers is being established daily, although the equipment of each costs in the neighborhood of 28,000 francs. They are being installed on every front, at Leghorn, at Tarentum, at Port Said, fifty in Morocco, at Saloniki, and soon there will be a *Foyer du Marin* in every port and with every large naval unit. In this magnificent work there are 900 agents, of whom 477 are French directors, 264 American directors, 118 French and 30 American women

directors. There are regional directors who assume the liaison between the central authority and the directors of the Foyer, who although under strict control, have large individual liberty.

In every detail one sees the ever watchful spirit of method, intelligence, and zeal of the chiefs, small and great. Our national gaiety, the French cleverness, Parisian wit at its best, and on the other hand the calm devotion, the placid energy, and the cordial spirit of our trans-Atlantic friends complement each other admirably. And I hope that these hasty notes will suffice to show the very great value of this Franco-American cooperation for the moral and physical health of our poilus, for the military victory of tomorrow, and the economic victory of the day after that.

A FOYER NEAR THE FRONT

Coupled with this work is also the annex, distant about four kilometers toward the line. This little Foyer out in the woods is my pride now. I'd rather go there than go to Paris. Some say the work cannot be carried out toward the front, but they have to show me. I have told the captain who is there at present that I expect him to guard the material. He is a very fine man and has appointed a soldier boy to manage it for me. I visited this annex a couple of days ago and found everything in splendid condition. I carried them flags with which to decorate, and at this moment, when no American director rests there, the French and American flags fly just over the door to the little bazaar. I wish the people in the States could see what a welcome I receive when I pay them a visit. Is it worth while? Well, I should guess. And I am hoping to establish some more such annexes.

However, there is a sad story about this annex which I must relate. On June the sixth, at 8 A. M., the brave soldier who took care of the Foyer for me had just entered the little bazaar, when a shell from a German cannon fell on the Foyer and killed him almost instantly. Quite a bit of our material was destroyed and the phonograph was wounded in twelve places; however, it still works and makes melody for the poilus.

A FRENCH TRIBUTE

The secretaries manage to win the love of the French peasants, even though not working primarily for them. This secretary's name was John, and as in France it is customary to celebrate not one's birthday but his "name day," the little demonstration was made on the *Fête de St. Jean*—St. John's day.

We had known in the past that we were *bienvenus* in France. Many a time the French peasants have opened their hearts to

me and in the profundity of their hearts they love the Americans. However, last night I had signal proof that not only the Americans in general but I their representative here have a place in the hearts of these sincere folk. This being a fête day, several young folk of our village landed on me with a surprise more beautiful than imaginable. Had a general and his staff come in a limousine to adorn me with the Croix de Guerre I could not have been as pleased and honored. These young people adorned me with the Croix de Paix. Bearing bouquets of roses, almost five hundred single flowers, they came with the youngest, a little girl, bearing a manuscript adorned with the tri-color. I was speechless and amazed as the little one read their message:

"Monsieur John, in honor of St. John permit us to present to you the expression of our best wishes for a good, happy fête day. We do not know how to make you understand our gratitude for your kindness to us, and your friendliness toward us, and so we are embarrassed at offering you our good wishes, but they come from the hearts of your friends, big and little, and are sincere. You have left your family, your country, your friends, to add your name to those of our own heroes. Your task is a noble one, you deserve the admiration which we can express but feebly by these flowers. They are a pledge of the friendship which we have for you and the American people, and we beg you to accept our lively gratitude.

Vive l'Amerique! Vive la France!"

A HELPING HAND TO CIVILIAN REFUGEES

When I left C—— I might have made haste in order to reach D—— in time to catch the first train; but the crowds of fleeing civilians, their anguish and their despair, made me realize that I could be of greater service in helping them while plodding along the road with them than in rushing to M—— or P—— there to be on the waiting list. During our journey the weather was fair, the temperature high, the roads very dusty, and the means of resting comfortably very scarce. I saw heart-breaking scenes on the road: old men and women, bending under the load of heavy bundles, pushing wheelbarrows and handcarts, on which they had put what they could carry of their worldly possessions. Mothers were dragging along from two to six children, some of them crying because they were either frightened or tired out. Young women were carrying babies in their arms and had a bundle tied on their backs; others were pushing baby carriages in which were infants and bundles of clothes; others in a delicate condition, their feet already swollen, walking along with difficulty; invalids were creeping slowly along and obliged to rest

every ten minutes or so, all fleeing before a cruel and pitiless foe. It was indeed a splendid opportunity for any willing worker to act the part of the Good Samaritan in ministering to these people, and I took it.

I stopped autos and wagons of every kind and persuaded the drivers to give a helping hand in picking up the invalids and aged on the road and give them a ride, or in relieving them of their burdens. A few showed signs of selfishness and I shamed them. But I had a great success with the others, and was able to help many. Preaching by example, I pushed a wheelbarrow a distance of about two kilometers in order to give an aged woman a chance to rest, and the men in our party insisted then in doing their share of this task. I pushed a baby carriage about the same distance, and then other men in our party were eager to take turns. A woman, with the help of her daughter, had been carrying a bundle on a pole a distance of ten or twelve miles; the burden seemed heavier at every step and they talked of leaving it in a ditch. I picked it up, put it on a passing team and induced the driver to let the woman and the girl sit on the bundle, and all were happy. "God bless you, *Monsieur l'Americain,*" said the woman, "you have saved our lives and I would like to kiss you."

It was a long journey, but I was so busy and happy ministering to these refugees and telling them what America was doing to bring the war to a prompt and victorious end that I forgot the fatigue. It was an experience that I shall never forget. I enjoyed it very much, and if my association with these people had not been caused primarily by a disastrous retreat, I should have enjoyed it much more. However, I thank God for the opportunity I had of serving my fellowmen in a time of distress, in sharing their burdens, and in comforting them, and above all, I thank Him for the rich experience I gained in thus ministering in His name. It made these people praise the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, it created a sentiment of grateful love for Americans in general and made them cheer heartily for America. To God be all the glory.

THE ASSOCIATION'S CREDIT IS GOOD

This is a pretty testimonial to the reputation for honesty which our secretaries have established and which will be of value in any future work they may undertake in France. And it is doubly significant to anyone who knows the cautious nature of the French peasant:

Today I took a lot of sous, of which we had a surplus, to some of the merchants (and merchantesses) of the neighborhood who are always in need of *monnaie*. I handed one three francs' worth of sous and asked him to count it. "Oh," he said, "if you

say there are three francs there are three francs," and he added, *Monsieur, ceci est un don tombé du ciel.*

I took another packet of small change worth five francs to the good woman from whom we buy our bread and newspapers. I asked her to count it, but she said, "You know how to count, don't you?" and she dumped it into her till and handed me a five-franc note. This same woman never keeps an account of the newspapers we buy. She says to us, "If you say you have had so many papers, I know you have had just so many."

TWO SAMPLES OF HUNDREDS OF LETTERS FROM FRENCH OFFICERS

A French colonel writes:

"It is unquestionable that the Foyers have a happy influence on the soldiers from both a moral and a national point of view. But their chief value comes from the character of those who direct them."

A captain writes:

"Dear Sir:

Permit me to express to you by these few lines my admiration for the work of the Franco-American Foyers du Soldat. There is not a day when one of my old territorials, echoing his comrades, does not tell me with what pleasure they take the road to your hospitable door. You know my affectionate esteem for your compatriots. We can never sufficiently acknowledge this unforgetable and inexhaustible American generosity, which is like the brook which flows on forever."

FROM A FORT NEAR VERDUN

The distinguished visitors to this famous stronghold, which the enemy held for six months, are surprised to find a fully equipped Foyer du Soldat, *Salle du President Wilson,* serving and cheering the poilus within range of German machine guns. Because of the somber conditions the Foyer is a blessing. The officers and men do not hesitate to express their gratitude for this unique institution. Nearly all the forts have either a Foyer or an annex. Mr. Martin and I conferred with the Commandant of V—— itself a day or two ago. He has asked that a Foyer be installed in the citadel and has offered all facilities necessary for accomplishing the same. It is probable that a director will be placed there. We are waiting for the formal authorization of the *Etat-Major.* That is a strategic point as well as an opportunity for service; also, in case some of the rumors come true, we can use that unit as a place of refuge.

FRENCH GRATITUDE

While I was in Paris I visited a French hospital outside the city, and while I was there a young American aviator was brought in badly wounded from a fall, and the head nurse came to the party I was with to see if anyone might happen to know him. She was crying, and when someone said she mustn't let her feelings get away with her she said, "I can't help it when I think of these young men who have come so far away from home to help us." This, it seems to me, is the general feeling of the French people toward America. But with the French officers there is still more or less of the "show me" feeling. Perhaps their military experience has taught them not to count too much on anything until they see results; anyway, they are "being shown," and they know America's intentions are genuine and friendly.

If some of the people back home could have heard the tone of pride with which one poilu told a newcomer about the Foyer and said, "This is the Foyer du Soldat where they have paper and envelopes and games and everything to make it pleasant for us," they would go deep in their pockets, knowing that they were helping to keep open a "home of the soldiers."

THE ASSOCIATION AS A MORAL FORCE

If you could see my group of French soldiers, so eager to learn English and ready for all the help I can give them, you would realize something of the work I have ahead of me. The other night, when I had finished my English lesson, that group of fifty or more poilus just hung around me and seemed unwilling to go. One of them said to me, "Did the government send you over here?" and I said, "No, I am here working for the Young Men's Christian Association." The next question was naturally: "What is the Young Men's Christian Association?" That gave me the chance to explain the Triangle, and when I said: "We are not here to teach any particular creed, but just to love God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself," one of those rough poilus said, "Oh, we are so glad you have come with that message, for we need it so much."

POST-WAR OPPORTUNITIES FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION

They marvel at our speed in construction, and soldiers often bring a French newspaper to me to show me something about America. France urgently needs our athletic life. With one man and a machine (auto) in each department and with a three years'

contract to allow him to develop his program, France could make a real start toward a rebirth of physical vigor. To the thoughtful French, France's future for a generation or two is giving much concern. I have been asked to coach several boys in developing strength and vigor and educated men have freely said to me "We need your games."

I have already obtained permission to demonstrate our games with the pupils and teachers of the city schools of a city of 25,000 and am now waiting for material.

We have a wonderful opportunity now. We should begin to plan for the future as Germany is, and we must make up our minds that many "Y" men are in duty bound to remain after the war, to help give France a new era of physical vitality and to help preserve one of the most wonderful races of the world.

The expression of a hope that the Association will continue its work after the war is general and most secretaries have had the same experience as the one who writes:

"Many soldiers and officers among the French have said, 'After the war, we hope a lot of you men will stay over here and carry on these things started by the Young Men's Christian Association and the Foyers du Soldat.'"

A FRENCH MOTHER'S GRATITUDE

Here are a few lines from a letter received at a Foyer from a mother in Paris which shows the soul of France. The son, passing through the camp on his way to the front, came to the secretary and said:

"I am just going into the trenches and I don't know whether I shall come back or not. Here are some little books of manuscript which I should like to send home, but I have not time. I should be very grateful if you would do it for me."

Here is what the mother wrote:

"I thank you for having sent me my son's books and for having written me.

"My brave boy is so happy at finding everywhere Foyers du Soldat, for in them he seems to find himself at home once more.

"Your magnificent work fills me with interest, and with admiration, for all that you do for our sons.

"Mine, who is only nineteen years old, will have great need of help just now.

"When you saw him, his father had just been killed."

THE FOYER VERSUS THE SALOON

Here are two remarks on the subject of drink, made by soldiers in Foyers:

"You can tell, old man, by the very look of the place that

this is not an *Assommoir.*" (The last word, from *Assommer*—to knock down and stun, as a butcher stuns a steer with an axe, has no precise equivalent in English, but its meaning is unmistakable.)

"The lesson which this work teaches is unquestionably useful. It is a social benefit."

"I shall have a happy memory of this white floor, of this hearty greeting, and of a place where one can read without being sickened by alcohol. I have another dream; it is to see such a place in every one of our villages after the war."

A FOYER SECRETARY ON FREE DISTRIBUTION

"We have many calls for tobacco and cigarettes. If we could supply them, it would be a real service, but they should be sold. That which is given free is not valued in proportion to what it costs us."

SPORT FOR GALLIC ANGLERS

"I had a chance to give pleasure to a company of old territorials by organizing for them a fishing competition in the waters of the canal which runs by the Foyer. It was a complete success. A great quantity of fish was taken. Part of the catch was used at the mess of the contestants, the other was given to poor refugees, so utility was combined with pleasure."

THE ENTREE AFTER THE WAR

"In the country where I am living since my retirement from the army for age, I have inquired whether the soldiers have informed their families of the benefits which they have received from your organization. I have been glad to find out how much comfort you have given their families by the work of the Foyers, and you have done a great deal in keeping up the morale of the people, which is so necessary now."

STRICTLY PRIVATE—NOT TO BE PRINTED

FOR THE MILLIONS OF MEN NOW UNDER ARMS

NUMBER FIFTEEN

WAR WORK OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN POLAND AND CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

D. A. DAVIS

Copyright, 1920, by
The International Committee of
Young Men's Christian Associations

I. POLAND

GENERAL ORGANIZATION

Since my visit in June, 1919, owing to the arrival of Mr. A. S. Taylor, Acting Senior Secretary, and to the development of the work, the Headquarters Organization has taken on a more definite form, as follows:

Acting Senior Secretary	A. S. Taylor
Associate Acting Senior Secretary	Capt. Edmund Chambers
Business Department	Burt Winchester
Educational Department	Capt. Edmund Chambers
Athletic Department	Fred B. Messing
Entertainment Department	K. K. Karlinski
Cinema Department	T. M. Kingsley
Hut Decoration Department	Miss S. Zantyr
Women's Work Department	Miss Gorkiewic
	Miss Karwicka

Three regions are in the process of organization, with headquarters respectively at Lublin, Lwow, and Cracow. A fourth one was about to be organized with headquarters at Wilno.

The Legion of Death

One of the most unique pieces of service being rendered by the Association in Poland is to the Polish women's fighting battalion, called the Legion of Death. These women organized themselves first in the city of Lemberg while it was occupied by the Bolsheviki. After carefully organizing their plot, they succeeded after much hard fighting in driving the Bolsheviki out of the city. These women did service on the various fronts in the infantry, carrying their guns and their supplies on their backs and enduring all the hardships of the campaign. If I ever saw the soul of a country it was in looking into the eyes of these women as they modestly told of their sacrifices and heroism. Any country that possesses such women is truly great. An Association hut has been established for this Legion.

Canteens

Every "Y" in Poland has a "wet canteen," where so far as supplies can be obtained, hot chocolate or cocoa, coffee, and

tea, with hot buns or bread, are sold. In view of the fact that the soldiers have only one real meal a day, and that not sufficient to satisfy their hunger, these canteens are rendering an invaluable service, not only in attracting the men to the huts and in this way creating a social atmosphere, but also in meeting the physical needs of the men. The moral effect is evidenced in Poland, as in other countries, in keeping the men from low-class cafés and places of foul resort.

Physical Department

The results already obtained through the efforts of Mr. Messing and the Physical Department are entirely out of proportion to the number of trained men he has to help him. No feature of the Association program has opened so many doors as this one. On account of the Polish people not having been permitted to have any gymnastic societies for years, they have practically no equipment for play or athletics. The soldiers know nothing of games or physical recreation. The officers realize that the athletic program is of the utmost importance in the training of the soldiers and especially in giving the men something useful to think about during their leisure hours. As a result of what the Government has seen of our athletic program, constant requests for athletic directors are being made and the Association has already taken an important part in the training of athletic officers for the entire Polish Army and for the schools of the country.

Volley ball, basket ball and football are particularly popular with the Polish soldiers, and these, together with other competitive games, are furnishing one of the best opportunities imaginable for the teaching of such valuable lessons as team play, honesty, and clean living. Some people go so far as to say that our athletic program will have a very important part in awakening the Polish people from the lethargy caused by the prevention of initiative during their years of subjection to Austria, Prussia, and Russia. It is a fact easy to be verified that the physical recreation program does very quickly change the spirit of a camp. Mr. Taylor, the Senior Secretary, says: "Even if the Y. M. C. A. had nothing but an athletic program, such influence as is being exerted and will be exerted on the youth of Poland would justify the Association work. It is essential, however, that we have experts. We could put twelve such men to work immediately. The need is imperative." Mr. Messing, the Director of Athletics, says:

"We need a trained Physical Director in every large city to establish a definite program and training center for the Section. Ordinary athletically inclined men, whatever their ability, enthusiasm, or desire, cannot do this work. They must have Y. M. C. A. and athletic ideas—a whole-souled love for work and an inborn desire to serve men and make men through the athletic program—and must be able to teach the fundamentals. This requires patience and perseverance. Twenty such men could begin the attack and hope to effect the work to be done. The opportunity to give a nation a good play and health program is here. There can be no other such opportunity—so open, so free, so willing to receive. The time for attack is now—at once—immediately. Money and men now will accomplish ten times as much as one, two, or three years later. Here is a field of 30,000,000 people and an army of over 1,000,000 men. The field is in perfect condition for harvesting. Shall the lack of a few dollars or a few men prevent us from grasping this God-given opportunity? It must not be so. It cannot be so."

Social Department

Very great emphasis is being placed by the soldiers themselves and by officers and leaders in public life on the democratizing influence which the Association is exerting and may exert. One of the things that is bringing about this result is the social program. Thousands of the soldiers entering the huts for the first time seem bewildered and overcome. They seem unable to understand that such fine buildings should be for their use. They do not dare to sit till someone tells them that the benches are really for them to sit on. Then, as thy are made to feel at home and to enter into the program of the "Y," the change gradually comes over them. The sight of 1,500 or more soldiers packed in the great Eagle Hut in Warsaw is one that I shall not soon forget. The social and entertainment director seemed to have almost a hypnotic influence over the men, as he led them in their national songs. Group and choral singing is very popular with the Polish soldiers. Anyone who knows how to lead them in mass singing is sure of success. Dramatic, musical, and other clubs are being formed among the soldiers and the necessary instruments and material are being provided.

Educational Department

The entire work of the Y. M. C. A. is done nominally under the direction of the soldiers' university, which is a de-

partment of the War Ministry. A very close cooperation is being worked out in the organization of classes for the illiterates (which constitute oftentimes more than fifty per cent of the soldiers) in Polish, and in French, English, and other subjects, for those who know their own language. Generally, these classes are held in the Association huts, but sometimes the Association secretaries cooperate with the soldiers' university in giving lessons outside the "Y" huts. The classes are supplemented by short lectures and the cinema. Polish libraries are being put into each one of our huts and are being very well patronized.

Spiritual Betterment Department

Turning to work along these lines, I can do no better than to quote from Mr. Taylor's report, since his conclusions so completely coincide with mine:

"Notwithstanding the fact that Poland is essentially a Roman Catholic country, I believe that the Y. M. C. A. has a greater opportunity here than in any other country, and can fulfil its highest mission here as nowhere else, if it is broad enough in its sympathies and firm in its stand for the deep and fundamental truths of Christianity—those truths that the good Catholic holds as well as the Protestant.

"If the Y. M. C. A.'s conception of its task is to make people Christians by making them Protestants, then it will waste time by staying here: but, if it is big enough to leave the superficialities of the different confessions to those who delight in them and emphasize that which is central to both, it will not only win the cooperation of the best of the Poles, but aid in bringing some unity out of Europe's chaos, as no other organization can do. As I have already mentioned, the Poles are idealists—to converse with their thinking men or to read their literature soon convinces one of that and of the fact that their idealism is of the highest order. They have also proved during the last one hundred and fifty years that they are capable of sacrificing to the utmost for their ideals. Therefore, considering they are just coming again to life as a nation, what nation is better prepared or more open for the presentation to its manhood of the Christ ideal, or more ready to carry on into its new life the spirit of real Christianity? Everything will depend upon how that ideal is presented to them, and if it can be done in such a way that they can grasp its meaning, as it surely can, I am convinced that the youth of the country will rise to it.

"At the opening of the school in Modlin, and also during the course, we have clearly explained our religious position,

and it is already making a strong appeal to the thinking officers. They realize that their religion is merely of a national and formal type and does not affect real living, and many have already voiced welcome to a means whereby the principles of Christianity can be made a reality in the lives of men."

This part of the program is being carried out by lectures and talks, by priests and others, by books, songs, good plays and entertainment, and by the cinema.

Y. M. C. A. Training Schools

One of the most hopeful signs for the future of the work in Poland is the excellent results of the first Y. M. C. A. secretaries' training school. Although it was only of one month's duration, it was sufficient to set before the sixty-one officers and non-coms who attended the ideals of the Association. The quality of men attending was high and the interest shown was very keen.

The mornings were given up to lectures on Association history and methods; the afternoons were devoted almost entirely to physical training.[1]

Difficulties

First, getting supplies: Practically nothing needed for the maintenance of our wet canteens can be secured in Poland. The difficulty of sending material in from France or America is indicated by the fact that a large quantity of chocolate, coffee, and flour waited at a port in France for two months and a half before it could be shipped to Poland. Transportation to the capital, once the goods arrive at Danzig, is also a very difficult problem, especially since the goods have to be so carefully watched to avoid theft.

Second, official red tape: In spite of the fact that General Orders covering the facilities granted the Young Men's Christian Association were agreed to in June by the War Ministry, they have not yet been published, and this fact has caused innumerable and annoying delays. General Pilsudski assured me, however, that immediate action would be taken in this respect. While the experience has been that the higher officials are very favorably inclined toward the Movement, there are a great many of the lower officers of the Prussian, Russian, or Austrian schools who have no conception of the object of our work or of the importance of doing anything for the com-

[1]See Appendix I.

mon soldier. There are others who are interested in canteens run by the Army, and their interests are therefore not served by the Association's starting a much better and a cheaper place for the soldiers. Of course the constant difficulty in the way of Americans is the lack of knowledge of the language. The remarkable thing is, however, that so much has really been accomplished in so short a time in spite of all difficulties.

DOES POLAND WANT THE WORK CONTINUED?

To secure a reply to this question was the real object of my visit. The reply that I found is most emphatically in the affirmative. The reasons may be classified as follows:

1. **Because of the services already rendered.**

In the words of General Pilsudski, Chief of State, "During the short time that you have been here we have seen that the Young Men's Christian Association has rendered an invaluable service to our government. We hope your work may be continued and increased."

These words were confirmed by President Paderewski, who said: "I know the splendid work your organization has done and the magnificent spirit in which it has been accomplished. I sincerely hope that it may be continued."

The Colonel in command of the District of Lublin writes:

Lublin, October 9, 1919.

"I take advantage of the presence in Lublin of Miss W. Habdank-Gorkiewicz to express to you, Sir, who are at the head of the Y. M. C. A. in Poland, my profound gratitude for the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the district of Lublin. I thank you at the same time for the energetic work, that is giving such excellent results, of the instructors. I tender these thanks, not in my name alone, but also in the name of all my subordinates, both officers and soldiers, who have greatly understood and appreciated the work of the Y. M. C. A. and its results."

A letter signed by thirty-one officers and members of the General Staff of the Ministry of War states:

"We, the undersigned, wish to express our very great gratitude and our real respect for your work for the Polish soldiers, which stands proof of such perfect self-denial."

A priest who visited the Eagle Hut in Warsaw, but met none of the workers, was so impressed that he wrote:

"Visiting the Y. M. C. A. canteen for soldiers in Warsaw on October 9th, I saw enough to wish to send you the most

fervent wish, that as many as possible of such worthy amusements and entertainments should be furnished to the Defenders of our Faith and Country. There they may, after heavy physical toil, rest their bodies and develop and protect their spirits. May this *Zwiszek Mlodziezy Chrzescijanskiez* extend its work more and more to the glory of God and the good of the soldier and his Fatherland."

REV. S. OSKIERKO,
Senior Chaplain of Mazovian Front.

2. Because the Government has granted facilities for the work.

Large barracks and expensive buildings are being put at the disposal of the Y in all centers where work is opened. The Government gives us free transportation for men and material. Soldiers and officials are detailed to help carry on the work in all its forms. On every hand we find the higher officers especially, ready not only to carry out orders concerning the Y which they receive from the War Ministry, but also willing to take the initiative in making our service possible and effective.

3. Because the "Y" meets in a unique way immediate and critical needs of the country.

Poland is making a life or death struggle for union and democracy. She is fighting against a fearful handicap imposed upon her by generations of domination by Prussian, Russian, and Austrian imperialism. During those terrible years there have developed in the various parts of present-day Poland, entirely different habits of life, business methods, laws, educational systems, monetary systems (there are nine in use today), and political institutions. Add to this the confusion caused by the successive occupation during the war of large sections of the country by invading armies, each instituting its own civil administration, and one has some idea of the difficulty confronting the Government in trying to create unity. Official and class distinctions constitute a barrier to social unity and real democracy apparently more insuperable than the divisions above mentioned are to political and intellectual unity.

Into this complex situation the Association comes as a constructive, unifying, democratizing influence and in the course of a few months comes to be considered by the Poles themselves one of the saving factors in the situation. Listen to a petition signed by eleven Polish men and women:

"The moral influence of the Y. M. C. A. is indispensable so long as the officers have not learned to treat their men otherwise than *a la Prussienne* or *a la Russe*. To teach them that the soldier has as much right as they themselves and that as men they are equal, the Y. M. C. A. alone can do."

Judging by what he saw in the canteens and game rooms where men of all classes and from all parts of the country mingle on an equal footing and with impartial treatment, by the games on the athletic field, as well as by his own experience in a hospital during the war, a doctor in Cracow said: "I believe the Y. M. C. A. can have a greater influence for democracy in Poland than all the socialist and political parties put together."

The unanimous opinion of all those whom I consulted is that Poland is passing through a great crisis—a crisis that affects not only Poland but the whole world. As in the time of the Turkish invasion of Europe the Poles, under their great leader Sobieski, saved civilization from Moslem domination, so now the Poles are being called upon to stand between anarchy, as manifested to the east of them, and the Western world. The battle is one between an anti-Christian, materialistic, social order and ordered progress represented in a Christian civilization.

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, returning from his investigation of conditions in Poland, said: "Poland needs everything you can do for her. By all means put on the full entertainment and recreational program of the Young Men's Christian Association."

As the American Minister said: "This battle may not be definitely won this winter, but it may be definitely lost." So important does the Minister consider the work that the Association is doing, that he said that the greatest foe to Bolshevism is the athletic and recreational program of the Y. M .C. A.

If it was true, as has been said, that one thousand of the right type of Association secretaries could at a certain moment have saved Russia, it certainly is true that a much smaller number may be a decisive factor in saving the situation in Poland. We have already in certain cases seen a secretary single-handed suppress revolts before which officers were powerless. To my mind, the difference between the present situation and bloodshed and anarchy, or a peaceful evolution into the new social order is the friendliness and solicitude for the welfare of the soldiers as expressed in the program of the Y. M. C. A.

One who barely escaped from the anarchy of Russia and who has since been devoting her time to the Y. M. C. A., writes:

"The Y. M. C. A. is indispensable to the Polish Army so long as Bolshevism menaces the eastern front. Those who have only heard it spoken of from far can but vaguely understand what Bolshevism really is. Bolshevism is a plague which destroys everything in its way and permits no noble or generous sentiment to live. It is a menace to all civilization; only those who have heard the cries of the tortured victims, those who have seen the expressions on the faces of the bloodthirsty Bolsheviki killing women, children, and aged, can conceive of the great duty to fight this plague for the good of humanity."

It is of particular interest to note that the way seems to have been providentially prepared for the coming of the Y. M. C. A., that the Association responds, even in detail, to a need that had been voiced by leaders of Poland as well as by the common soldier, and that it is the *only* organization which meets this need. A striking coincidence is that a letter should have been written by a soldier in April, 1918, the very month that the first Y. M. C. A. secretaries arrived—which indicated the needs of the soldiers of Poland, and outlined almost exactly the program of the Association.

4. Because of the nonsectarian and fundamentally Christian character-building influence of the work.

The reason which I heard expressed most often in Poland for wishing the continuation of the Association work was that, while ministering to the physical needs of the soldiers through the canteens and athletics, we were at the same time adding to the spiritual values of the country in rallying men to the Christian ideals of character. This fact was borne in on me alike by officers in the army, officials in the Red Cross, and representatives of organized religions.

Colonel Rzadkowski, commanding the troops in an important sector of the eastern front, wrote:

"Because of the importance of the Y. M. C. A., I strongly wish that the Association would extend its activities in the whole district of Lublin. I think it would be an excellent thing if the Y. M. C. A. could, as far as possible, found its very useful institutions, not only for the soldiers, but also for the peasants and all civilian young men. This would greatly elevate the moral standards of the inhabitants of our towns and villages, and at the same time of our soldiers. It

would be the best means of fighting Bolshevism and all revolutionary movements.

"I trust, Sir, that you will give your close attention to the wishes expressed in this letter, and beg to express my profound respect."

The head of the Polish Red Cross for the Province of Volhynia, in spite of the lack of food and clothing, evident on every side, said: "The moral needs are greatest, the work of the Y. M. C. A. is not only useful, it is indispensable."

A soldier put it thus: "In the German Army we were taught to steal. I myself was proud to have stolen a pair of boots from a Prussian officer. But now it is entirely another thing and the Y. M. C. A. teaches us not to steal from our fellow-soldiers."

Another private voiced the appeal of the Polish Army in the words: "The most tasty sausage, the choicest cake, sold at the most accessible prices, will not satisfy the hunger of the soldier's soul."

The Catholic Chaplain of the officers' university in Warsaw said, after hearing the statement of the principles of the Y. M. C. A.: "That is just the organization we need; one that can accomplish things and has Christ as its center."

If the "Y" had won the confidence of the officers only we would have failed. Fortunately this is not the case. Any doubts would have been dispelled by the sight of the Eagle Hut packed to capacity or by the mighty shout of the soldiers when I asked them if I should tell the people of America that Poland wanted the "Y" work continued. Astonishingly soon do they come to look upon the man or woman with the triangle on his arm as their friend and to refer affectionately to the hut as their second home. The following letter from a private is typical:

"To the Directors of the Young Men's Christian Association in America:

"At the time when our soldiers are making great and painful sacrifice for the defense of our country, surrounded by the enemy on all sides, we were feeling in our capital the need of an institution that would tend to elevate the soul and the morale of the soldiers. Such a center was indispensable to enable the soldier, at the end of a day's work, to have such recreation as might be profitable to him.

"Fortunately, since September we have had the Soldiers' Theater of the Y. M. C. A. at Obozna Street, and this is some-

thing like a "home of morale," where soldiers can every evening not only listen to an interesting play and see the cinema, but also follow language classes and lectures, which develop our intellect and our imagination.

"We spend our time reading or writing letters, we play at chess, dominoes, and other games. At the canteen we always find something to warm us up.

"The work of the Y. M. C. A. is of great advantage to our country, for the soldier, who is her backbone, can, instead of spending his time loafing in the streets, find a home in this center (The Eagle Hut), where influences are elevating.

"We thank you with all our heart, all those who have had a hand in the founding of this theater. A hearty thanks to its principal founder, in the name of all the soldiers of the First Battalion of the radio telegraph."

(Signed) STANISLAS ADASZEWSKI.

That the need for the "Y" was felt by organizations is evidenced by a letter signed by the President and Secretary of the Polish Red Cross on behalf of their Executive Committee:

"Also your society brings to our countrymen feelings of the highest and finest Christian ideals and love for one's neighbor. Our Committee, having listened to the report of our President, came to the unanimous conclusion that the Y. M. C. A., built on such Christian ideals, is not only a help to the building up of our nation, but in the present time when our nation is organizing and uniting herself, an absolute necessity for the whole nation. The society is also a necessity for our young soldier whose heart and soul ought to be kept up to the level of the ideal principles of the Y. M. C. A. Our soldier not only needs spiritual food but he needs moral support in these rather trying conditions. Our Department which has the duty of caring for the sick and wounded soldier ought also to care for the moral needs of our brethren, who protect with their breasts the borders of our land from so many enemies. Our Department, I am sorry to say, is not able to keep up to its responsibilities. The Polish Red Cross Society is a young institution and its financial provisons are rather limited and it is not able to fulfil all its demands.

"The southeastern country is ruined through the long war, and, although inhabited by people financially ruined and morally depressed, is giving all the help which it can possibly give, but which cannot be compared with the financial and moral support which the Y. M. C. A. has at her disposal and which is being so generously through you gentlemen brought to our needy soldiers. Being fully convinced that the Y. M. C. A.

will not stop half-way with her noble work which she is doing for our nation, the Southeastern Committee is appealing to you gentlemen to enlarge your work among our soldiers in this district in opening several Y. M. C. A. institutions and especially in Luck, Rovno, and Dubno. Hoping that you will kindly receive our heartiest recognition for the work the Y. M. C. A. is doing in our land and see the necessity and ability of opening Y. M. C. A. institutions in the above-mentioned places, we remain with highest regards and deepest thankfulness to you gentlemen—"

The Polish men and women on the staff of the Eagle Hut in Warsaw, in a letter urging the establishment of a permanent Association service said: "Not another organization in the world embraces so completely and in such a practical way the gospel of service and all our dearest beliefs and highest aspirations."

Father Oraczewski, one of the leading members of the Catholic clergy of Poland, who has organized a great federation of patriotic and welfare societies in Poland which has over 700,000 members, said: "The Poles have the spirit. You have the method. We want your help, and especially we need you as an agency for the development of individual character."

DOES POLAND WISH THE PERMANENT WORK OF THE "Y" ESTABLISHED?

The answer to this question is almost as emphatically affirmative as the answer to the question if they wish the war work continued. The difficulty, of course, is that they do not know in detail what the civilian Association work would be like, but, judging from what they have seen of the work, they feel that one of the greatest services America could render would be in establishing a permanent "Y" in the most important centers.

The Polish people are idealistic. At the present time they have few means for realizing their ideals, and no practical experience in carrying on such a work as that of the Association. They sincerely and earnestly request our help. I feel that the policy should be to establish permanent work as soon as possible in Warsaw, Lodz, Cracow, Lwow, and Wilno, chief cities of the different provinces of Poland.

CONCLUSIONS

1. That the situation in Poland at the present time is really grave. Lack of food, clothing, coal, and work has pro-

duced a state of suffering and restlessness which threatens at any moment to burst into revolt and anarchy.

2. That, because the Association Movement commands the respect of the Army and its program influences so quickly a large number of men, its work is indispensable in the present crisis.

3. That the Y. M. C. A. should send immediately additional trained athletic directors, and in other ways increase its program to the limit of its possibilities, even if this means asking for an additional $50,000 for the remainder of this year. The effects of the Association program are at this moment entirely out of proportion to the financial cost of the service being rendered.

4. That the Association should plan to continue this emergency service at full strength, at least until the first of July, 1920, or as long as the present critical situation continues.

5. That the North American Association should plan to create permanent Associations in the Warsaw, Lodz, Cracow, Lwow, and Wilno regions.

APPENDIX I

Program of Y. M. C. A. School Held in Modlin during the Month of September, 1919

	A.M.	
	7, Rising Hour.	On fine days half an hour's exercise outside. When the weather is unsuitable, the same inside, if possible.
	8, Breakfast.	Followed by cleaning of hut and inspection.
	9, Lecture.	Theory of Sports and Games. These lectures will be under the control of Mr. Messing, Director of Athletics.
10 to 10:50,	Lecture.	History and Principles of the Y. M. C. A. given or arranged by Captain Chambers.
11 to 11:50,	Lectures.	Business and Y. M. C. A. Work—Mr. Winchester. Work in Foyer, entertainments—Miss Gorkiewicz. Educational program, cinema work, etc.
	P.M.	
2 to 5	Athletics.	Practical sports, games, and physical exercises, together with teaching of same by the students.

7 to 9	Canteen.	Work in Canteen and Foyer under supervision of Y. M. C. A. Secretary by a number of students each day in rotation. The allotment will probably be two students each in the canteen, foyer, and field sports.

CAPTAIN E. CHAMBERS, *Director of School.*

APPENDIX II

Places Visited and Dates

October 5, 1919, 9 a.m.—Arrived Warsaw.

October 6, 1919, Modlin—Y. M. C. A. Training School. Regional Conference "Y" Secretaries.

October 7, 1919, Warsaw—Regional Conference "Y" Secretaries. Interviews.

October 8, 1919, Lwow (Lemberg)—Regional Conference "Y" Secretaries.

October 9, 1919, Crakow—Regional Conference "Y" Secretaries.

October 10, 1919, 8 p.m.—Left for Czech-Slovakia.

Persons Consulted or Interviewed

General Pilsudski, Chief of State.

Ignace Paderewski, President of Cabinet.

Henry Morgenthau, Head of Allied Mission to Poland.

Hugh Gibson, American Minister.

General in charge of all welfare work in Poland.

Pere Mauerberger, Head Chaplain Warsaw Region.

Pere Oraczewski, Organizer and Head of Federation of 700 Polish societies.

W. Jaraszynski, Chief of Polish Red Cross in Galicia and Volhynie.

Miss Lois Downs, Senior Secretary Young Women's Christian Association.

Marja Dunin Karwicks, Student Leader, Warsaw (now with "Y").

Countess Grabowska.

H. K. Karlinski, well-known actor giving entire time to "Y."

General Symon, Commander of troops in Krakow.

Dr. Motz, Polish patriot in Paris.

All Y. M. C. A. secretaries and workers gathered in four conferences.

Athletic Officer for the Polish Army.

General Durski, Military Commander of the Warsaw District.

Letters Received from

President and Secretary of Polish Red Cross on behalf of Society.

General Swiacki, Commandant of Second Infantry Division.
Oskwiko, Chaplain for the Mazovian front.
Mayor of Wloclanick.
General Staff, War Ministry.
Col. Rzadkowski, commanding troops in Lublin District.

APPENDIX III

Nature and Extent of the Work

(*Statistics as of October* 15)

Huts in operation: Warsaw, Cracow, Lwow, Czestochowa, Dabrowa, Zabkowice, Sawkow, Bendzin, Sosnowice, Kutno, Lublin, Modlin, Wocawek, Brzezany, Stanislawow. Total, 15.

Huts about to be opened: Wilno, Minsk, Brzesc-Litowski, Kowno, Lodz. Total, 5.

Centers where huts have been requested and which ought to be opened before July, 1920: Tarnopol, Przemysl, Oswiecim, Luck, Dubno, Chelm, Zamosc, Poznan, Kielce. Total, 9.

International Committee Secretaries in Poland—Total, 37.

Enrolment at the "Y" Training School at Modlin: Officers, 24; Non-Commission Officers, 37—Total, 61.

II. CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

DOES CZECHO-SLOVAKIA WANT THE "Y" WAR WORK CONTINUED?

The real object of my visit to Czecho-Slovakia was to find out from as many different angles as possible the need for the continuation of the emergency work of the Y. M. C. A. and the demands which exist for the establishment of permanent work. On the first point I find that the work which has been done by the Association up to the present time has made for our organization a real place in the new republic. (See Appendix II.)

Written endorsements of the work already accomplished have come in by scores from officers of all ranks, as well as from privates and from officials of the government from the President down. Mr. Klofac, Minister of National Defense, said:

"As the Minister of National Defense, to whom the Republic intrusted the youth of Czecho-Slovakia and the difficult task of creating our Army, I am best able to appreciate all that the Y. M. C. A. has done for the Czecho-Slovak soldier in order to raise his morale. I therefore, beg you, Mr. Davis, kindly to be the interpreter of our modest but sincere demand that the service of the Y. M. C. A. may be continued for our soldiers as long as possible. The entire Czecho-Slovak nation will never forget the friendliness of the great nation of the United States as expressed in the Association service. I beg you, sir, to accept this utterance, not as an act of courtesy or mere politeness, but as a real expression from the Government, the Army, and the whole nation."

Similar cordial expressions were received from General Pelle, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in Czecho-Slovakia, and from the commander of the garrison at Pilsen.

The Colonel of the 5th Regiment said: "The Uncle from America has become an indispensable necessity to us—to our soldiers as a central place of social life, and to us officers as a general cooperator for the physical and moral education of our soldiers."

The inaugural ceremonies of the 22d and 23d huts in Czecho-Slovakia which I attended, one in the Province of Silesia and the other in Brno, the capital of Moravia, indi-

cated as well as anything could the high esteem that the soldiers and the public have for the Association. The governors of the respective provinces, as well as the generals commanding the troops in the region and the local officers who were present, all spoke in most enthusiastic terms of the work accomplished by the "Y," promising their full cooperation for the military work and urging that civilian work be established as soon as possible. At their reception held after the opening of the great hut in Brno, soldiers crowded around the Director with tears in their eyes thanking him for the hut. The appreciation of the soldier for the program of the "Y" and the advantages which it brings to him is unlimited.

Athletic Program

While the entire "Y" program is getting an excellent start, it is the athletic work which has perhaps opened the largest number of doors. According to the plan which has been agreed upon by the Ministry of National Defense and the "Y," the "Y" is training athletic officers for the entire Czecho-Slovak Army. As fast as these men are trained they go back to their regiment to carry on the program. They make regular reports to the Ministry of War and to the Athletic Director of the "Y." The program of the training school is such that many of these men who came for athletic training only have gone out enthusiastic supporters of the entire program of the Y. M. C. A. These men are making known the "Y" program in every part of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, oftentimes long before the trained secretary arrives. It means, too, that when the secretary does arrive, he finds complete cooperation, and that the "Y" has its hand on the athletic program, not only in places where we have our huts, but throughout the Republic.

Another feature of the athletic training program which is being conducted by a "Y" secretary at Prague, and which is of very great importance, is the school of specialized athletics. The object of this school is to train 100 athletic leaders who will become the coaches not only in the Army but in the Sokols and in the schools as well. Thirty-three men are now in this school. All of these are officers, except a few civilians and representatives from the Sokols. One Sokol man trained in this school is going out to become a trainer himself of fifty-six teachers from fifty-six different communities. Another pupil is teaching representatives from fifty-two cen-

ters. In this school, as in the regular athletic training school conducted by the "Y," the usual emphasis is being put on clean living and high morals. It goes without saying that the Association makes very clear in this respect the source of its spiritual life. In an address to the athletic leaders of Prague, in which the Athletic Director pointed out the close relation that exists between clean life and winning teams, one of the leaders said: "You emphasize the very thing we lack in athletics."

By training men in general athletics for each of the regiments throughout the Army, by giving specific instruction in specialized athletics, and by an active program in each of the Y. M. C. A. units, the Y. M. C. A. is making a direct, positive contribution to the physical efficiency of the entire republic and this is appreciated by the government officials, the citizens, and the members of the great Sokol movement.

The Agreement with the Government

The agreement with the Government[1] is the best that exists between the International Committee, and any foreign government where the Y. M. C. A. is working with the troops of the country. The Czecho-Slovak Republic furnishes buildings, light, heat, furniture, transportation of the men and supplies, automobile maintenance; gives a permanent assignment of two men for each building and assigns others from the local units as the occasion may demand; officers are furnished for liaison work and in limited numbers as men who can be developed as future leaders of the work.

This agreement gives the Y. M. C. A. the privilege of developing the full program just as it is now doing in the United States, to work for the "spiritual, mental, and physical development of young men." It is the only country in continental Europe where the Y. M. C. A. may put on the complete program for foreign troops.

Some concrete instances of the cooperation of the Government are:

Brno. The Y. M. C. A. has been furnished a home which before the war was erected at a cost of 500,000 kronen. A hall is provided with a seating capactiy of 1,500, large rooms for canteen, writing rooms, reading rooms, social rooms, a completely equipped gymnasium, and a bathroom containing fifty shower and ten tub baths. In addition to the building,

[1]See Appendix III.

the Y. M. C. A. has large athletic grounds for a baseball diamond, football field, two basket ball and two volley ball courts.

Opava. A former German Exposition building, situated in a beautiful park, has been completely remodeled and given to the Y. M. C. A. This plant, 80 by 220 feet, contains complete equipment for a full Y. M. C. A. program. The gymnasium equipment which is being furnished by the Sokols is on a par with that in the average Y. M. C. A. in America. The building is so arranged that it could be used as a civilian plant, should the time ever come when it is not needed as a military Y. M. C. A., and the Association has an option on the building for the next twenty years at a rent of $80.00 per year.

Komarno. The former Austrian officers' theater and casino, conceded to be one of the most beautiful theaters in Slovensko, has been given to the service of the Y. M. C. A.

Olomouc. At Olomouc old barracks were being sold for the lumber. At the request of the Y. M. C. A. the War Department stopped the sale of as many as should be needed to erect suitable Y. M. C. A. quarters. An officer and engineer company of one hundred men were given over to the service of the Y. M. C. A. to tear down old barracks and erect a new building according to the plans we deem best.

Summary

1. The Government has turned over to the Y. M. C. A. property valued at $594,000.

2. Property once given over to the control of the Y. M. C. A. cannot be taken from it without its consent, save by direct order of the Minister of National Defense.

3. This does not include the expenses of transportation of men and supplies.

Tributes to the "Y" Work

The following extracts, samples of literally scores sent in by officers and privates, show that the Association is meeting more than a passing physical need.

"The people begin to look with more confidence toward the future since these huts were opened. They see that the soldier's soul is coming home with good and ripe knowledge."

CAPTAIN MACHOTKA,
Commander of Artillery at Komarno.

"I visited a small village in the neighboring country. An industrious old woman with a sunburned face stepped up to me and said: 'Excuse me, Mr. American, I see you have on your cap Y. M. C. A. Then you must be the man who has made my boy better. He has been in the Czecho-Slovak Army five years, but he has never written so many nice letters to me as he has lately, since he is using the paper marked Y. M. C. A. God bless you for being good to me and my boy. For that I love you much.'

"In the first months of the year there was a constant question being asked in Bratislav, 'Where are the soldiers?' They were not to be seen on the streets or in the cafés during their free hours. We soon found out that they were down in the 'Little America.' For that and for what you have done for our brothers we are thankful to you."

JAN HAVRANEK, Slovak Ministry.

"The athletic games arranged by the Y. M. C. A. not only contribute toward keeping the boys healthy in body and mind, but also are valuable in helping the officers to establish discipline, endurance, and a quick, decisive spirit among the soldiers."

CAPTAIN A. HREBIK, Kosice Slovensko.

"The 'Uncle from America' has become from that time an indispensable necessity to us, to our soldiers as the central place of social life, and to us officers as a general cooperator for the physical and moral education of our soldiers."

COL. J. VOTRUBA, 5th Reg.

Judging from the response which is made to the religious appeal, there is ground for believing that Czecho-Slovakia is on the eve of another great Christian awakening. Just as John Hus, the greatest of Czech national heroes, by his dauntless courage and deep conviction stirred to its depths the religious life of his time, ushering in the Reformation, so now the Czecho-Slovak nation may become the torch-bearer of vital Christianity to Central Europe and the entire Slav world, if existing opportunities are seized immediately. The emphasis which the people of the country put on the rôle that the Young Men's Christian Association *alone* can and should play in the great awakening places a tremendous responsibility on the North American movement. In a most extraordinary manner the program of the "Y" seems to respond to the need of the country as expressed by its soldiers and leaders. There is a fear even on the part of the Socialist leaders lest the educational and cultural tendencies of Czecho-Slovakia become materialistic rather than idealistic and Christian.

On the Sunday afternoon following the inauguration of our hut in Brno, there was a great mass meeting of over 5,000 people to hear about the Y. M. C. A. I was astonished in addressing this group to be interrupted by loud applause when I said that the greatest need of the hour was for men of Christ-like character, and again when I held up Christ as the standard of life toward which we should strive. This demonstration is in harmony with the spirit manifested by the soldiers in our huts when our Czech-speaking secretaries give their religious addresses. At a conference on the Bible Mr. Killina offered to give a signed Testament to all those who might desire it, explaining that he would like to make one condition, namely, that any man accepting a Testament would promise to read it and underscore everything that he could understand and believe. When he asked those who wished a Testament to come forward, every man in the hut lined up, some of them having to wait two hours for their turn. By the time the last man had received his Testament, others who had not been at the meeting began to come in, half-dressed, in order to get their copy. The best part of the story is that the men kept their promises. One of our detailed men returning from a trip to an out of the way town, reported: "I saw two soldiers sitting on the ground and a third soldier was reading a Bible to them. I found out later that these two soldiers did not know how to read. I spoke to them and asked them what they thought about the part they had just been hearing? 'I think that we shall live by the Bible—that means that we shall believe because without it we cannot live,' said one of the soldiers."

Let me quote literally the quaint English of a Sergeant's report on the religious work of the "Y."

"It wasn't anything new for me to hear about the Bible, because I know the Bible very well and am living by it as my Lord is leading me, but it was something new to me to see the Bohemian people to be so thirsty for the God's word. I was surprised because in first time I was afraid that the boys will not care to hear about the Bible. But they have come, listen—I cannot explain to myself what was the secret of this big success any other way than that. It wasn't because of good speech, but because of character and strong citizenship of man who talked. Fact is there that no one did not show his sympathy and love to the Czecho-Slovak soldier, as American Y. M. C. A. secretary did in establishing the Y. M. C. A. Home. Soldiers of Czecho-Slovak Army go to the Y. M. C. A. like

home, and they love this home and they have something of respect before the leaders of these homes. The soldiers are glad to hear something about the world from secretaries and they make believe to them as to fathers. They know they will make no mistake if they do what Americans are doing. I just wish the civilians believed in Americans as the soldiers do and have such opportunities to hear about the Lord."

One of the greatest leaders of the Republic said: "The Y. M. C. A. is the only organization that presents a religious program which interests in any way the growing, free-thinking element of the country."

Professor Kralicek, who has traveled extensively for the Government in Czecho-Slovakia, said: "I have met hundreds of soldiers and talked with them about the 'Y.' Not one of them has objected to it and when I have mentioned the religious program they have said: 'We can take religion when it is presented to us in such a form.' "

Many of the soldiers have said: "We want to see religion instead of reading and hearing about it."

The following opinions confirmed and indorsed by the First National Conference of Y. M. C. A. War Work Secretaries were very generally expressed: that the program of the Y. M. C. A. is unique, that it responds to the needs of the country, and that it is the only organization that can at the present time meet this need—a need which is essentially a moral and spiritual one.

Statesmen, religious leaders, officers and soldiers, business and professional men welcome the Association with its fourfold program as a God-sent agency to a remarkably well-prepared and fertile field, to present practical, vital, applied Christianity. What Czecho-Slovakia desires above everything else is the unshackled Christ, freed from the bonds of tradition and custom, not the wooden Christ of the wayside shrine but Christ living in the hearts of men.

No continental country that I know of presents such possibilities for the immediate and complete development of the Association fourfold program.

THE APPEAL FOR PERMANENT "Y" WORK

Several of the letters already cited have reference to civilian Association work as well as to war work. Many specific requests have come from students, railroad men, and industrial leaders, in addition to appeals from soldiers, officers, and leading civilians. The President of the republic and promi-

nent business men expressed to me their conviction that, once started, permanent city work could be financed in Czecho-Slovakia. Among other appeals comes the following remarkable one signed by the leaders of the Protestant churches of all denominations, as well as the representatives of the Student Christian Movements and of the pre-war Bohemian Y. M. C. A., asking that the American type of Association work be permanently established in Czecho-Slovakia.

"With a special gratitude the Czecho-Slovak people appreciate the service of Christian love which the American Y. M. C. A. has done among the Czech legions in France, Russia, and Italy and is doing now among the Czecho-Slovak troops in the Republic. Both the legionnaires and all other soldiers speak with open praise and understanding of the benefits they have enjoyed and are still enjoying in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. The influence of this institution is uplifting and to it belongs the great credit for keeping high the morals of the troops and for guiding thousands of young men towards straight and clean lives.

"The religious and moral situation of the Czecho-Slovak people suffered much by the war and there is a great need of work for the moral uplifting of the nation. But this depends upon the religious regeneration. Only on the religious basis and through the religious work is it possible to heal the heavy wounds of the soul of our nation. The work of the Y. M. C. A., which is done in the spirit of practical Christianity, is for us the example of what is needed to bring about the moral strengthening of all classes of our population.

"Calling the attention of the Y. M. C. A. to this great and promising field of its activity in the Czecho-Slovak Republic, the undersigned representatives of the Czecho-Slovak Protestants beg the Directors of the International Y. M. C. A. in New York to extend their work to the civilian population of this country and they promise at the same time that they and the Protestant Czech people whom they represent will assist this work in all possible ways."

The point I would stress is that now is the time to start the permanent work in Czecho-Slovakia.

CONCLUSIONS

First: That conditions in Czecho-Slovakia are ripe for a great spiritual awakening.

Second: That the Y. M. C. A. by its fourfold program has powerfully appealed to the imagination of the Czecho-Slovak Republic.

Third: That there is no other one organization which can make the Christian but non-sectarian appeal to all classes, nationalities, and interests which the Young Men's Christian Association can make.

Fourth: That the war work should be continued on the same basis until the first of July, 1920, after which time it is expected that the training of the Czech leaders in Association work, on the one hand, and the decrease of the volume of work due to demobilization, on the other, will make it possible for the Czech people themselves to take charge gradually of the work.

Fifth: That immediate steps should be taken for the creation of civilian Y. M. C. A.'s in Prague, Brno, Bradislava, capitals of the three principal provinces of Czecho-Slovakia, and in Morova Ostrava, one of the greatest industrial centers of all Czecho-Slovakia and the mining center of the province of Silesia.

APPENDIX I

ORGANIZATION
CZECHO-SLOVAK ARMY Y. M. C. A.

HEADQUARTERS
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

IRVING D. KIMBALL, *Senior Secretary*
WILLIAM I. HASTIE, *Business, Finance*
EMANUEL J. KALLINA, *Personnel*
ERNEST KOENIG, *Cinema*
ARTHUR P. FREEMAN, *Accounts*
GEORGE W. HOPKINS, *Accounts*

CECHY D. H. Q.

W. P. Whitlock, Dir.
R. Pellissier, B & F
C. S. Lamb
C. L. Burtnett
R. J. Hicks
J. P. Ashbrook
C. L. Moore
F. L. Letten
P. MacG. Allen
D. W. Bland
Lt. J. Stauber

Y. M. C. A.s

2. Budejovice
3. Praha
15. Plzen
16. Milovice
23. Pardubice
24. Josefov
28. Praha Hosps
29. Most
30. Teplice
31. Duchov
32. Bilina
33. Litomerice
34. Terezen
35. Caslav
36. Hradec Kral.
37. Vys Myto
38. Liberec

MOROVA D. H. Q.

A. K. Jennings, Dir.
L. J. Rioux
H. C. Barden
J. Veselsky
E. H. Young
J. G. Percy

Y. M. C. A.s

17. Opava
18. Bohumin
19. Mor. Ostrv.
20. Olomouc
22. Brno
25. Jihlava
26. Znoymo
27. Kromeriz
39. Nem. Brod

SLOVENSKO D. H. Q.

A. W. Chez, Dir.
D. Kostelnik
L. Burean
W. Regnemer
A. M. Depew
H. W. Wolfe
O. Stepanek
L. G. Hayes
C. H. William
J. Cajak
Lt. Sell
Lt. Sourek
R. Shaw
O. C. Napier

Y. M. C. A.s

1. Trencin
4. Bratislava
5. Nove Zamky
6. Komarno
7. Lucenic
8. Zilina
10. Presov
11. Kosice
12. Uxhorod
13. Nitra
14. Ban. Bystr.
21. Zvolen

ATHLETICS
Training School

J. F. Machotka, Dir.
J. A. Pipal

SCHOOL

Jilina
Praha

October 17, 1919.

APPENDIX II

Some statistics regarding the Czecho-Slovak Y. M. C. A.

October 23, 1919.

American Secretaries	35		
Czech Secretaries	6		
Permanently assigned officers	7		
Permanently assigned soldiers	72	Total personnel	173
Temporarily assigned soldiers	53	Y. M. C. A.	
Regimental athletic officers Jointly responsible to the Y. M. C. A. and Ministry of National Defense	80		
Officers trained in specialized athletics, who will give part time to supervising athletics	24		
Officers now in Training School for specialized athletics	44	Total partially under Y. M. C. A. Direction	148
"Y" Units in operation	27		
Units in preparation	11		
Additional places contemplated	12	Objective for Jan. 1	50
Soldiers receiving instruction in Y. M. C. A. Training School			
Secretarial courses	71		
General Athletics	82		
Specialized athletics	74		
		Total	227

Population of the country..... 11,000,000
Estimated because boundaries are not yet certain.

Army, minimum at present 250,000

Value of buildings and equipment furnished by the Government figured at the pre-war rate of the kronen (because all buildings were put up before the war) $594,000

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) E. J. WRIGHT.

Athletics

Vital Statistics in Czecho-Slovak Athletic Work

No. of men trained as regimental athletic leaders	82
No. of units (not necessarily regiments) actually served	44
Additional men in training as regimental leaders	27
Soldiers participating in games during month of September from units reporting (about half)	12,240
Minimum number participating in mass games weekly	10,000
Regimental Athletic meets during September	11
No. of soldiers participating in meets	900
No. of play propaganda meetings by secretaries	7
No. of men rejected from third athletic school	52

Meets for October 28th

Y. M. C. A. hut meets	180
Number of Y. M. C. A. athletic training schools conducted	5
Total number of pupils in athletic schools	156

General Canteen

Pieces of mail per month	375,000
Men served with buns and hot drinks per month	325,000
Y. M. C. A. and moralistic post cards to date	1,000,000
Additional cards ordered for November 15th delivery	1,000,000
Praba auto sight-seeing trips for hospital men (Sept.)	1,000
Served daily during Magyar invasion at front hut	8,000
Cinema attendance monthly (number of machines soon to be doubled)	40,000
Library books loaned each month	63,000

APPENDIX III

Agreement Between the Czecho-Slovak Government and The Young Men's Christian Association

The Y. M. C. A. has been a strong moral force among young men for seventy-five years. During the war an extraordinary service has been given by the Y. M. C. A. to the soldiers of the Allied Armies.

The American Y. M. C. A. during the war served not only the soldiers of the American Army, both at home and abroad, but also the French Army, the Italian Army, the Russian Army, etc.

The Czech soldiers in France, Italy, Siberia, etc., received the service of the Y. M. C. A. in the armies of those countries. When these soldiers were to be returned to the Czecho-Slovak Republic, the men and their officers were insistent that the service of the Y. M. C. A. should follow. On the request of the Czecho-Slovak Government at Paris and by agreement between the representatives of the Government and the Y. M. C. A. authorities at Paris and New York, the extension of the service of the Y. M. C. A. to the entire Czecho-Slovak Army was arranged.

Under this agreement the installation of the Y. M. C. A. buildings of "Vojensky Domov" has been continued, until there now are twelve buildings in operation.

It is desired to perfect and make clearer the working agreement between the Government and the Y. M. C. A. and to profit by the experience to date by the present order.

It is agreed that, in addition to the present entertainment, the amusement, the furnishing of the comforts of home, and the occupying of the leisure time of the soldier, the Y. M. C. A. shall work for the moral and spiritual welfare of the soldier in accordance with the three-sided program which the insignia of the Association, the triangle, stands for—the *spiritual, mental,* and *physical* improvement of young men.

It must be distinctly understood that while the Y. M. C. A. is a Protestant religious organization, it welcomes to its buildings every

soldier without any question whatever as to his religious belief. Furthermore, it is distinctly understood that no attempt at proselytizing will be permitted in its work with the Army.

The attention of military commanders and authorities is called to the fact that the Czecho-Slovak Army Y. M. C. A. operates solely for the military units and is attached to the Army as a militarized organization.

More particularly attention is called to the following:

The Army will furnish, without charge, appropriate quarters with necessary partitions and furniture, wood and coal, lighting, and the labor and material necessary for installation.

In case of necessity, private quarters may be rented or seized, the rent to be paid one-half by the Army and one-half by the Y. M. C. A. Quarters which have been offered to and accepted by the Y. M. C. A. cannot be taken from the Association except with its consent or by an order of the Minister of National Defense.

Material in military stores may be used for the needs of the Army Y. M. C. A. on an order signed by an authorized director of the Association. Material forming a part of the supplies sold in the canteens must be paid for at army prices. Other necessary material will be without charge.

Transportation of material will be on the same basis as the material of the regular military units.

Authorized directors of the Y. M. C. A. shall be entitled to all military privileges and subject to all military regulations. They shall carry a *legitimace* and a *laisser-passer* of a form agreed upon between the Minister of National Defense and the General Director of the Y. M. C. A. When supplied with proper papers, their fare will be at the expense of the State. They will wear the white CS on the shoulders of their uniforms as attachés of the Army.

The men necessary for the proper operation of the buildings will be assigned by the military authorities. Men will be permanently assigned to the service of the Y. M. C. A. not to exceed two to each building, exclusive of those needed for officers and special duties apart from the buildings. Those permanently assigned will be grouped on payrolls at Prague, in order to centralize their control as may be agreed upon between the military authorities and the central office of the Y. M. C. A. They will carry *laisser-passers* of approved form. Any additional men needed for the service will be obtained from the military units stationed in proximity to the buildings for temporary duty while their units are in that vicinity. Officers may be attached to the Y. M. C. A. as liaison officers or for special duties as may be found desirable. Officers and men assigned to the Y. M. C. A. shall be entitled to the same pay and allowance as they enjoyed upon entering the service of the Y. M. C. A.

Automobiles of the Y. M. C. A. shall be entitled to supplies without charge and repairs at the army garages as military automobiles.

The closest possible cooperation is ordered between similar activities of the Y. M. C. A. and departments of the ministry of National Defense, such as cinema, education, athletics, etc. The various commanders and military authorities will be expected to make reports

from time to time to the Minister of National Defense as to the activities of the Y. M. C. A. in the various localities.

Order 708-19 is hereby cancelled.

May 26, 1919. V. KLOFAC.

APPENDIX IV

Letter from the Minister of National Defense of the Czecho-Slovakia Republic, Prague, October 14, 1919

To: Mr. D. A. Davis, Special Representative of the Y. M. C. A. in Europe.

I have just received the news that you will leave today for the United States in order to attend the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A. I dare not omit asking you on that occasion kindly to express my heartiest thanks for all the services lavished upon our soldiers by your humanitarian institution. As the Minister of the National Defense of the Czecho-Slovak Army, I thank you.

Long before our Republic was formed we heard about the Y. M. C. A. and its beneficent work. Surely I do not exaggerate in saying that the services rendered by the Y. M. C. A. to our soldiers on all the fronts of the Allies, together with their patriotic enthusiasm, were among the main causes of our soldiers', far from their homeland, being kept in good spirits and good humor. They found in your homes a bit of their homes. Our gratitude to the Y. M. C. A. is dated from a long time already, since we read in the news coming from our doughboys fighting abroad so much about the humanitarian and really friendly spirit and work of your Association.

You came to our delivered Fatherland soon after the crushing of Austria-Hungary and helped through all your forces to care for our Army with the same attention and thoughtfulness that you gave to our soldiers on the various Fronts. As Minister of National Defense, to whom the republic entrusted the youth of Czecho-Slovakia and the difficult task of creating our Army, I am best able to appreciate all that the Y. M. C. A. has done for the Czecho-Slovak soldier in order to raise his morale. I therefore beg you, Mr. Davis, kindly to be the interpreter of our modest but sincere demand that the service of the Y. M. C. A. may be continued for our soldiers as long as possible. The entire Czecho-Slovak nation will never forget the friendliness of the great nation of the United States as expressed in the Association service. I beg you, sir, to accept this utterance, not as an act of courtesy or mere politeness, but as a real expression from the Government, the Army, and the whole nation."

(Signed) V. KLOFAC,
Minister of National Defense of
The Czecho-Slovak Republic.

APPENDIX V

To the Director of the International Y. M. C. A., New York.

The whole Czech nation in the Czecho-Slovak Republic, liberated from the Hapsburg yoke of three centuries by the great World War and by the Peace Conference in Paris, keeps in grateful memory what

the United States of America have done for the liberty of all European nations by entering into the War and by helping to bring the conflict to a victorious end.

Just as the Czech people in the dark days of war looked with admiration and hope to President Wilson and the whole American nation, so now with appreciation they show their sympathy toward America. It is natural for a nation weakened both materially and morally by the War, and supplied for centuries with German and Austrian culture and ideas—as it was the case with the Czechs—to look now for moral help and encouragement to some other country, and for the Czech people America stands in the first place.

With a special gratitude the Czecho-Slovak people appreciate the service of Christian love which the American Y. M. C. A. has done among the Czech legions in France, Russia, and Italy and is doing now among the Czecho-Slovak troops in the Republic. Both the legionaries and all other soldiers speak with open praise and understanding of the benefits they have enjoyed and are still enjoying in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. The influence of this institution is uplifting and to it belongs the great credit for keeping high the morals of the troops and for guiding thousands of young men towards straight and clean lives.

The undersigned representatives of the United Czecho-Slovak Protestants, following with great sympathy and gratitude the work which the Y. M. C. A. is doing among the soldiers of this Republic, eagerly desire that it may be extended also to the civilians.

The religious and moral situation of the Czecho-Slovak people suffered much by the War and there is a great need of work for the moral uplifting of the nation. But this depends upon the religious regeneration. Only on the religious basis and through the religious work is it possible to heal the heavy wounds of the soul of our nation. The work of the Y. M. C. A., which is done in the spirit of practical Christianity, is for us the example of what is needed to bring about the moral strengthening of all classes of our population.

And we believe that the conditions for the civilian work of the Y. M. C. A. in the Czecho-Slovak Republic are favorable. In spite of the fact that most of the nation belongs nominally to the Roman Catholic Church, the Czech people are not satisfied with Catholicism, which was forced upon them by the long and cruel persecution of the Catholic anti-reformation. Our people are conscious of their Hussite and Protestant past, and in their hearts are longing for a better and purer religion. And there is no doubt that if the Y. M. C. A. started its work among the civilians in this country it would be rewarded with great success.

Calling the attention of the Y. M. C. A. to this great and promising field of its activity in the Czecho-Slovak Republic, the undersigned, representatives of the Czecho-Slovak Protestants, beg the Directors of the International Y. M. C. A. in New York to extend their work to the civilian population of this country and they promise at the same time that they and the Protestant Czech people whom they represent will assist this work in all possible ways.

Prague, 9th October, 1919.

"KOSTNICK JEDNOTA" SYNODNI VYBOR.

Both representatives of the United Protestants Church in Bohemia, Czecho-Slovak Republic.

Signed by

Dr. Adolf Lukl, President of "Kostnick Jednota" (Evangelical Alliance of C. S.).

Dr. Aut. Bohic, Secretary of the Synod of the Evangelical Church of Bohemian Brethren and of the "Kostnick Jednota."

Jos. Soucek, Pastor in Prague, President of the Committee of the Synod of the Evangelical Church of Bohemian Brethren.

Pro. Dr. Fred Hrejsa, Supt. and Pastor in Prague and Vice-President of the Committee of the Synod.

Rev. A. J. Brilu.

Ant. Friuta, M.A., President of Student Christian Association.

Rev. Josef Jadrnicek, Pres. of the League of Christian Societies and the Association of Evangelical Youth of the United Protestant Churches in Bohemia and Moravia.

Frank Bednar, Pastor in Prague.

APPENDIX VI

Places Visited and Dates

October 11, Mor, Ostrava.
October 11, Opava (inauguration new hut).
October 12, Brno.
October 13, Brno (Conference of all American secretaries in Czecho-Slovakia).
October 14, Prague (Interviews).
October 14, 4:15—Left for Switzerland.

Persons Consulted or Interviewed

President Masaryk.
Miss Olga Masaryk.
Dr. Benes, Minister of Foreign Affairs.
Dr. Winter, Minister of Social Welfare.
The Civil Governor of Silesia.
M. Cerny, Civil Governor of Moravia.
Mr. Ehrenfeld, Acting Major—Brno.
General Charbord, General Commanding Troops in Moravia.
General Podhajskym, Field Marshal Commanding Troops in Moravia.
Mr. Havranck, representing Sokols—Brno.
Major Havlicka, Commanding Troops—Oprava.
Capt. Celeda, enthusiastic friend of "Y".
Professor Kralicek.
Rev. J. S. Porter.
Dr. Frinta, Pres., Committee Student Federation.
Mr. Bohac, Member Student Christian Federation.
Minister Klofac, Minister of National Defense.
Dr. Groh, Executive Agent Czecho-Slovak Red Cross.

Mr. Simek, Director Zwnostenska Bank.
Dr. Jan U. Jarnik, President of Office for social care H. S. students.
William Dolensky, Director Apprentice School.
All Y. M. C. A. secretaries in country.
Miss Crawford and Y. W. C. A. secretaries in Prague.

For General Organization see Appendix I.

For Statistics as of October 23, 1919, showing nature and extent of the work, see Appendix II.

D639 .Y7F69 v.2
For the millions of men now under arms.
Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 00001 1827